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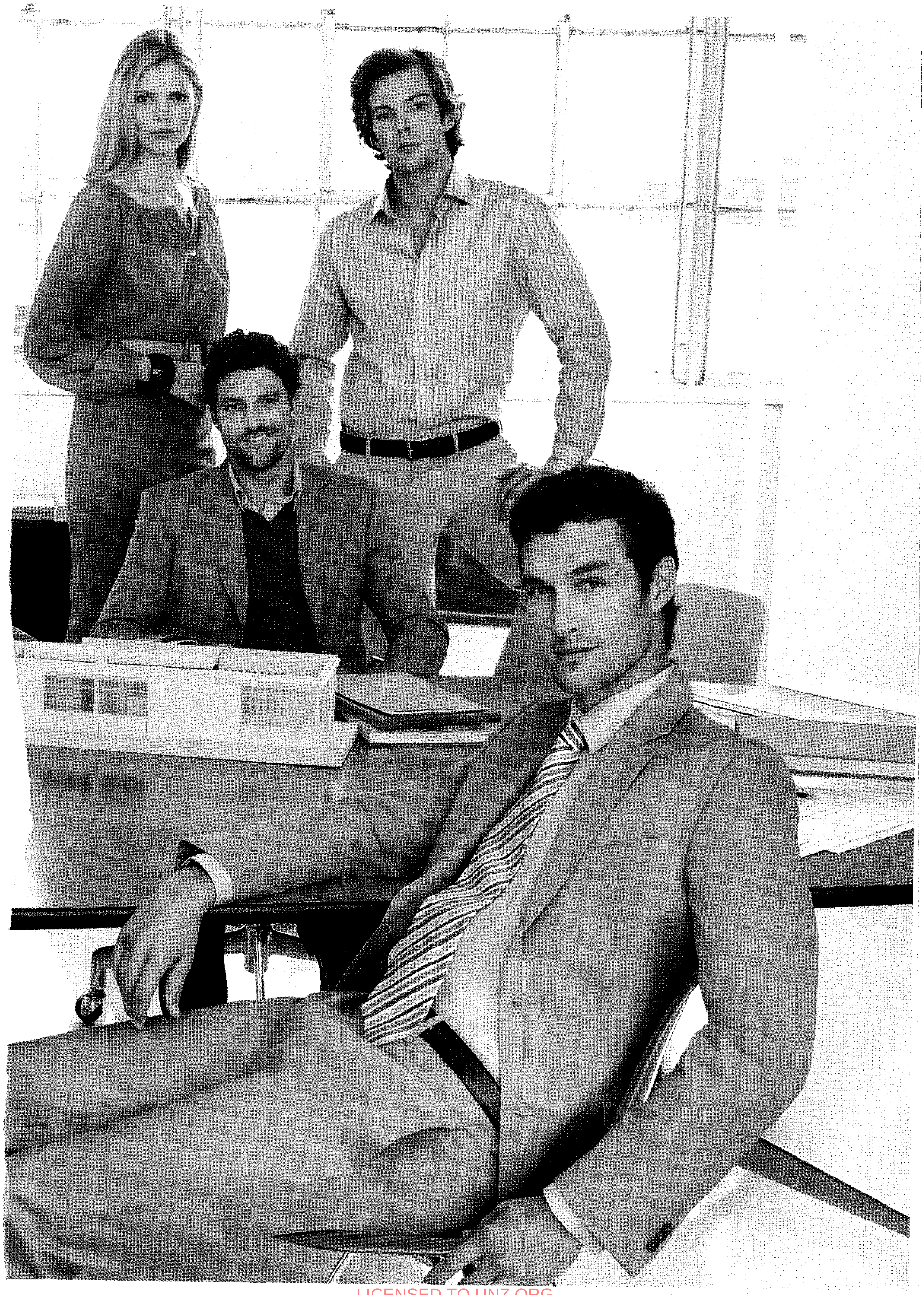
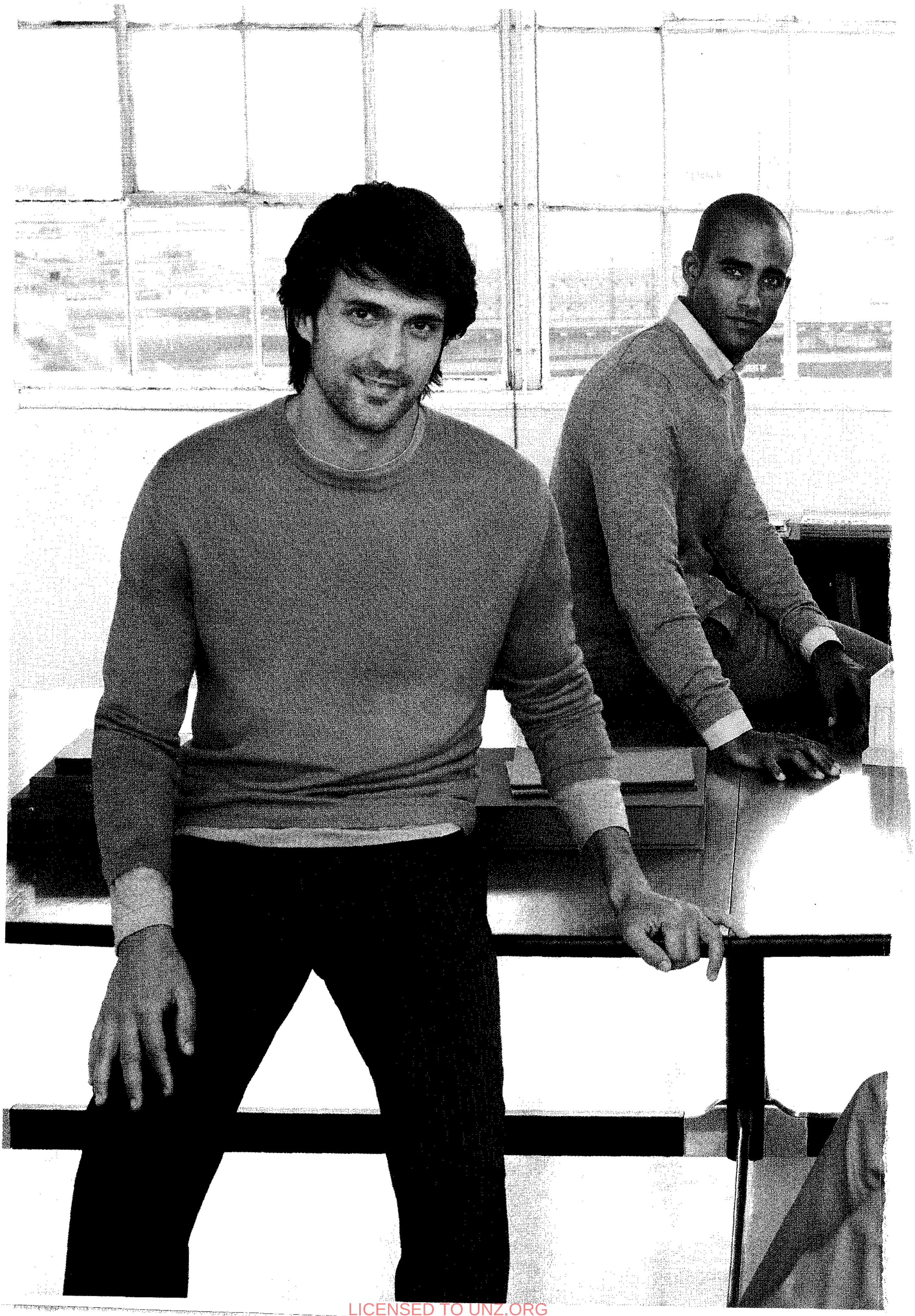
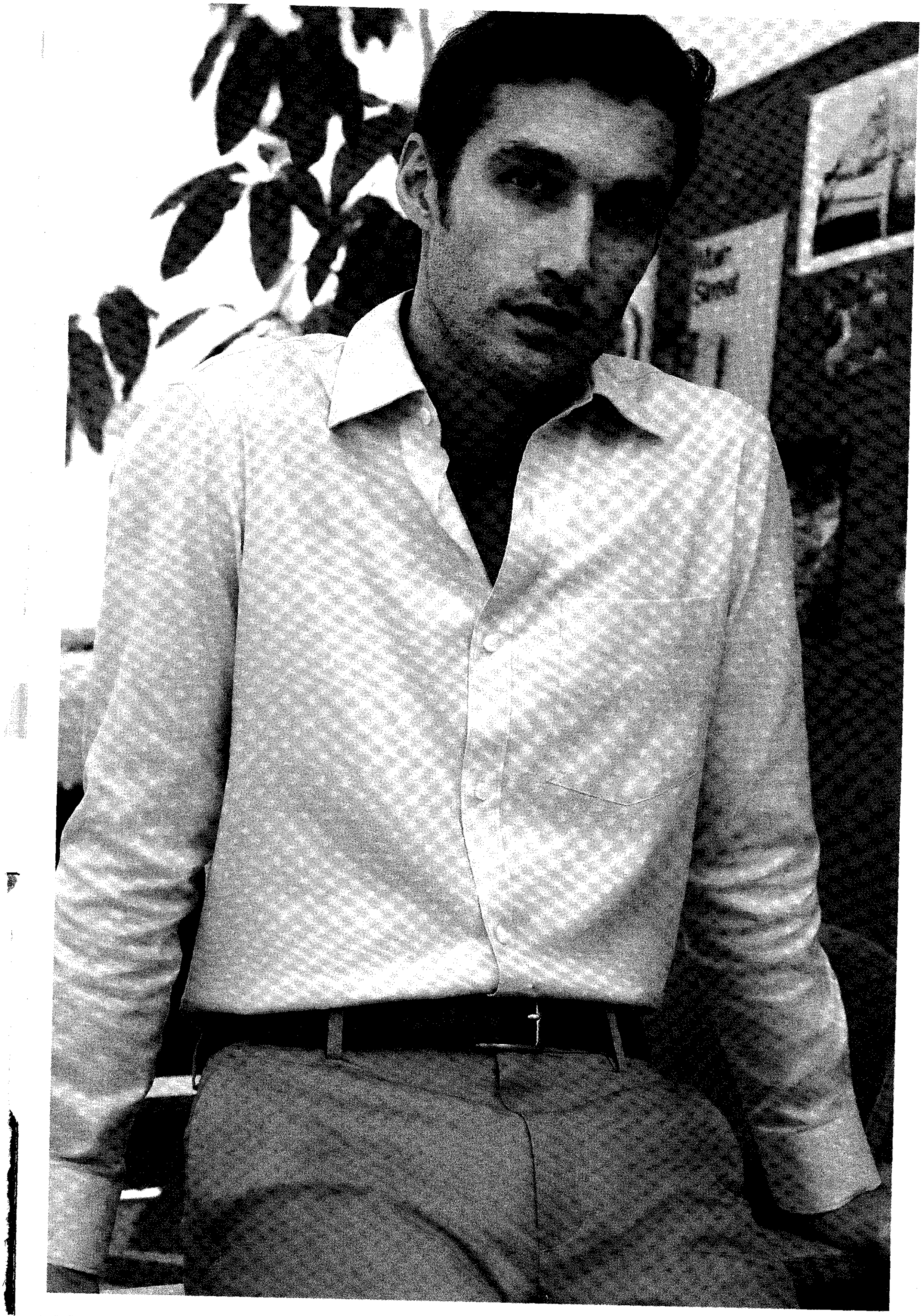
FEB. 19 & 26, 2007







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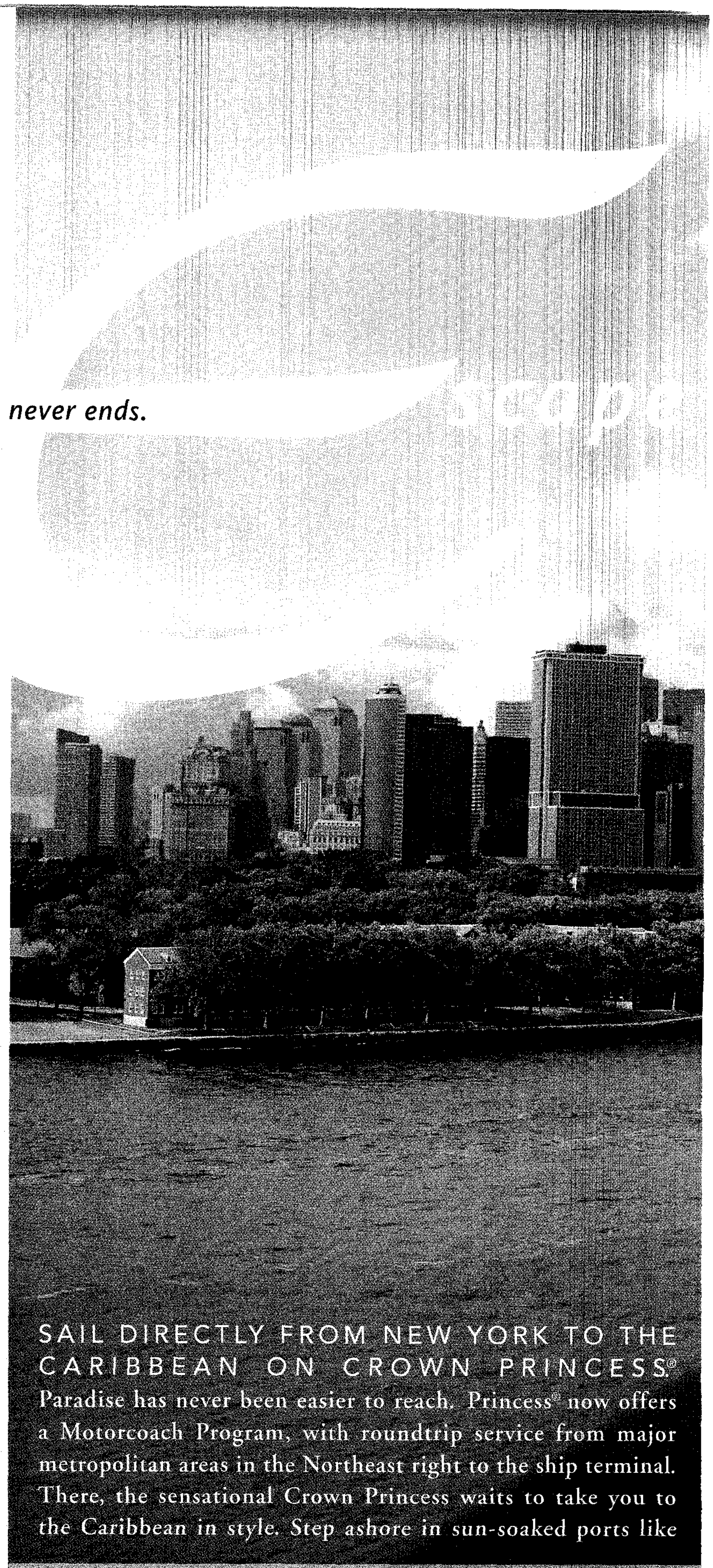

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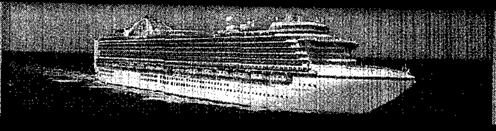

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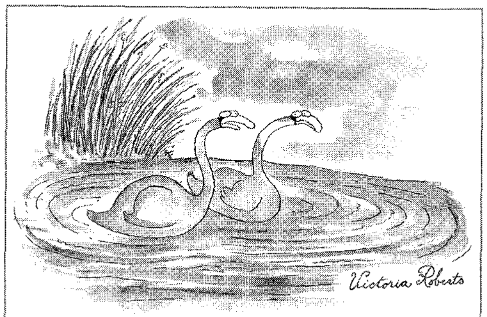
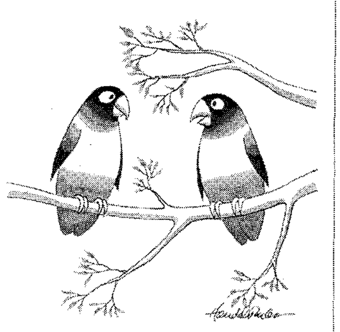


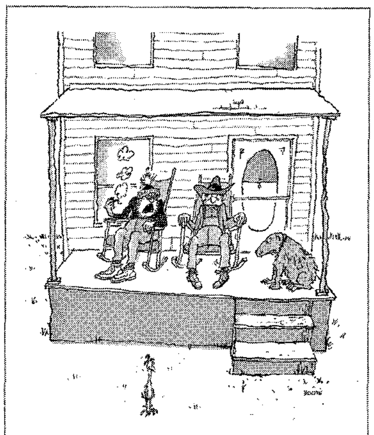
"Maybe we mate for life because we're lazy."

Victoria Roberts, 2005



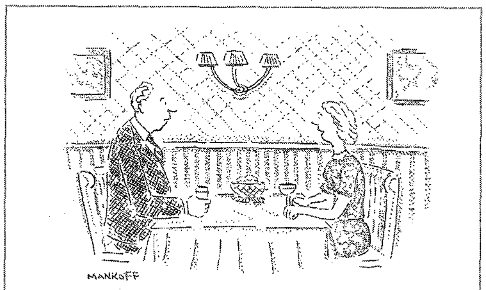
"Of course I love you—I'm programmed to love you. I'm a goddam lovebird."

J. B. Handelsman, 1993



"Were we gay?"

George Booth, 2006



"You're a good husband, Dave—I just want to start marrying other people."

Robert Mankoff, 2006

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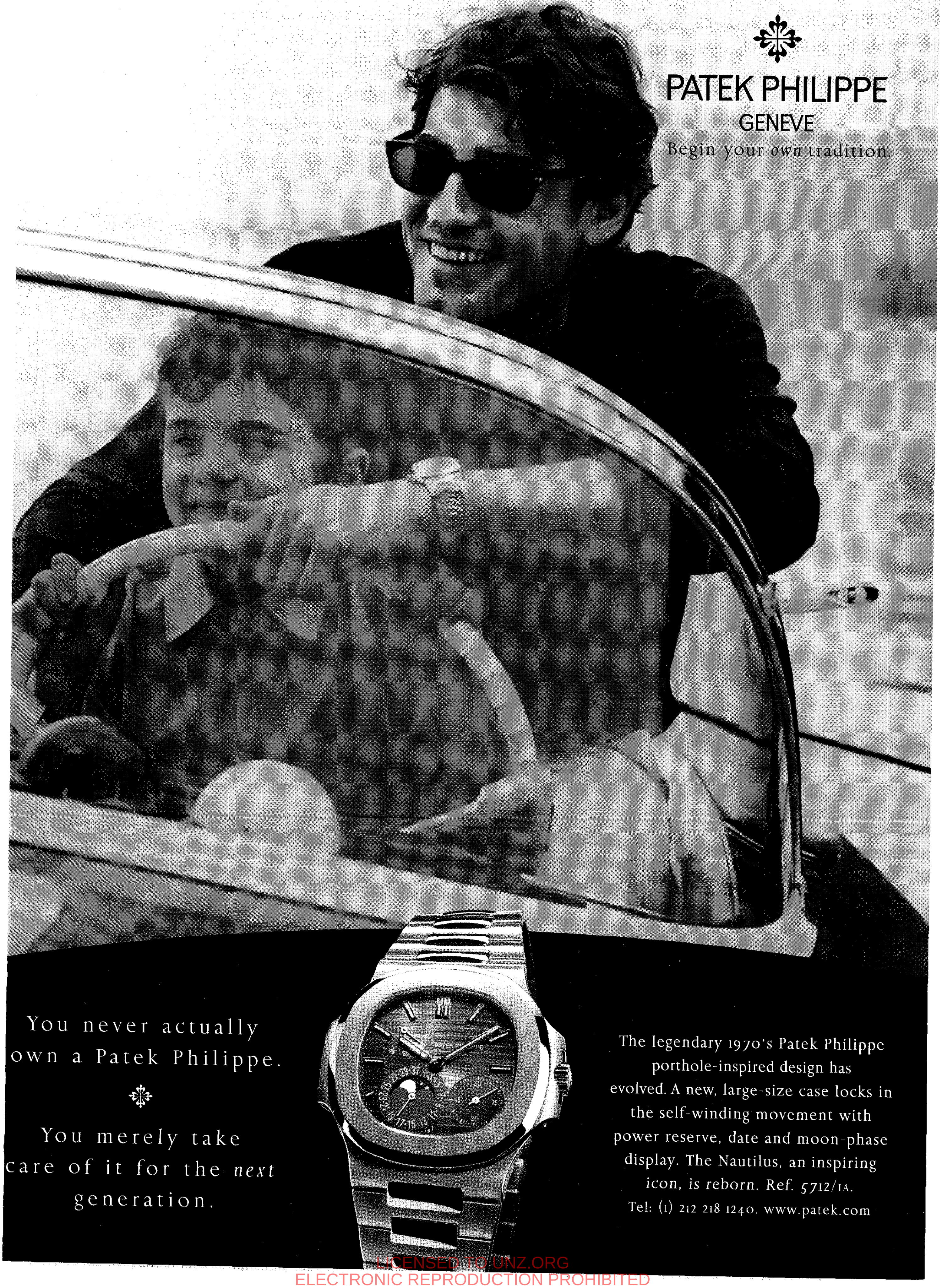

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THE ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

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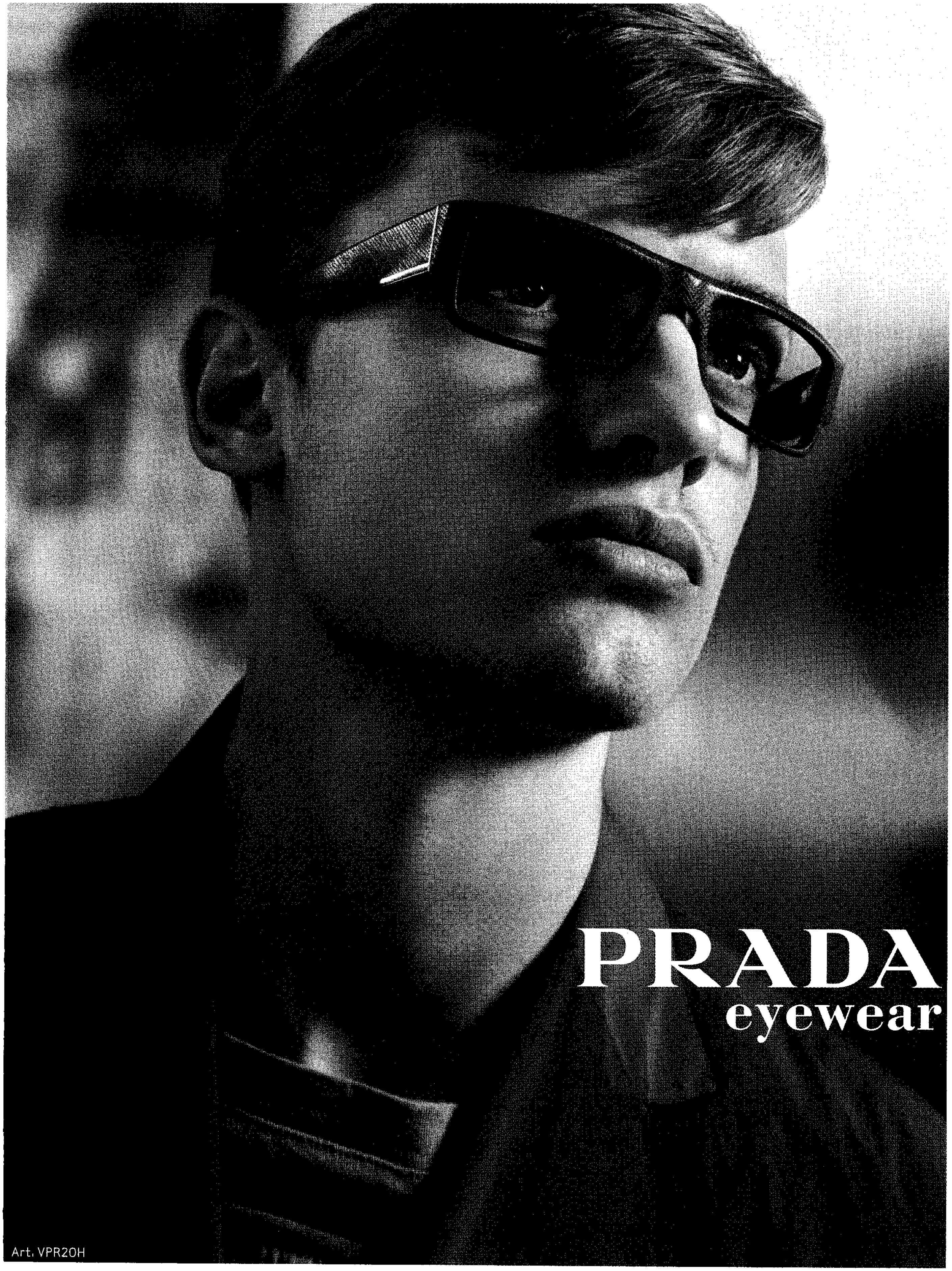
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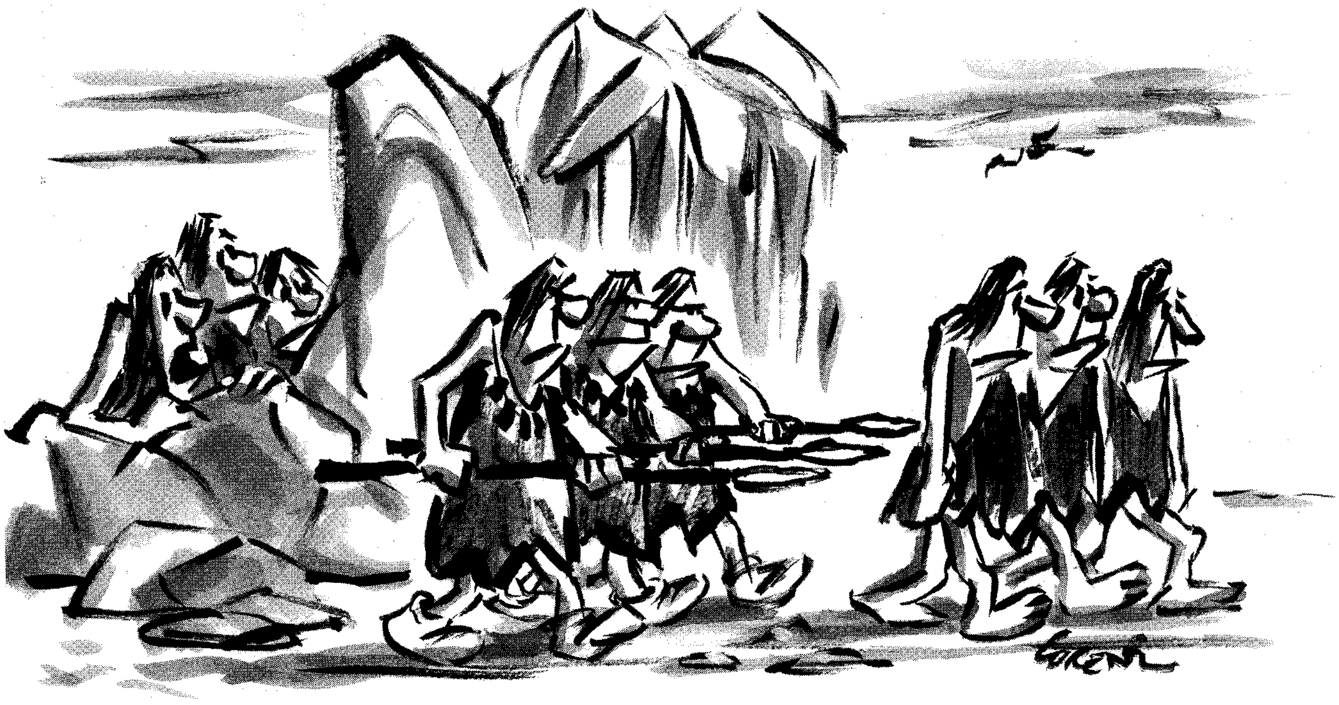

"Uh-oh—looks like they've reinstated the draft."

Cole Haan

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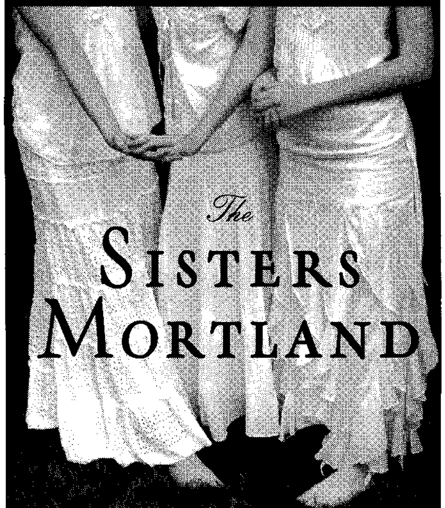

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CONTRIBUTORS

Jane Mayer ("Whatever It Takes," p. 66) is a staff writer and the co-author of two books, "Strange Justice" and "Landslide."

Hendrik Hertzberg (Comment, p. 57) writes frequently about politics and policy. His book "Politics: Observations & Arguments" is out in paperback.

David Sedaris ("The Way We Are," p. 84) has contributed to the magazine since 1995. He is the author of several books of essays, including "Dress Your Family in Corduroy and Denim."

Peter J. Boyer ("The Deliverer," p. 88) is a staff writer.

W. D. Snodgrass (Poem, p. 86) is a poet, critic, and translator. He has published more than fifteen collections of poems, including "Not for Specialists: New and Selected Poems."

Nick Paumgarten (The Talk of the Town, p. 58) is a staff writer.

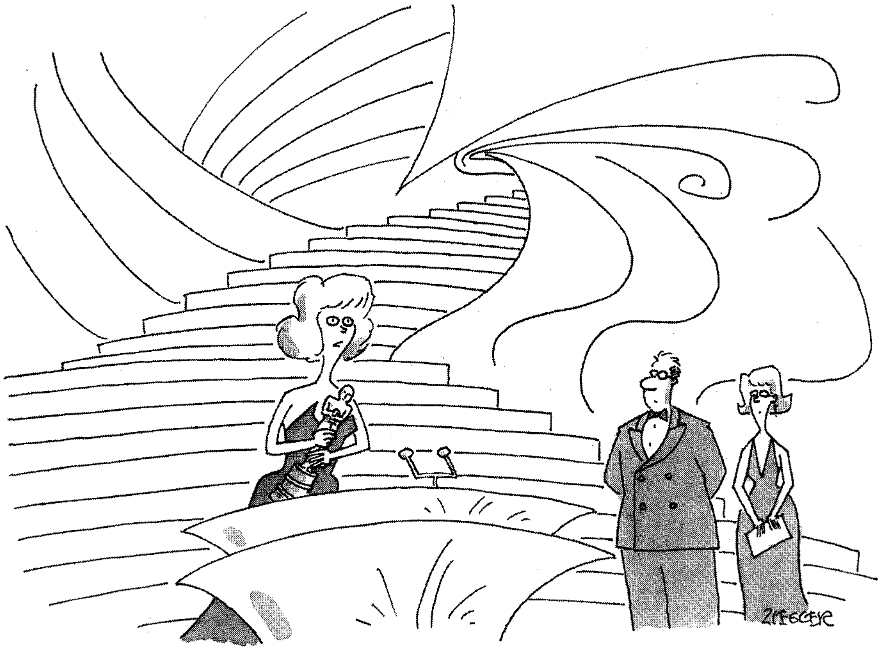
Mark Singer ("The Castaways," p. 136) has published five books, including "Somewhere in America" and "Character Studies: Encounters with the Curiously Obsessed," which is available in paperback.

Susan Orlean ("The Origami Lab," p. 112) is working on a book about Rin Tin Tin. Her previous books include "My Kind of Place" and "The Orchid Thief," which was made into a film.

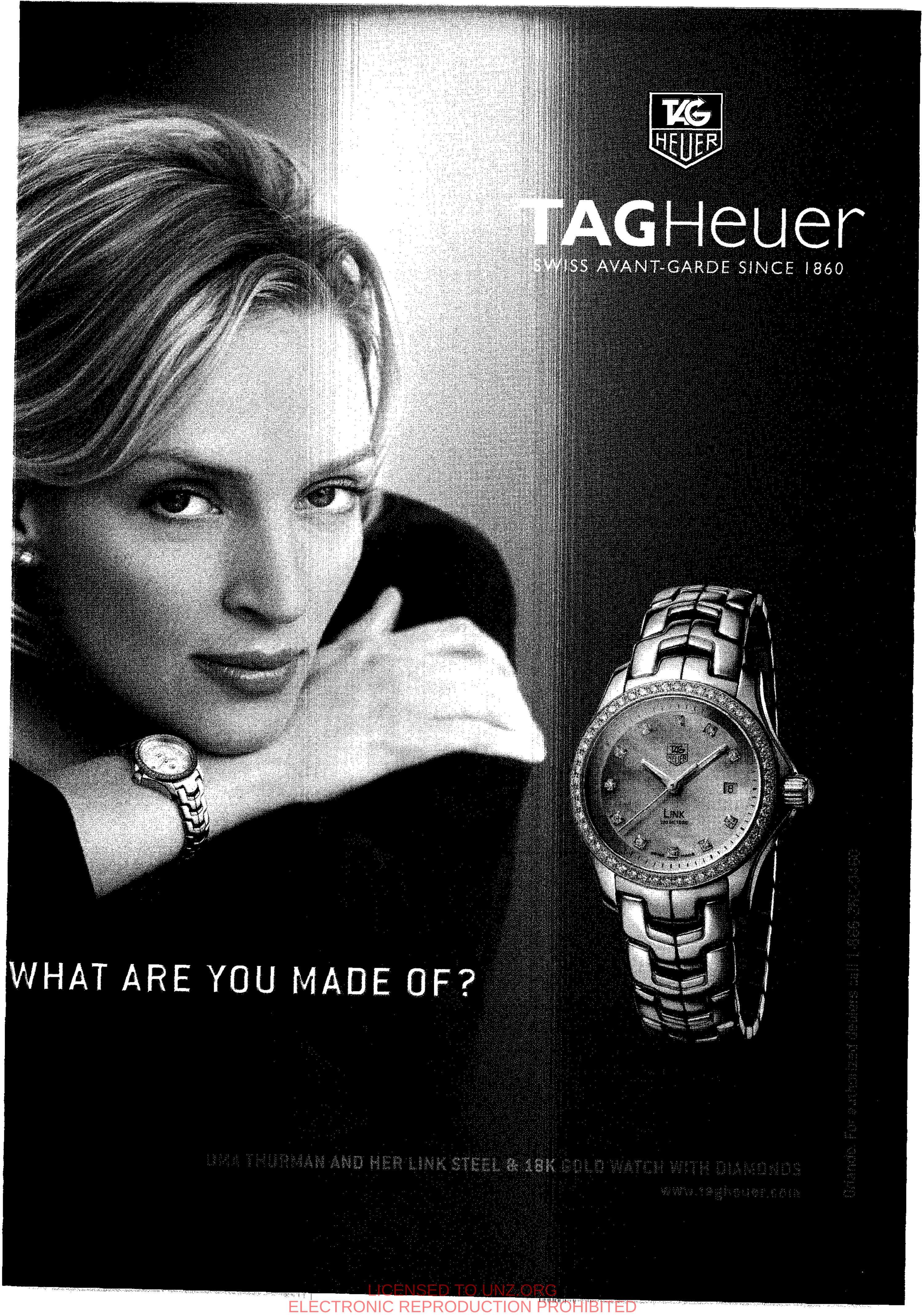
James B. Stewart ("The Kona Files," p. 152) is the Bloomberg professor at the Columbia School of Journalism. His latest book is "DisneyWar."

Roz Chast (Sketchbook, p. 145) recently published "Theories of Everything," a collection of her cartoons from 1978 to 2006.

Charles Wright (Poem, p. 142) is a Pulitzer Prize-winning poet. "Littlefoot," a book-length poem, comes out in June.



"If it weren't for the Botox, right now I'd be so sharing your enthusiasm."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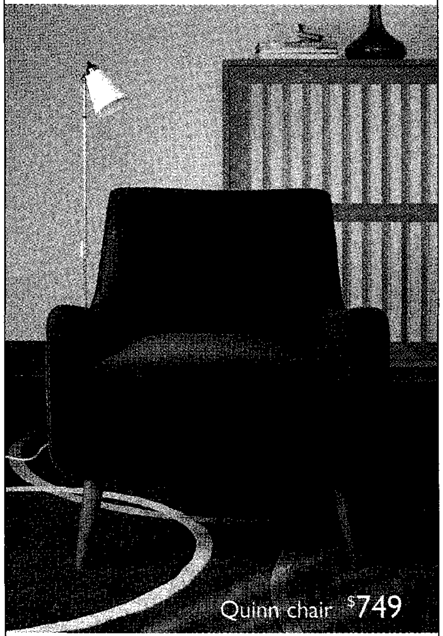

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Dana Goodyear ("The Moneyed Muse," p. 122) is a staff writer and the author of "Honey and Junk," a book of poems.

James Surowiecki (The Financial Page, p. 64) writes a regular column on economics, business, and finance.

Sharon Olds (Poem, p. 158) is the author of eight collections of poems, including "Strike Sparks: Selected Poems, 1980-2002."

Bruce McCall ("First-Ever Guided Tour of *The New Yorker*," p. 168), a regular contributor of art and humor pieces, will publish a children's book in the spring of 2008.

Tessa Hadley (Fiction, p. 170) has two books coming out this summer: "Sunstroke," a collection of short stories, and "The Master Bedroom," a novel.

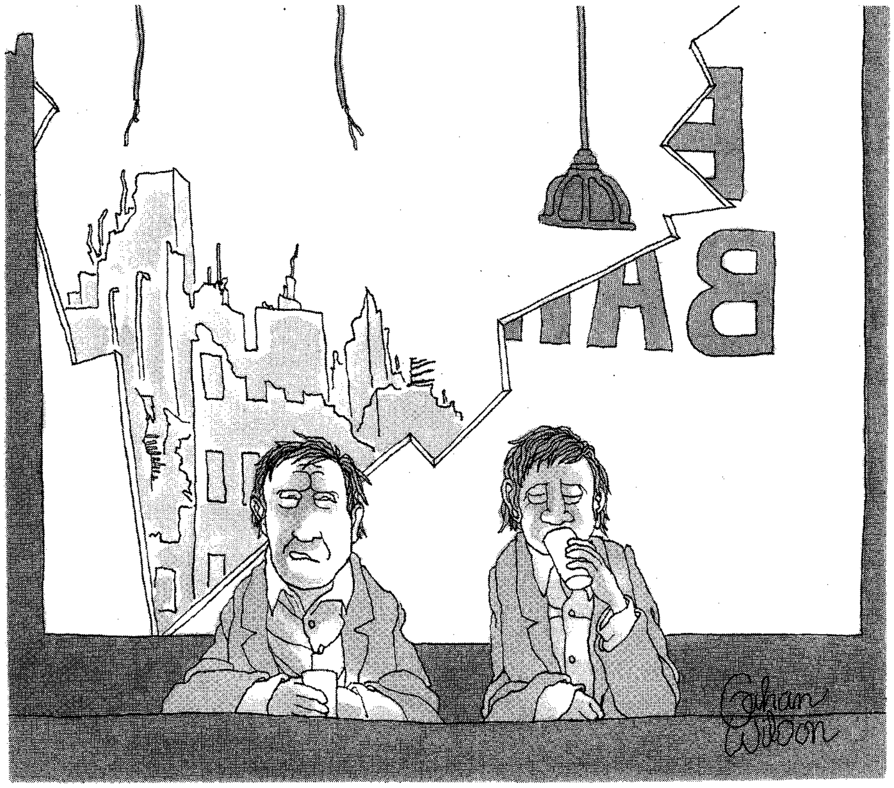
J. J. Sempé (Sketchbook, p. 161), whose work has appeared in the magazine since 1978, is the author of "Nothing Is Simple," "Everything Is Complicated," "Mixed Messages," and a graphic novel, "Monsieur Lambert."

Rebecca Mead (The Talk of the Town, p. 62) has been writing for the magazine since 1997.

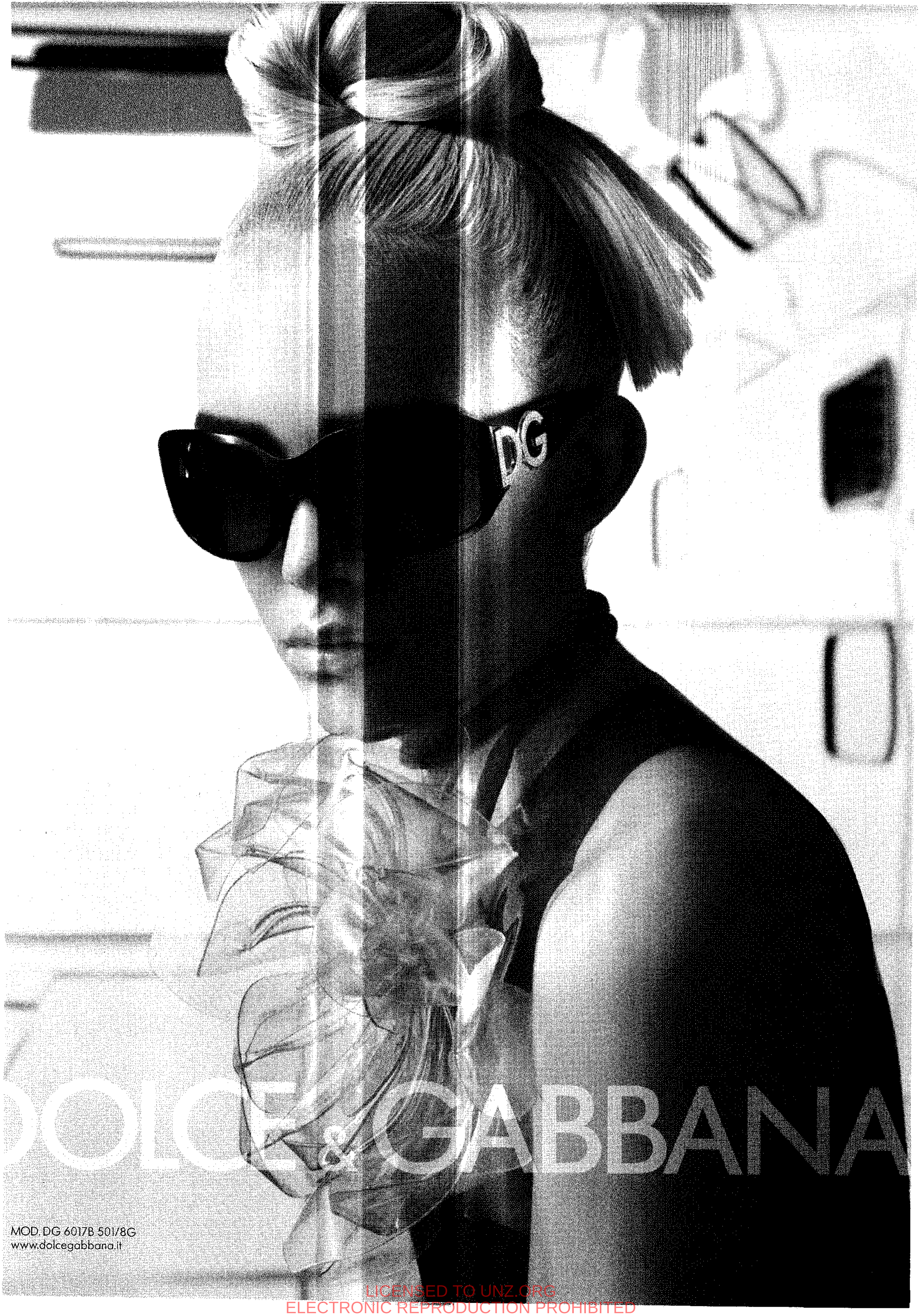
Louis Menand (Books, p. 186) is a professor of English at Harvard and a staff writer. His books include "The Metaphysical Club" and "American Studies."

Sasha Frere-Jones (Pop Music, p. 182) writes about pop music for the magazine.

David Denby (The Current Cinema, p. 192) is the author of "Great Books" and "American Sucker." ♦



"So far, the collapse of civilization hasn't particularly affected my life style."



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MEAT EATERS

Steven Shapin, in his review of Tristram Stuart's "The Bloodless Revolution," extensively examines the medical, philosophical, and religious reasons for and against a vegetarian diet (Books, January 22nd). But there is also an evolutionary argument for humans to consume meat. While one can now thrive on a carefully considered, purely vegetarian diet, for the past two million years hominids have evolved a digestive system meant for an omnivorous diet high in meat protein. Meat is far more readily digested by humans than fibrous and cellulose-rich plants, and our ancestors benefitted from its nutritional advantages, including the documented rapid growth of brain tissue—a development that was necessary for the very ideas of philosophy and religion that Stuart emphasizes as the vegetarians' rationale for the rejection of meat. This is to say nothing of the advantages that meat has given us in the form of healthier pregnancies, better breast-feeding, and longer life expectancy. Vegetarianism is fine, if done properly; but from an evolutionary perspective the arguments regarding the morality of eating animals fall quickly by the wayside, unless one would prefer to be the eaten rather than the eater.

J. Christopher Kovats-Bernat
Assistant Professor of Anthropology
Muhlenberg College
Allentown, Pa.

Shapin refers to the Selkirk Grace as evidence that animal flesh has long been appreciated by those who could afford to eat it. But the Scots were not referring only to animal flesh when they thanked the Lord, saying that "we hae meat and we can eat." At the time, the word "meat" meant any kind of food. Vegetables were called green meat, and animal meat was called flesh, as in the passage from the King James Genesis that Shapin quotes: "Flesh with the life thereof, which is the Blood thereof, shall ye not eat." In the King James version of Genesis 1:29, which he also quotes, God tells Adam and Eve that every seed-bearing tree and plant "shall be for meat." More recent translations use "food." (The Hebrew word *l'achlah* literally means "for eating.") The older meaning survives in the phrase "meat and drink" and (just barely) in "nut meats" and "sweetmeats."

Joseph L. Ruby
Silver Spring, Md.

ART FROM TURMOIL

Ronald Lauder's characterization of Vienna before the Second World War is not merely "rosy," as Rebecca Mead notes, but downright misinformed ("An Acquiring Eye," January 15th). By claiming that Vienna at that time was a "fabulous place," Lauder ignores, as have others, the extreme economic, social, and political turmoil that all Viennese—and Viennese Jews in particular—faced after the end of the First World War and the collapse of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Despite increasing anti-Semitism after 1918, Viennese Jews did manage to find ways to reposition themselves successfully as the drivers of innovative political, social, and cultural developments within the new, largely Catholic Austrian republic. But this should not obscure the difficulties and complexities of being Jewish in the Austrian nation. In fact, it was often the distinctions between Jew and non-Jew that encouraged those Viennese Jews who were eager to assimilate to support and create new conceptions of "Austrian" art, literature, and culture.

Lisa Silverman
Assistant Professor of History and
Jewish Studies
University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee
Milwaukee, Wis.

•

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Words on Music

"★★★★-
Sounds remarkably fresh... Their guitar work is driven on by rousing percussion or accordion, and a subtle dash of brass."
***The Guardian*, London**

Pasajero
Gipsy Kings

The **Gipsy Kings** add a South American flavor to their new album ***Pasajero***, which includes behind-the-scenes video footage, and arrives on the cusp of U.S. concert dates this month.

"A singer of almost paralyzing grace and sweetness, Veloso is also a high-minded rebel...The music can only loosely be described as rock. As with almost any genre that Veloso tackles, he has transformed it."
The New Yorker

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The Afro-Cuban dance troupe Oyu Oro rehearses. Photograph by Lisa Kereszi.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27				

THIS WEEK

THE THEATRE
SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS!

Charles Busch's new play, "Our Leading Lady," is about Laura Keene, the popular nineteenth-century actress and theatre manager, who was giving her thousandth performance in "Our American Cousin" at Ford's Theatre the night that Abraham Lincoln was shot. (See page 19.)

NIGHT LIFE
NO FRETTING

Valentine's Day brings a number of vocalists to town; at the Living Room, the Cuban guitarist and singer Juan-Carlos Formell—the son of Los Van Van's leader, Juan Formell, and the grandson of the legendary arranger Francisco Formell—is set to perform a show of Cuban love songs. (See page 22.)

ART
TALLY HO

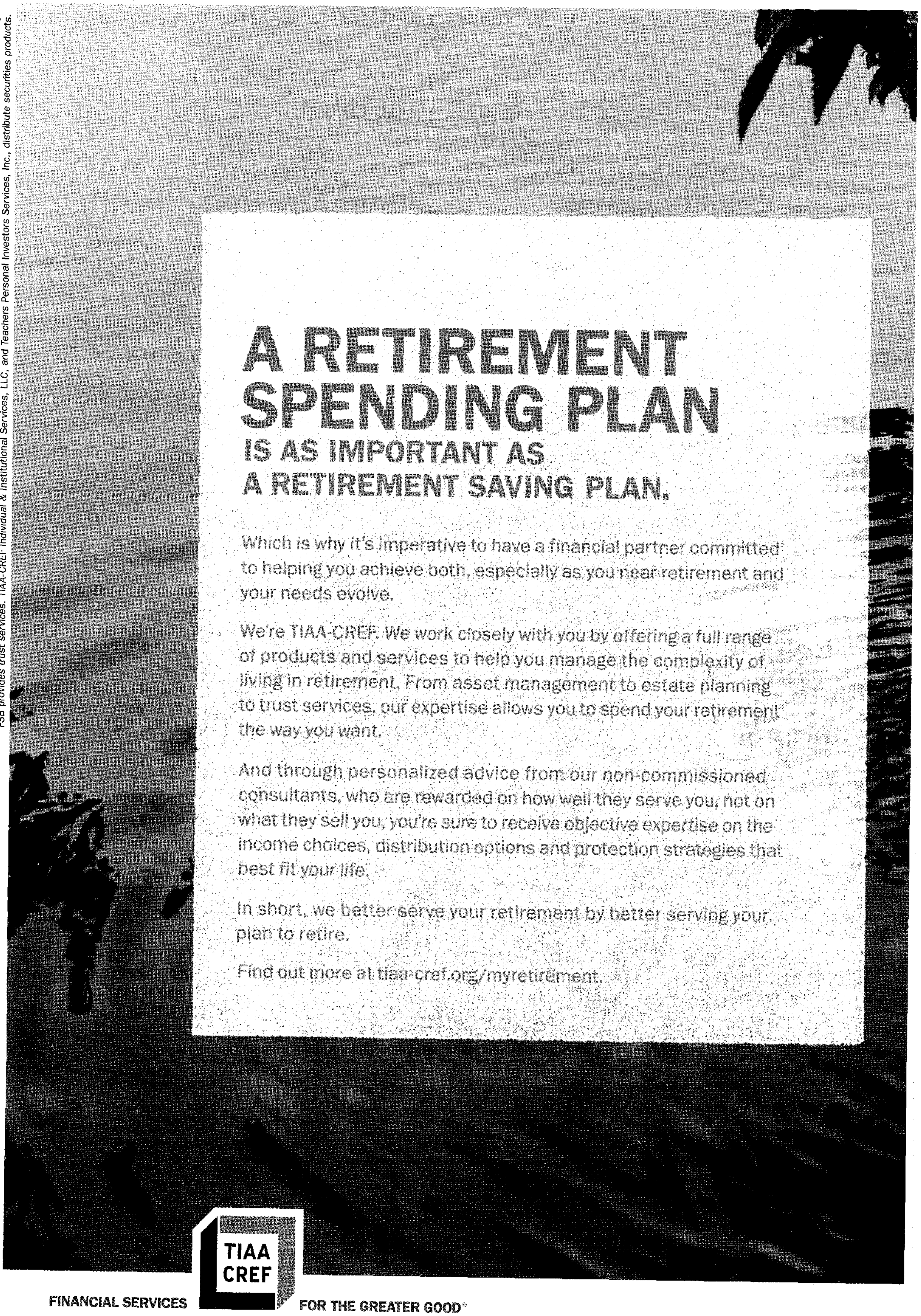
George Stubbs (1724-1806), perhaps the greatest painter of sporting life in the eighteenth century, was a passionate student of anatomy and dissection, and illustrated several books on the topics. His paintings, however, are anything but coldly scientific; they're beautifully composed tributes to the relationships between humans and animals. A show of Stubbs's paintings, many of which have never been to the U.S. before, opens at the Frick. (See page 28.)

DANCE
VIVA FLAMENCO

In this year's Flamenco Festival, Sara Baras presents a variety of styles in her show "Sabores," Rafaela Carrasco offers a more experimental approach in "Una Mirada del Flamenco," and Carmen Cortés and others plumb the depths of *flamenco puro*. (See page 31.)

MOVIES
THE WRITE STUFF

Lillian Ross has been distilling the moods of the movie world in the pages of *The New Yorker* for more than half a century. MOMA offers five films that her writing has illuminated, including John Huston's "The Red Badge of Courage" (the subject of her book "Picture," from which she will read), Francis Ford Coppola's innovative "One from the Heart," and Otto Preminger's "Anatomy of a Murder." (See page 50.)



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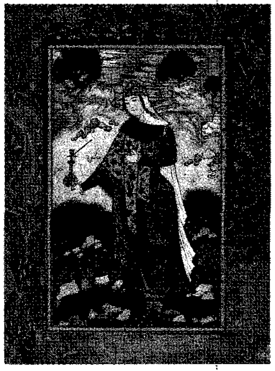
WINTER CULTURAL CALENDAR

Queens College • Flushing, New York

The Grandeur of Islamic Art in Image and Object

February 13th–May 31st • qc.cuny.edu/index.php

This exhibit features fine-art photographs of artifacts, including exquisite calligraphy, textiles, and jewelry from the world-renowned Khalili Collection of Islamic Art. Objects from the Godwin-Ternbach Museum complement the photography.



The Pennsylvania State University • University Park

The Chieftains

February 27th, 7:30 P.M. • cpa.psu.edu

Co-founded in 1962 by uilleann pipes maestro Paddy Moloney, the Chieftains introduced the world to Irish folk music, and often collaborated with pop stars such as Sting and the Rolling Stones. For this tour, the Chieftains host a Celtic extravaganza that includes step dancers and Líadan, the all-female sextet that puts its own spin on traditional Irish song.

University of Utah • Salt Lake City

Utah Philharmonia

March 8th, 7:30 P.M. • music.utah.edu

Rauno Tikkanen, from Finland's Kuopio Academy, conducts the eighty-member Utah Philharmonia as it performs Sibelius's Symphony No. 2 and a new work for jazz trio and orchestra, "Powell Canyons," composed by the University of Utah's professor of jazz studies, Henry Wolking.

Lehigh University • Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

Anoushka Shankar

March 10th, 8:00 P.M. • zoellnerartscenter.org

Mentored since the age of nine by her father, sitar master Ravi Shankar, Anoushka Shankar expands upon his legacy in her solo career. With sitar virtuosity and a pioneering sensibility fusing Indian classical music with contemporary fare, Shankar performs tunes from her Grammy-nominated album, "Rise."

Queens College • Flushing, New York

Mandy Patinkin in Concert

March 17th, 8 P.M. • kupferbergcenter.org

Renowned as the Tony Award-winning revolutionary from "Evita," special agent Jason Gideon in the television drama "Criminal Minds," and the Emmy Award-winning actor in "Chicago Hope," Mandy Patinkin reveals another facet of his career: as a passionate interpreter of popular song. He is accompanied by Paul Ford.

Central Michigan University • Mt. Pleasant

Central Michigan International Film Festival

March 22nd–April 1st • cmfilmfestival.com

During its eleven-day run, the fifth annual Central Michigan International Film Festival screens more than thirty films from fourteen countries at three theatres, including CMU's Park Library Auditorium. Programming includes five French-language films from the Tournées Festival and four titles from the Human Rights Watch Traveling Film Festival.

Caltech • Pasadena

Banff Mountain Film Festival World Tour

March 27th, 7:30 P.M. • events.caltech.edu/banff

Celebrate the spirit of adventure with world-class films and videos on mountain subjects, from climbing to the environment. Each year Canada's Banff Mountain Film Festival tours the globe showcasing the best works selected from hundreds of entries.

Caltech • Pasadena

"Romeo and Juliet"

March 30th, 8 P.M. • events.caltech.edu/events

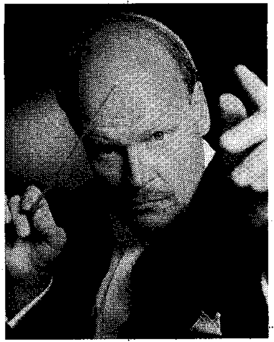
In keeping with its signature twists on the Bard's classics, the Aquila Theatre Company delivers a "Romeo and Juliet" *abetted by audience participation*. Theatregoers help choose the thespians' roles—ensuring that no two performances are identical and that Shakespeare's language is front and center.

Michigan State University • East Lansing

Fred Wilson

April 1st, 7:00 P.M. • art.msu.edu

Celebrating its seventy-fifth anniversary, the Department of Art and Art History presents the conceptual artist Fred Wilson as part of its lecture series. The 1999 MacArthur Fellowship recipient discusses his works, which incorporate sculpture, painting, text, found objects, and media.



Emory University • Atlanta

"The Time of Your Life," by William Saroyan

Directed by Richard Garner

April 19–29th (times vary) • arts.emory.edu

Richard Garner, a co-founder and producing artistic director of the Georgia Shakespeare Festival, directs a revival of Saroyan's 1939 Pulitzer Prize-winning play. Garner breathes new life into the story of eccentrics who encounter a rich barfly in a seedy San Francisco waterfront saloon.

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Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.

THE ATTIC
Yoji Sakate's play is based on the Japanese social phenomenon of *hikikomori*, in which adolescents choose to live in extreme isolation. Previews begin Feb. 21. (59E59, at 59 E. 59th St. 212-279-4200.)

BE
The Tel Aviv-based group Mayumana performs a new stage spectacle, a kinetic blend of movement, theatre, and percussion. Previews begin Feb. 23. (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 212-505-0700.)

BFF
Women's Expressive Theatre presents a dark comedy by Anna Ziegler, about a woman who is haunted by a secret from her adolescence. Previews begin Feb. 17. Opens Feb. 25. (DR2, at 103 E. 15th St. 212-239-6200.)

BILL W. AND DR. BOB
The story of Bill Wilson and Bob Smith, the stockbroker and the surgeon who founded Alcoholics Anonymous. Previews begin Feb. 16. (New World Stages, 340 W. 50th St. 212-239-6200.)

BLIND LEMON BLUES
Akin Babatunde and Lillias White star in a musical celebration of Blind Lemon Jefferson, who rose to fame as a blues singer in the nineteen-twenties. Feb. 15-25. (York, 619 Lexington Ave. 212-935-5820.)

THE CAVE DWELLERS
William Saroyan's 1957 drama is about a group of outcasts who create a second home in a rundown theatre. Previews begin Feb. 23. (Pearl, 80 St. Marks Pl. 212-598-9802.)

THE COAST OF UTOPIA, PART THREE: SALVAGE
The final installment of Tom Stoppard's tripartite Russian epic. In previews. Opens Feb. 18. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 212-239-6200.)

CURTAINS
David Hyde Pierce plays a show-loving detective, in a new musical murder mystery by John Kander and the late Fred Ebb. Previews begin Feb. 27. (Al Hirschfeld, 302 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200.)

DYING CITY
In a new play by Christopher Shinn, a woman is visited by the twin brother of her late husband, who died in Iraq. Previews begin Feb. 15. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 212-239-6200.)

HOWARD KATZ
Patrick Marber's dark comedy stars Alfred Molina as a high-powered talent agent whose life is falling apart. Doug Hughes directs. In previews. (Laura Pels, 111 W. 46th St. 212-719-1300.)

JACK GOES BOATING
LAByrinth Theatre Company presents a play by Bob Glaudini, about dating, drugs, and betrayal. The cast includes Philip Seymour Hoffman and Daphne Rubin-Vega. Previews begin Feb. 27. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 212-967-7555.)

JOURNEY'S END
Hugh Dancy stars in a revival of R. C. Sherriff's 1928 drama, based on his experiences in the trenches of the First World War. In previews. Opens Feb. 22. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 212-239-6200.)

KING HEDLEY II
The third play in Signature's August Wilson series depicts a struggling Pittsburgh neighborhood in the nineteen-eighties. Previews begin Feb. 20. (Peter Norton Space, 555 W. 42nd St. 212-244-7529.)

KING LEAR
Kevin Kline assumes the title role in James Lapine's production, which has an original score by Stephen Sondheim and Michael Starobin. In previews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 212-967-7555.)

THE MADRAS HOUSE
The Mint Theatre Company revives Harley Granville-Barker's comedy from 1909, not seen in New York since 1921. In previews. Opens Feb. 15. (311 W. 43rd St. 212-315-0231.)

MARAT/SADE
Peter Weiss's haunting play within a play is the second entry in the Classical Theatre of Harlem's season. Directed by Christopher McElroen. In previews. Opens Feb. 15. (H.S.A. Theatre, 645 St. Nicholas Ave. 212-868-4444.)

MARY ROSE
A revival of J. M. Barrie's classic romantic drama, about a girl who may be a ghost. Tina Landau directs. In previews. Opens Feb. 20. (Vineyard, 108 E. 15th St. 212-353-0303.)

MY SECRET GARDEN
A stage adaptation of Nancy Friday's best-selling book from 1973, which investigated the sexual fantasies of women. Opens Feb. 14. (45th Street Theatre, 354 W. 45th St. 212-868-4444.)

NELSON
Partial Comfort stages a new play by Sam Marks, about a cameraman leading a double life. Opens Feb. 14. (Lion, 410 W. 42nd St. 212-279-4200.)

OUR LEADING LADY
Manhattan Theatre Club presents a play by Charles Busch, about the actors who performed at Ford's Theatre on the night of Lincoln's assassination. Lynne Meadow directs. Previews begin Feb. 22. (City Center, Stage II, 131 W. 55th St. 212-581-1212.)

PRELUDE TO A KISS
A neurotic young bride and an old man share an enchanted kiss, in the Roundabout's revival of Craig Lucas's wistful drama. Previews begin Feb. 16. (American Airlines, 227 W. 42nd St. 212-719-1300.)

SEALED FOR FRESHNESS
A comedy by Doug Stone, about a group of Midwestern housewives whose conventional lives begin to fall apart at a Tupperware party. Previews begin Feb. 15. Opens Feb. 24. (New World Stages, 340 W. 50th St. 212-239-6200.)

SPALDING GRAY: STORIES LEFT TO TELL
Naked Angels stages a compilation of the late monologuist's work, arranged by Kathleen Russo (Gray's widow) and Lucy Sexton. Previews begin Feb. 20. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane. 212-307-7171.)

TALK RADIO
Liev Schreiber stars as an acerbic Cleveland radio host, in a Broadway revival of Eric Bogosian's 1987 play. Previews begin Feb. 15. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 212-239-6200.)

A VERY COMMON PROCEDURE
MCC Theatre presents a play by Courtney Baron, about an affair between a married woman and her infant's doctor. Michael Greif directs. Opens Feb. 14. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 212-279-4200.)

NOW PLAYING

ADRIFT IN MACAO
Primary Stages presents a musical parody of film noir, with a book and lyrics by the seasoned absurdist Christopher Durang and music by Peter Melnick. Sheryl Kaller directs. (59E59, at 59 E. 59th St. 212-279-4200.)

ALL THAT I WILL EVER BE
The world première of a new play by Alan Ball. (Reviewed in this issue.) (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 212-239-6200.)

ANON
Kate Robin's dark comedy is about a man who enters a dysfunctional relationship with his cat's therapist. (Atlantic Stage 2, at 330 W. 16th St. 212-239-6200. Through Feb. 18.)

THE FEVER
The New Group's revival of Wallace Shawn's one-person drama. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Acorn, 410 W. 42nd St. 212-279-4200.)

THE FRUGAL REPAST
Working-class naïfs expose the empty liberalism of the artsy rich, in Ron Hirsen's cartoonish, un-

CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK
EVERYTHING SHAW

As one of our more successful dramatists, critics, and vegetarians, George Bernard Shaw inhabited the role of playwright-as-celebrity with the entitlement of one who had worked hard to put his early difficulties and poverty behind him.

DEMETRIOS PSILLOS

In newsreel after newsreel, the aged albeit sprightly Shaw, with his habitual beard and plus fours, became a familiar personality to American audiences. But his position as Irish sage often obscured the enormous volume of his work (more than fifty plays and sketches), which tended toward moralizing at the expense of dramaturgical sensitivity. Nevertheless, the gallant Project Shaw—now in its second year—is devoted to staging readings of every play he ever wrote. This month, the Project presents "The King, the Constitution and the Lady," a heretofore unstaged work based on the Edward VIII and Wallis Simpson controversy, featuring the indomitable Marian Seldes. If one cannot learn from Shaw, one can always learn something from Seldes: how to make caricatures based on the news of the day real.

—*Hilton Als*

evenly paced drama. In Paris in 1913, Pablo Picasso, Gertrude Stein, Alice B. Toklas, Guillaume Apollinaire, and the art dealer Ambroise Vollard gather around a bountiful table, discussing curried chicken and the price of paintings with an unlikely wholesomeness—a sort of G-rated Lost Generation. Meanwhile, two destitute circus aerialists steal a Picasso portrait of themselves from Vollard's shopwindow, hoping to extract ransom for it to pay for their ailing son's medical care. Handed this small morsel of earnest plot and half a dozen paper-thin characters, the director, Joe Grifasi, tries gamely to make a meal, but the fare he serves is flavorless and unsatisfying. (Abingdon, 312 W. 36th St. 212-868-4444.)

IN THE HEIGHTS
Lin-Manuel Miranda and Quiara Alegría Hudes's new musical, about the largely Dominican community of Washington Heights, may kick off with a vibrant rap number, but its themes—big dreams, young love, struggle without despair—are sampled directly from the mid-century American musical; this is 181st Street by way of Brigadoon. If the traditionalism of "In the Heights" serves ultimately to hem in the psychology of its characters, the show is buoyed significantly by Miranda, who not only wrote the winning score (a fusion of Latin, pop, and street styles) but is also the leading man. As Usnavi, the owner of a corner bodega, Miranda raps, dances, and wins the love of a comely hairdresser, radiating the kind of scrappy idealism that is his aesthetic inheritance. (37 Arts, 450 W. 37th St. 212-307-4100.)

THE JADED ASSASSIN
The return of Michael Voyer's martial-arts fable, which premièred at the Ice Factory Festival. Timothy Haskell directs. (Ohio, 66 Wooster St. 212-868-4444.)

THE JEW OF MALTA / THE MERCHANT OF VENICE
F. Murray Abraham gives two commendable performances as the Elizabethan theatre's twin Jewish bogeymen, Barabas and Shylock, in this repertory staging of Christopher Marlowe's play and the vexing Shakespearean comedy that arose from it. David Herskovits's "Malta," savoring the misanthropic relish with which Marlowe pummelled the hypocrisies of his age, has the antic malice of a "South Park" episode in Renaissance dress. If the play's episodic structure and endless body count (Barabas has dispatched his daughter, both her suitors, and an entire nunnery by Act IV) finally become exhausting, it is then all the easier to appreciate the richer comedy—and the greater insidiousness—of "Merchant," which Darko Tresnjak has set in a PowerBook-chic, Bret Easton Ellis version of the present. Tresnjak teases out not only the play's mean frivolities, which here point to the rancidity in our own culture, but the current of discontent that cuts through to its final act. (Duke, 229 W. 42nd St. 212-239-6200.)

THE LAST WORD . . .
In Oren Safdie's inert two-hander, Henry Grunwald, an elderly refugee from Vienna, fancies himself a neglected genius of the stage. (Daniel J. Travanti summons the right note of amused bombast in the role.) Cantankerous and lonely, this retired advertising executive is essentially in need of a captive audience, so he sets out to hire a personal assistant and finds Len (Adam Green), a young man from N.Y.U.'s dramatic-writing program who's sorely in need of a paying gig. Their conversation quickly turns into a sparring match. Eventually, both whip out their respective works in progress and read a few scenes aloud—a tactic that stops the action dead in its tracks. (Theatre at St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 212-279-4200.)

LOOKINGGLASS ALICE
The Chicago-based Lookingglass Theatre Company uses juggling, acrobatics, and other circus feats in its staging of the Lewis Carroll classic. (New Victory, 209 W. 42nd St. 212-239-6200. Through Feb. 25.)

PROJECT SHAW
On Feb. 19, the monthly play-reading series presents three short works by Shaw: "The Music Cure," "Interlude at the Playhouse," and "The King, the Constitution and the Lady." (The Players, 16 Gramercy Park S. 212-352-3101.)

THE SECRET OF MME. BONNARD'S BATH
In Israel Horovitz's play, presented by New York Playwrights Lab, two art students discover the hidden story behind a painting by Pierre Bonnard. (Kirk, 410 W. 42nd St. 212-279-4200. Through Feb. 24.)

TRIPLE THREAT
Emerging Artists Theatre presents a trio of new plays: "Elephant Girls," by Carl Gonzalez; "Real Danger," by Jeff Hollman; and "(mis)Understanding Mammy: The Hattie McDaniel Story," by Joan Ross Sorkin. (Theatre 5, at 311 W. 43rd St. 212-247-2429.)

Also Playing

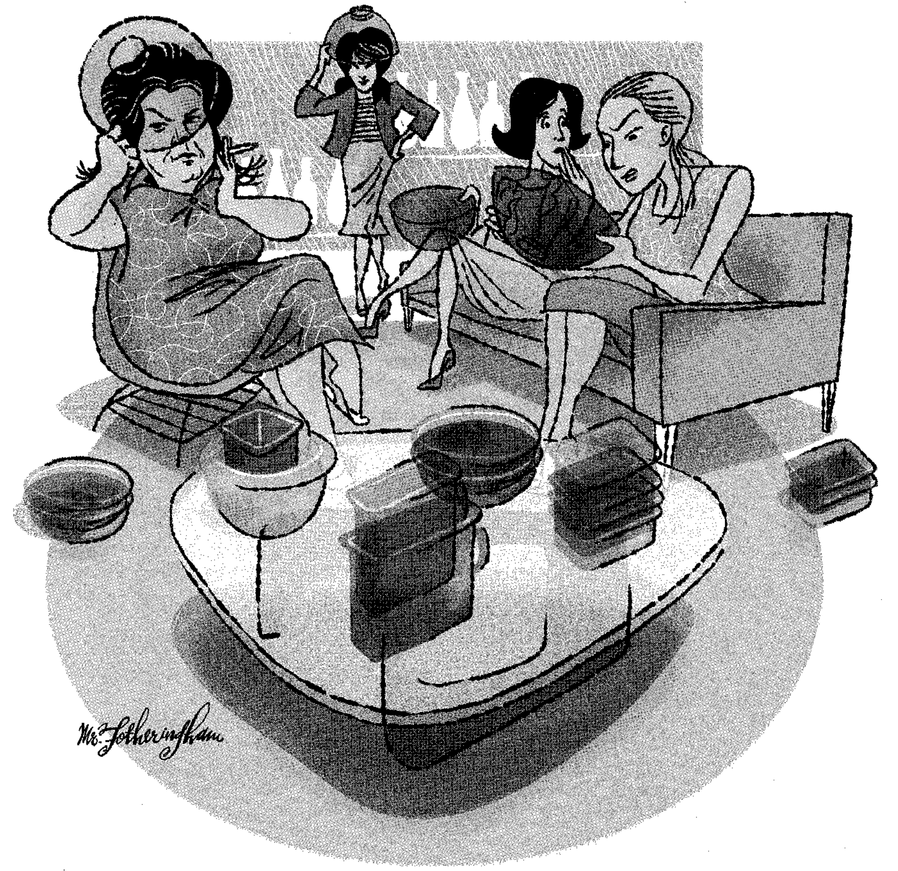
THE APPLE TREE: Studio 54, at 254 W. 54th St. 212-719-1300. **A CHORUS LINE:** Schoenfeld, 236 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200. **THE COAST OF UTOPIA, PART ONE: VOYAGE:** Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 212-239-6200. **THE COAST OF UTOPIA, PART TWO: SHIPWRECK:** Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 212-239-6200. **COMPANY:** Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 212-239-6200. **DUTCHMAN:** Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 212-989-2020. Through Feb. 24. **GREY GARDENS:** Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 212-239-6200. **GUTENBERG! THE MUSICAL!:** The Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 212-239-6200. **THE LITTLE DOG LAUGHED:** Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 212-239-6200. Through Feb. 18. **MARY POPPINS:** New Amsterdam, 214 W. 42nd St. 212-307-4747. **A SPANISH PLAY:** Classic Stage, 136 E. 13th St. 212-352-3101. **SPRING AWAKENING:** Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 212-239-6200. **TRANSLATIONS:** Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 212-239-6200. **THE VERTICAL HOUR:** Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200. **THE VOYSEY INHERITANCE:** Atlantic, 336 W. 20th St. 212-239-6200.

NIGHT LIFE
ROCK AND POP

Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it's advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.

BAM CAFÉ
30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-4139)—Feb. 17: The highly charged local trio **Earl Greyhound** updates the big guitar sound and trippy feel of seventies classic rock for the twenty-first century.

B. B. KING BLUES CLUB & GRILL
237 W. 42nd St. (212-997-4144)—Feb. 18-19: The Yes front man, **Jon Anderson,** gives the earnest members of **Paul Green's School of Rock All Stars** a lesson in progressive rock. Feb. 23: The local jesters in **Scatterbrain** started off as a hard-core-punk band called **Ludichrist,** in the early eighties, specializing in irreverent fare like "Most People Are Dicks" and "Young White and Well Behaved." At the end of that decade, they reorganized their rhythm section and transformed themselves into a jokey heavy-metal band with a less controversial name. Success didn't come either way, and the band split for good in the mid-nineties. Here, they'll perform for the first time in years.



Doug Stone's play "Sealed for Freshness," set at a nineteen-sixties Tupperware party.

EDWIN FOTHERINGHAM

BEACON THEATRE
Broadway at 74th St. (212-307-7171)—Feb. 18: A Valentine's seventies soul jam, with the **Stylistics** ("You Make Me Feel Brand New"), the **Chi-Lites** ("Have You Seen Her"), the **Manhattans** ("Kiss and Say Goodbye"), and others.

EUROPA NIGHT CLUB
98-104 Meserole Ave., at Manhattan Ave., Greenpoint, Brooklyn (718-383-5723)—Feb. 14: **Akron/Family.** Like many experimental rock bands these days, this Brooklyn-based group draws inspiration from such psychedelic-folk acts as the Incredible String Band. And, like their late-sixties

FENDI
NEW YORK ASPEN BAL HARBOUR BEVERLY HILLS SOUTH COAST PLAZA HOUSTON AMERICANA MANHASSET
SHORT HILLS LAS VEGAS ALA MOANA CENTER RHSC WAIKIKI SHOPS AT WAILEA
1800 3363469

predecessors, they are versatile—capable of chaotic, acid-rock guitar solos, repetitive group singing, and soft, finger-picked acoustic laments. Their new record, "Meek Warrior," adds a layer of trance-inducing percussion, played by the Chicago free-jazz legend Hamid Drake.

HAMMERSTEIN BALLROOM
Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. (212-307-7171)—Feb. 15: The speed-metal bullet train that is **Slayer** continues its run toward Hell. With the ferocious lineup that recorded its seminal 1986 album, "Reign in Blood," the group is as bleak and savage as ever.

JOE'S PUB
425 Lafayette St. (212-539-8777)—Feb. 14-15: **Raul Malo,** the former leader of the beloved country-rock band the Mavericks. Also on Feb. 14: The pop pranksters in the **Loser's Lounge** celebrate Valentine's Day with a program of duets. Feb. 26: The **Bird and the Bee** are Inara George, a singer (and the daughter of the late Little Feat leader Lowell George), and Greg Kurstin, a producer and keyboardist who has worked with everyone from the Flaming Lips to Beck. The pair come from Los Angeles, where they've been perfecting a smooth pop sound that's indebted to vintage bossa nova, sixties girl groups, and contemporary hip-hop.

JUDSON MEMORIAL CHURCH
55 Washington Sq. S. (212-260-4700)—Feb. 13-17: The acclaimed Montreal collective **Arcade Fire** celebrates the release of its new album, "Neon Bible," with a string of sold-out shows.

KNITTING FACTORY
74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (212-219-3055)—Feb. 14: The awe-inspiring vocalist **Diamanda Galás** wrenches the sentimentality out of Valentine's Day. Feb. 17: The singer-songwriters **Jennifer O'Connor** and **Kevin Devine.** Feb. 23: A three-floor celebration of ska, with the **Skatalites, King Django, Westbound Train, Bluebeats, Mile 21, Hub City Stompers,** and others.

LIVING ROOM
154 Ludlow St. (212-533-7235)—Feb. 14 and Feb. 21: The singer-songwriter **Milton.** Also on Feb. 14: The Cuban guitarist **Juan-Carlos Formell** comes from a long line of musicians, but he's not burdened by influences of the past. His performances routinely update traditional forms from his homeland, such as bolero, rumba, and son. His latest album, "Son Radical," from last year, veers into rock. For this show, he'll be joined by **Olivier Glissant,** an accordionist from Martinique, **Emilio Valdes,** a percussionist from Cuba, and others.

MERCURY LOUNGE
217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700)—Feb. 22: The vaudevillian showmanship of the acoustic rockers the **Undisputed Heavyweights.** Feb. 23: The **Rake's Progress,** a local band from the early nineties that was just a bit too early for the brief New York rock revival, reunites for the night.

NASSAU COLISEUM
1255 Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale (212-307-7171)—Feb. 23: **My Chemical Romance** is a celebrated gaggle of goth and emo tykes from New Jersey whose music, despite the band's morbid marching-band aesthetic and punky pose, owes a debt to the hoary likes of Meat Loaf.

NEW YORK SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE
2 W. 64th St. (212-874-5210)—Feb. 16: The iconoclastic singer-songwriter **Rickie Lee Jones** focusses on stories from the Bible on her new album, "Sermon on Exposition Boulevard." Her first release in four years, it invokes Elvis, Janis Joplin, and other nontraditional spiritual influences.

ROULETTE
20 Greene St. (212-219-8242)—For twelve years, the composer and sound artist **Douglas Henderson** had a cappuccino maker that he loved. When its demise seemed imminent, he thought that a fitting tribute would be to capture the sound of its final gasps, which, surprisingly, lasted through two cups a day for a hundred consecutive days. Henderson layers the noises (ringing, hissing, whirling, gurgling, boiling, and crackling) into the piece "Giving Up the Ghost." (To understand this, consider that an earlier work by Henderson, "Music for 50 Carpenters," consisted of his recording that many carpenters hammering nails into wood.) On Feb. 17, a recording of it will be piped through a half-dozen or so speakers, giving audience members a home-theatre-style rendering of the work.

WARSAW
261 Driggs Ave., Brooklyn (718-387-0505)—Feb. 19: **Explosions in the Sky,** an instrumental rock band from Texas.

WEBSTER HALL
125 E. 11th St. (212-353-1600)—Feb. 22: **Gym Class Heroes** are an alternative hip-hop outfit from upstate New York who deserve to be championed if for no other reason than that they had the courage to use an antiquated Supertramp song ("Breakfast in America") as the basis of their current single, "Cupid's Chokehold."

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

ALGONQUIN HOTEL
59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800)—Feb. 13-24: The pianist **Bill Charlap** assists his mother, **Sandy Stewart,** an interpreter of the durable standards that populate their affecting 2005 duet recording, "Love Is Here to Stay."

"AMERICAN SONGBOOK"
Feb. 21: **Ute Lemper** brings superb musicianship and striking vocal skills to her consistently riveting performances. Feb. 24: No longer carting a truckload of industry hype behind her, the vocalist **Jane Monheit** returns to her home base. (Allen Room, Jazz at Lincoln Center, Broadway at 60th St. 212-721-6500.)

BIRDLAND
315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080)—Feb. 14-17: The vocalist **Hilary Kole.** Feb. 21-24: The sextet of the drummer **T. S. Monk** (Thelonious's son).

BLUE NOTE
131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (212-475-8592)—Feb. 13-18: **Kurt Elling,** the poster boy for over-educated jazz musicians, celebrates a new recording, "Night Moves." Feb. 20-25: While the majority of jazz pianists make occasional visits to the edge, peer over, and then scurry back to safety, **Ahmad Jamal** lives there. With stream-of-consciousness logic, Jamal reorchestrates conventional tunes, fracturing rhythms and harmonies with gleeful abandon.

CARLYLE HOTEL
Madison Ave. at 76th St. (212-744-1600)—The folk goddess **Judy Collins** has long had a taste for theatrical material, even scoring a major hit with Sondheim's "Send in the Clowns," in 1975. Collins, who has always shown a balanced eclecticism, has also kept her pristine voice in tip-top condition. She makes her cabaret début Feb. 13-March 2.

IRIDIUM
1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (212-582-2121)—Rarely seen in these parts, **Oregon,** one of the original world-music fusion bands, stops by Feb. 15-18. Any chance to hear their masterly guitarist **Ralph Towner** should be seized. Mondays belong to the electric-guitar innovator **Les Paul.** The **Mingus Big Band** takes over on Tuesdays.

JAZZ AT LINCOLN CENTER
Broadway at 60th St. (212-721-6500)—Feb. 22-24: **Wynton Marsalis** and the **Jazz at Lincoln Center Orchestra** perform music inspired by the visual arts, including a new composition by the orchestra's featured saxophonist, **Ted Nash,** based on major twentieth-century paintings. High concept doesn't insure a compelling musical composition, but Nash has long proved himself to be a gifted writer and arranger with his own ensembles.

JAZZ GALLERY
290 Hudson St., near Spring St. (212-242-1063)—Feb. 15: The drummer **E. J. Strickland** leads his quartet, but look for his brother **Marcus,** the tenor saxophonist who made a recent splash with the drummer Michael Carvin, to stir up some heated sibling rivalry. Feb. 16: The Gallery heads uptown for a show at the Gatehouse (150 Convent Ave., at W. 135th St.), in which **Dafnis Prieto,** an in-demand drummer who is as well versed in Latin idioms as he is in mainstream jazz, directs an intriguing quintet featuring the keyboardist **Jason Lindner** and a string section.

TABLES FOR TWO
TRESTLE ON TENTH

242 Tenth Ave., at 24th St. (212-645-5659)—Last summer, Ralf Kuettel, who hails from a small town outside Zurich, took it upon himself to provide the city with a new Swiss-influenced restaurant. (The last one of note, Roettele A.G., closed a few years ago.) There are certain things that people seem to expect from a Swiss restaurant. Fondue, for starters. Kuettel doesn't offer it here, although the premises do reek of Gruyère. Second, tidiness. On this count, Trestle doesn't disappoint, with its uncluttered bar and cozy but spare décor. This being West Chelsea, the bar is crowded with a gaggle of gallery assistants; across the way, a young woman complains about having received a B-plus in Existentialism.

One also expects a preternatural level of efficiency. And yet, on a recent night, the appetizers didn't emerge for more than an hour. To help pass the time, something unexpected: Swiss wine. "We have the largest selection of Swiss wines in the city, quite possibly along the Eastern Seaboard," the manager boasted. "Usually, the Swiss don't let their wine out of the country. But the owner—he knows people who know people."

At last, the food arrived. The platter of cured meats and cheeses was excellent, particularly the paper-thin slices of *Bündnerfleisch* (air-dried beef), which had a pleasantly pungent flavor. There was a wonderful *crépinette*—a tight clump of pulled pork shoulder and sautéed onions in a rich, salty sauce—and juicy, tender medallions of lamb. The *pizokel* (like gnocchi, and sprinkled with Etivaz, a Gruyère-like cheese) made for solid comfort food, and there was plenty of offal to be had: chewy veal kidneys doused in a sauce of Trappist ale, sweetbreads in puff pastry, an oxtail-and-pig's-foot terrine. But the best that can be said of the rest—the roast pork loin comes to mind—is that it was unobjectionable. It's not a good sign when your waiter skips over the traditional Swiss *Nusstorte* and other housemade desserts, rhapsodizing instead about the Ciao Bella vanilla gelato. As Orson Welles's character observed in "The Third Man," "In Switzerland they had brotherly love—they had five hundred years of democracy and peace—and what did that produce? The cuckoo clock." (Open Tuesdays through Fridays for lunch and dinner, and weekends—and Mondays, starting Feb. 19—for dinner. Entrées $17.50-$24.50.)

—*Kate Julian*

NEW YORK FIFTH AVENUE BEVERLY HILLS CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO PALM BEACH SOUTH COAST PLAZA [illegible] HARBOUR SHOPS [illegible]
DALLAS NORTHPARK CENTER ROYAL HAWAIIAN SHOPPING CENTER ALA MOANA CENTER ATLANTIC CITY [illegible] TYSONS GALLERIA MALL AT [illegible]
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MERKIN CONCERT HALL
129 W. 67th St. (212-501-3330)—The 1960 album "Music from The Connection" drew from the stage performances in Jack Gelbert's controversial play about urban drug addicts. **Freddie Redd,** the composer, bandleader, and pianist on the original recording, revisits the material on Feb. 19. The alto saxophonist **Donald Harrison** takes on the role originally played by Jackie McLean, who died in 2006. The noted saxophonist **Lou Donaldson** will also be on hand.

The bandleader Vince Giordano, who keeps a collection of vintage instruments in his Brooklyn home, plays this month's New York Swing Dance Society gathering.

MICHELE ASSELIN

NEW YORK SWING DANCE SOCIETY
Feb. 25: **Vince Giordano** and the **Nighthawks** get folks moving at the society's monthly dance party. Manning the most unwieldy of instruments (bass, tuba, bass saxophone), as well as a bulbous vintage Kellogg microphone, Giordano leads a tuxedo-clad band whose ease with early jazz and swing breathes life into a long-gone era. (St. Cyril and St. Methodius Croatian Church, 502 W. 41st St. For more information, visit www.nysds.org.)

RUBIN MUSEUM OF ART
150 W. 17th St. (212-620-5000, ext. 344)—Feb. 16: The **Jazz Museum in Harlem Allstars** revel in the gloriously romantic and swinging music of Billy Strayhorn. Feb. 23: The pianist and composer **Frank Carlberg** channels the poetry of Robert Creeley in a new song cycle, "The American Dream." Familiar Carlberg cohorts, including the vocalist **Christine Correa** and the saxophonist **Chris Cheek,** will also be performing.

TOWN HALL
123 W. 43rd St. (212-840-2824)—Feb. 23: The immensely charming, if vocally limited, singer **Andrea Marcovicci** performs "I'll Be Seeing You: Love Songs of WW II," supported by a chamber orchestra.

VILLAGE VANGUARD
178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (212-255-4037)—Feb. 13-18: The saxophonist **Chris Potter's** neo-fusion unit Underground, which uses a guitarist and an electric keyboardist and dispenses with a bassist, is as comfortable interpreting the work of Radiohead as it is with more conventional jazz fare. Feb. 20-25: **Brian Blade,** a remarkably gifted drummer best known for his work with Wayne Shorter, convenes his group Fellowship, with the guitarist **Peter Bernstein** and the saxophonist **Myron Walden.** The **Vanguard Jazz Orchestra** holds sway on Mondays.

ART
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (212-535-7710)—**"Flowing Streams: Scenes from Japanese Art and Life."** Through June 3. ♦ **"Glitter and Doom: German Portraits from the 1920s"** features work by ten Weimar-era artists, including Otto Dix, George Grosz, and Ludwig Meidner. Through Feb. 19. ♦ **"Louis Comfort Tiffany and Laurelton Hall: An Artist's Country Estate."** Through May 20. ♦ **"Nan Kempner: American Chic."** Through March 4. ♦ **"Set in Stone: The Face in Medieval Sculpture."** Through Feb. 19. ♦ **"Discovering Tutankhamun: The Photographs of Harry Burton."** Through April 29. ♦ Ceramic sculptors like Peter Voulkos (who, in the fifties, established the ceramics program at the Los Angeles County Art Institute, now the Otis College of Art and Design) and Ken Price stand at one pole of the exhibition **"One of a Kind: The Studio Craft Movement."** Their status as Serious Artists is never doubted; they raised their medium to the ranks of painting and sculpture. The other pole is occupied by rabble-rousers like Richard Marquis, whose countercultural "American Acid Capsule" is a red-white-and-blue vessel created while he was on a Fulbright scholarship in Murano, Italy, in the late sixties, and Robert Arneson, who contributes a glazed earthenware sculpture of a flinty "Mother Dürer." The show also includes a range of furniture, metalwork, fibre pieces, and jewelry that blur the lines between art and craft, between utilitarian objects and those intended solely for admiring contemplation. Through Sept. 3. ♦ **"Closed Circuit: Video and New Media at the Metropolitan."** A sampling of works from the museum's small but growing collection of video art; among the artists represented are Ann Hamilton, David Hammons, Jim Campbell, Darren Almond, and Maria Marshall. Opens Feb. 23. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:30, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9400)—**"Armando Reverón"** reviews the career of the Venezuelan painter (1889-1954). Through April 16. ♦ Josiah McElheny presents a sculptural installation that imagines a utopian city of glass. Through April 9. ♦ **"OMA in Beijing: China Central Television Headquarters by Rem Koolhaas and Ole Scheeren."** Through Feb. 26. ♦ **"Artistic Collaborations: Fifty Years at Universal Limited Art Editions."** Through May 21. ♦ **"Live/Work: Performance Into Drawing."** Works on paper that relate to performance-art pieces. Through May 7. ♦ The retrospective **"Jeff Wall"** opens Feb. 25. (Open Wednesdays through Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Friday evenings until 8.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (212-423-3500)—**"Spanish Painting from El Greco to Picasso: Time, Truth, and Memory"** includes works by Zurbarán, Murillo, Velázquez, and Cotán, among many others. Through March 28. ♦ Work by **Tacita Dean,** the 2006 recipient of the Hugo Boss Prize for contemporary art, goes on view Feb. 23. ♦ **"Family Pictures"** showcases contemporary photography and video depicting families and children; among the artists included are Patty Chang, Loretta Lux, Sally Mann, Gregory Crewdson, Gillian Wearing, and Thomas Struth. Through April 16. (Open Saturdays through Wednesdays, 10 to 5:45, and Fridays, 10 to 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART
Madison Ave. at 75th St. (800-944-8639)—**"Photography and the Self: The Legacy of F. Holland Day."** Through March 11. ♦ Stained-glass windows, Dan Flavin's fluorescent tubes, and James Turrell's projections are examples of a certain kind of art that employs light. Terence Koh's one-room work at the Whitney is of an entirely different sort. Whereas the former tend toward the elegiac and the poetically sculptural, Koh's installation of a single four-thousand-watt bulb in a lamp pointed at viewers in the first-floor gallery is a retina-burning assault on the senses. Nearby museum guards wear sunglasses; passersby shield their eyes like starlets hiding from the paparazzi. The work is rife with metaphors, particularly of the Icarian stripe, but ultimately it's a bit short on substance. Despite a fairly solid record of international exhibitions, Koh's inaugural American museum presentation is more of a one-liner—or perhaps a portent for artists whose stars shine too brightly. Through May 27. ♦ The retrospective **"Gordon Matta-Clark"** opens Feb. 22. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and weekends, 11 to 6, and Fridays, 1 to 9.)

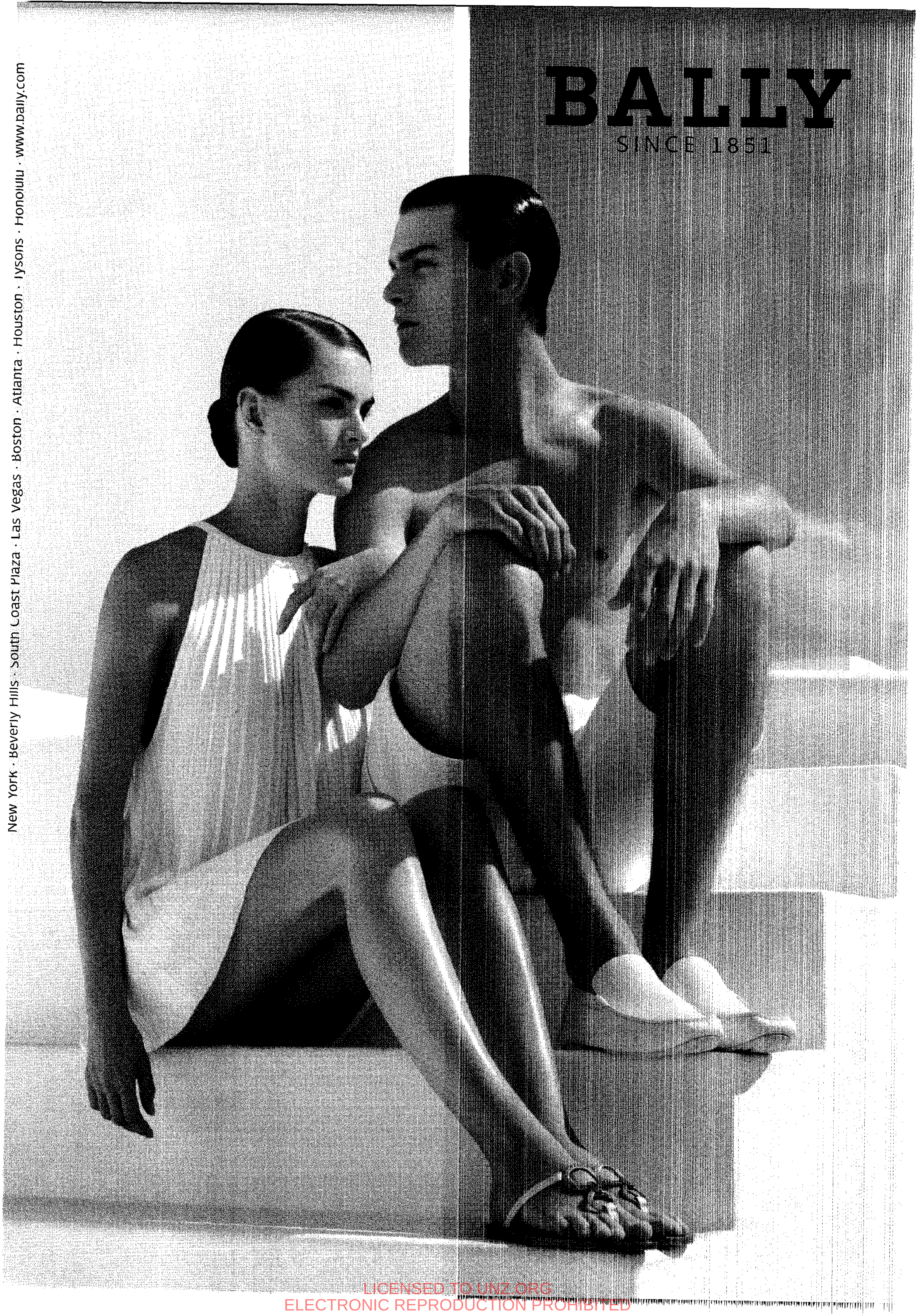
WHITNEY MUSEUM AT ALTRIA
120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (917-663-2453)—**"Burgeoning Geometries"** presents work by Diana Cooper, Jane South, Phoebe Washburn, Charles Goldman, Jason Rogenes, and Tara Donovan. Through March 4. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 7:30.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
Central Park W. at 79th St. (212-769-5100)—**"Gold."** Through Aug. 19. ♦ **"The Butterfly Conservatory: Tropical Butterflies Alive in Winter."** Through May 28. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM OF ART
200 Eastern Parkway (718-638-5000)—**"The Eye of the Artist: The Work of Devorah Sperber."** Sperber arranges tens of thousands of spools of thread or colored crystals like pixels to make her installations; the seemingly abstract fields of color resolve into straightforward copies of famous paintings only when viewed through an inverting optical lens. Through May 6. ♦ **"Landscapes from the Age of Impressionism."** Through May 13. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

AMERICAN FOLK ART MUSEUM
45 W. 53rd St. (212-265-1040)—**"Martín Ramírez."** Through April 29. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Fridays until 7:30.)

COOPER-HEWITT NATIONAL DESIGN MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (212-849-8300)—**"Design Life Now: National Design Triennial 2006."** Through July 29. ♦ **"Made to Scale: Staircase Masterpieces."** A collection of staircase models, mostly from nineteenth-century France. Through June 3. (Open Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5, Fridays, 10 to 9, Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Sundays, noon to 6.)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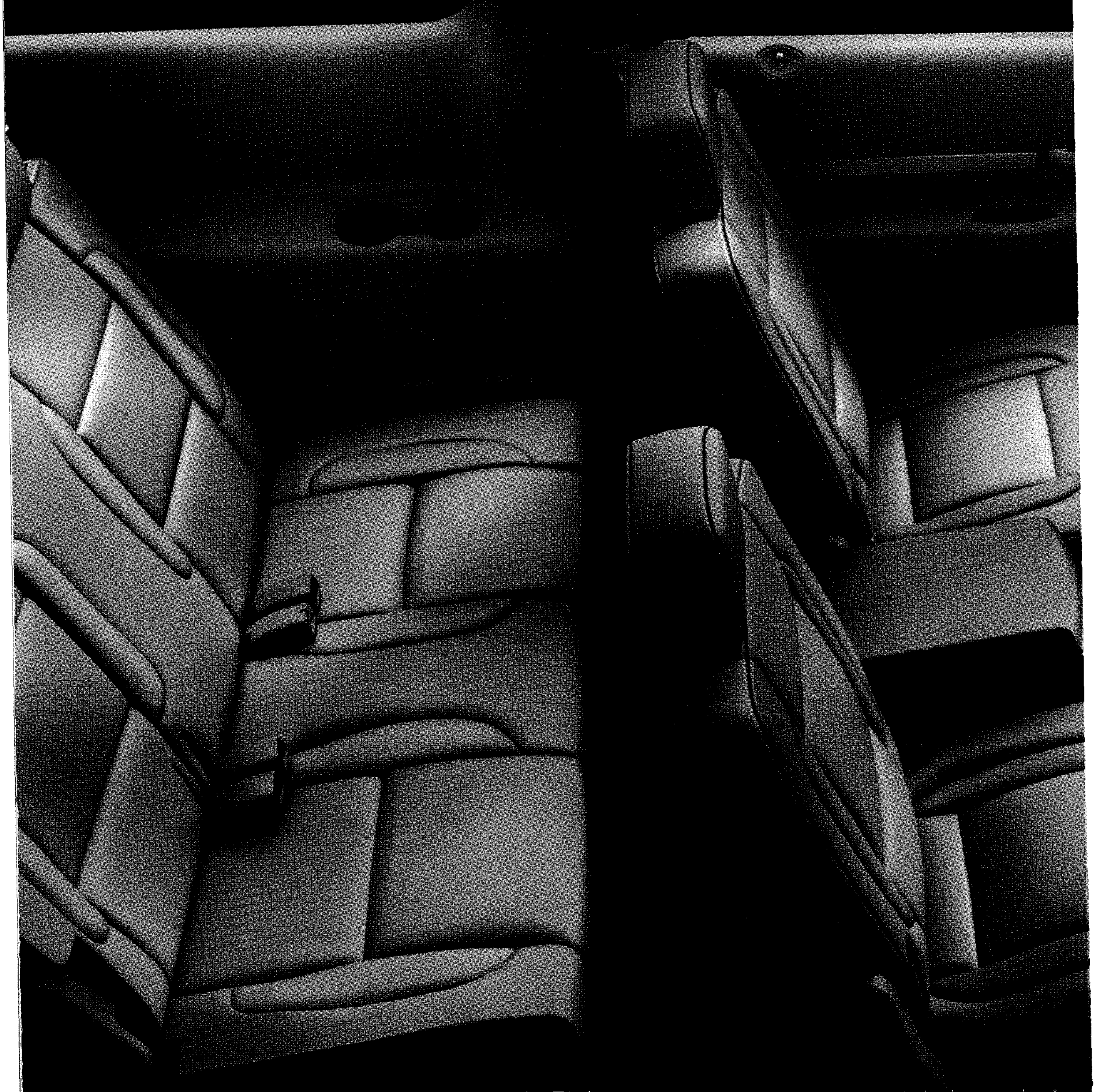

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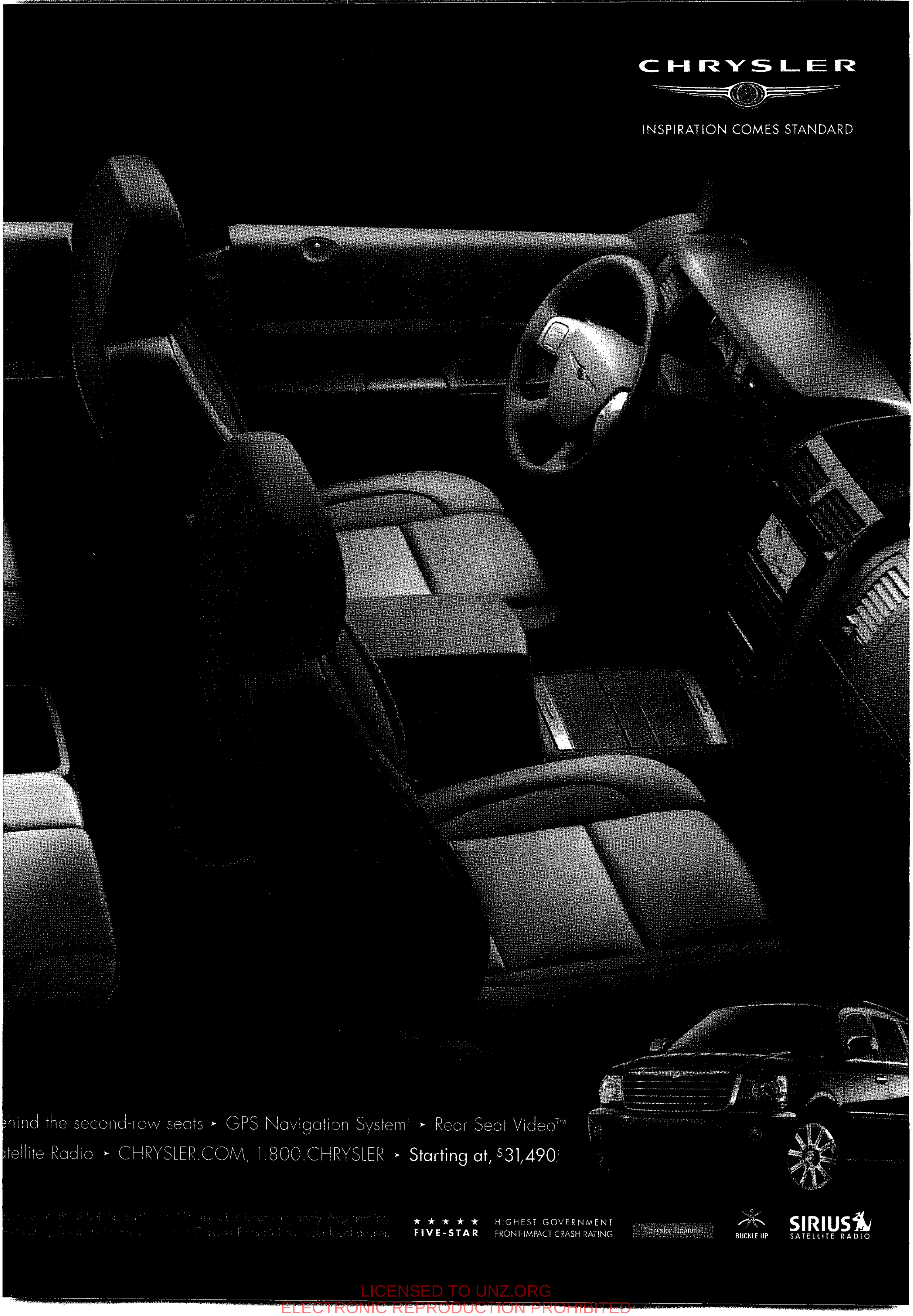

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Sotheby's offers an exhibition of paintings used for Château Mouton Rothschild wine labels, from Feb. 23 to March 10.

SEYMOUR CHWAST

FRICK COLLECTION
1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700)—**"George Stubbs (1724-1806): A Celebration."** Opens Feb. 14. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY AND MUSEUM
225 Madison Ave., at 36th St. (212-685-0008)—Books, bindings, illustrations, and promotional materials dating from 1837 to 1901 are on view in **"Victorian Bestsellers."** Through May 6. ♦ **"Saul Steinberg: Illuminations."** Through March 4. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, 10:30 to 5, Fridays, 10:30 to 9, Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

NATIONAL MUSEUM OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN
1 Bowling Green (212-514-3700)—**"Indigenous Motivations: Recent Acquisitions from the NMAI"** looks at traditional techniques like embroidery, wood carving, and metalwork as reimagined by artists—from Peru to Alaska—who live in an age of plastics and casinos. One might expect more political content in such a survey (the works were all made since the nineteen-fifties, most within the past twenty years), and those items which do betray something of their origins' complexity are the most interesting, such as a rainbow-bright plastic basket made by the families of Oaxacan political prisoners encamped outside the jail. Through July 22. (Open daily, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

NEUE GALERIE
1048 Fifth Ave., at 86th St. (212-628-6200)—**"Josef Hoffmann: Interiors, 1902-1913."** Through Feb. 26. (Open Thursdays, and Saturdays through Mondays, 11 to 6, and Fridays, 11 to 9.)

UKRAINIAN MUSEUM
222 E. 6th St. (212-228-0110)—**"Crossroads: Modernism in Ukraine, 1910-1930."** Through March 11. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11:30 to 5.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Galleries are usually open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6; please call the gallery for exact hours.

JOSEPH BEUYS
A small show of drawings and sculptures by the influential German conceptualist and performance artist addresses themes of systems and connections. In the front room, some drawings take on the look of flow charts, and three glass-covered chalkboards are filled with notes and diagrams from a 1978 performance-lecture. There's more fun to be had in back, with the sculptures. A pair of rhinoceros horns are attached with gauze bandages to plastic tubing full of red liquid, and a heavy black telephone's snaking cord loops behind an uncommunicative clod of dirt and grass. Many of Beuys's works are, decades on, much the worse for wear; witness a pair of greasy cardboard boxes brimful of yellow margarine and felt. In their own mute and creeping ways, these objects carry on the work of performance long after their creator's demise. Through March 31. (Zwirner & Wirth, 32 E. 69th St. 212-517-8677.)

Short List

DEBBIE FLEMING CAFFERY: Gitterman, 170 E. 75th St. 212-734-0868. Through Feb. 24. **RINEKE DIJKSTRA:** Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. 212-977-7160. Through Feb. 17. **DAVID HAMMONS:** L & M, 45 E. 78th St. 212-861-0020. Through March 10. **IRVING PENN:** Pace/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. 212-759-7999. Through Feb. 17.

GALLERIES—CHELSEA

JEAN-CHRISTIAN BOURCART
The subjects of Bourcart's grainy color photographs are fugitive, barely-there figures and faces that register mostly as shadows and shapes on gorgeously smeared or pointillist grounds. Taken from a series that he calls "Stardust," these ephemeral images are traces of traces, shot in movie theatres not off the screen but off the small, glowing portal of the projection booth, where they attract and animate a galaxy of floating particles. The original source is so abstracted, so distilled, that Bourcart's pictures reduce movies (and photographs) to their essence as dreams and memories. Through March 3. (Meislin, 526 W. 26th St. 212-627-2552.)

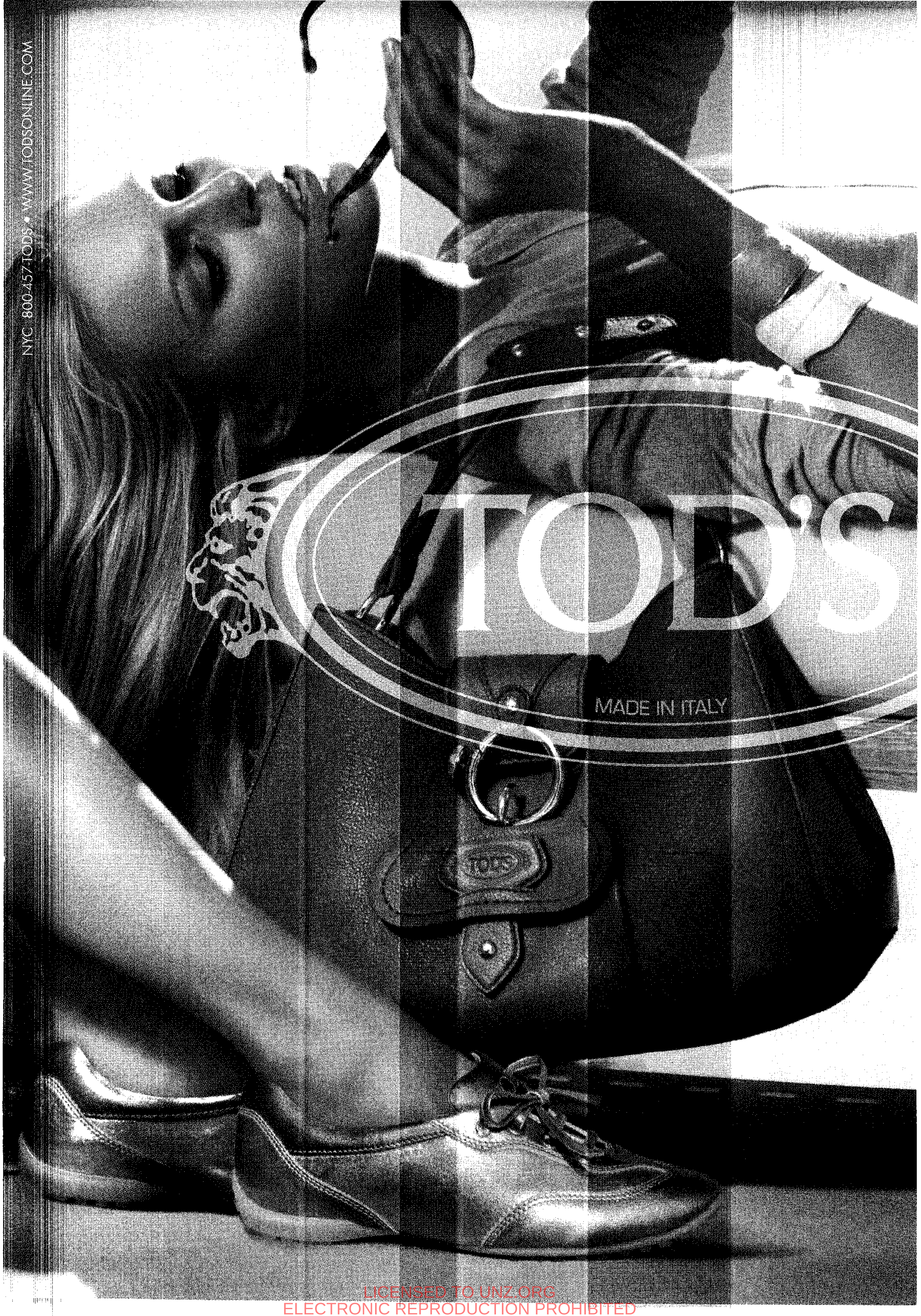
MICHELLE ELZAY
Elzay shows two series of formal studio portraits, one of uniformed fencers, the other of birds trained by falconers, both against stark white backgrounds. The results are clean and graphic, almost posterlike in their cool objectivity, and the juxtaposition of two historically élitist sports is shrewd. Any suggestion of violence is masked (sometimes literally) in refinement and elegance. The birds—including owls, hawks, and an African vulture, as well as falcons—are shown perched on clenched gloves, but, because Elzay has digitally erased their masters' arms, these fierce, alert predators appear all the more isolated and symbolic, at once the hunter and the game. Through Feb. 24. (Kasher, 521 W. 23rd St. 212-966-3978.)

JEAN-PAUL GOUDE
Goude's trademark mix of the exotic and the erotic, of the raunchy and the kitschy, is definitely over the top, but it's also so meticulously polished that its transgressions (nearly all of which involve cartoonish racial stereotyping) never seem rude. This quick survey of editorial, advertising, and album-cover work from the mid-seventies to the present rounds up some of Goude's most memorable images, including several of the performer Grace Jones, whose sleek, androgynous persona was largely his creation. Long before Photoshop, Goude was a master of the seamlessly staged tableau (see his Times Square chorus line), and he's only become more accomplished (see the photo-finish shot of models in couture gowns). Through Feb. 17. (Hasted Hunt, 529 W. 20th St. 212-627-0006.)

TIM HYDE
The night that Tim Hyde arrived in Belarus, he turned his video camera on and let it run, as various gently surreal images rose from the night to meet him—a teen-age girl courting or provoking the lens, a forbidding apartment block looming against the sky, a giant toad hopping suddenly into the frame. Hyde's other photographs and videos are equally focussed on laconically evocative adventures. (He borrows the title of the Belarus piece, "Invisible City," from Italo Calvino.) An elderly lady politely obstructs his view of a former K.G.B. building in Kiev, and a snowstorm does the same for a Brooklyn skyline, while shipping containers hulk in an indeterminate darkness, like buildings in a makeshift city of their own. Through Feb. 17. (Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. 212-633-6999.)

JUSTIN LIEBERMAN
The press release for this show consists of one sentence, written by the artist: "For the exhibition Agency: Open House, I have transformed the gallery into an advertising agency, to the best of my ability." Lieberman's "best" efforts notwithstanding, his agency probably wouldn't get much business. The conference table is made of taped-together plywood, and the "ads" themselves, cobbled together in Photoshop, are hilariously subversive and flagrantly offensive. On the other hand, what kind of earnest capitalist enterprise can one expect from an artist whose deadpan professional biography includes entries like "1997—Heroin addiction" and "2000—Worked as dishwasher at Maharishi Mahesh Yogi's Spiritual University of America. . . . Fired for urinating in the food"? Through Feb. 24. (Feuer, 530 W. 24th St. 212-989-7700.)

MARC NEWSON
When the book is written on today's market-driven art world, this show of design as art, by an Australian known chiefly for his work's expensiveness, may merit a chapter. Newson's sculptural chairs, tables, lamps, and surfboards employ swanky materials (Carrara marble, nickel, arcane composites) and excruciating craft to miscellaneous, woozily styled ends. Aesthetically, the objects are amateur-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ish, evoking modern art in general and apparently unconscious of past, definitive fusions of furniture and sculpture by the likes of Scott Burton and Jorge Pardo. Newson's work would look like nothing if it didn't look like money. Through March 3. (Gagosian, 555 W. 24th St. 212-741-1111.)

CORBAN WALKER

This strong show of sculpture by the Irish artist reinvents minimalism from its creator's point of view: Walker is four feet tall. Serpentine walls of bolted blocks of zinc-plated steel and stepped stacks of subtly colored glass rise to an unremarkable citizen's waist. The show is like a big, precise, beautiful machine that, when you crouch or kneel, is turned on, engaging the gallery space in kinetic torsions and visceral dramas. Standing again, you feel hulkish—and keenly sensitized to phenomena of scale that elude everyday consciousness like unremembered dreams. Through March 10. (PaceWildenstein, 534 W. 25th St. 212-929-7000.)

QIU ZHIJIE

This Chinese artist combines photography, performance, and calligraphy in "Twenty-four Seasons," a series of nighttime landscapes. A few loopy, luminous characters, written in midair with a flashlight, hover in each frame. Though there's nothing particularly avant-garde about any of this, the piece, arranged in two twelve-part grids on facing walls, draws strength from its simplicity. In the contemporary mode, Qiu's landscapes are bracingly mundane: a refuse-strewn street, a row of futuristic phone booths, a factory wall, a playground, a flowering tree. With long exposures, these sites (nearly all in China) have a mysterious day-for-night look, and the occasional ghostly figure (often the artist himself) adds to the aura of free-floating anxiety. Through Feb. 24. (Chambers, 210 Eleventh Ave., at 24th St. 212-414-1169.)

Short List

DANIEL BUREN: Bortolami Dayan, 510 W. 25th St. 212-727-2050. Through Feb. 15. **MARK GROTJAHN:** Kern, 532 W. 20th St. 212-367-9663. Through Feb. 28. **SEYDOU KEITA / LOLO VELEKO:** Danziger, 521 W. 26th St. 212-629-6778. Through Feb. 24. **SUZANNE OPTON:** Peter Hay Halpert, 511 W. 25th St. 646-827-9890. Opens Feb. 15. **GILLIAN WEARING:** Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. 212-627-6000. Through March 10.

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

EVE SUSSMAN & THE RUFUS CORPORATION

Creative Time presents "The Rape of the Sabine Women," the follow-up project from the artists who made the video "89 Seconds at Alcazar." Whereas "Alcazar" took its inspiration from Velázquez, this video starts with Roman myth, overlaying it with musical elements and a veneer of sixties mod glamour. Feb. 22-27; screenings daily at 2, 6, and 9:45. Tickets are free the day of the show, at the IFC box office. (IFC Center, 323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. For more information, see www.creativetime.org.)

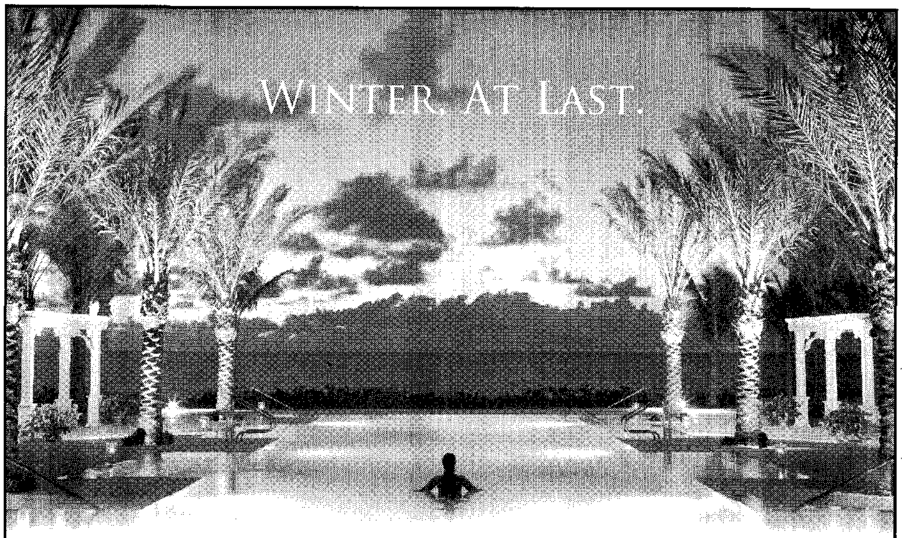
Short List

CHARLES MILLER: Think Tank 3, at 447 Hudson St. 212-647-8595. Through March 15. **HARRIET SHORR:** Pelavin, 13 Jay St. 212-925-9424. Through March 3.

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET

These are the final two weeks of the company's winter season, and the principal dancer Miranda Weese's last weeks with the company. Andrei Ratmansky's thrilling "Russian Seasons," with its folk-inflected score by the contemporary Russian composer Leonid Desyatnikov, elegantly blends country motifs—line dances, strapping youths at play, a wedding—with an undercurrent of anguish, and playful "postmodern" touches. It will be performed four times this week and next. On Wednesday, the com-



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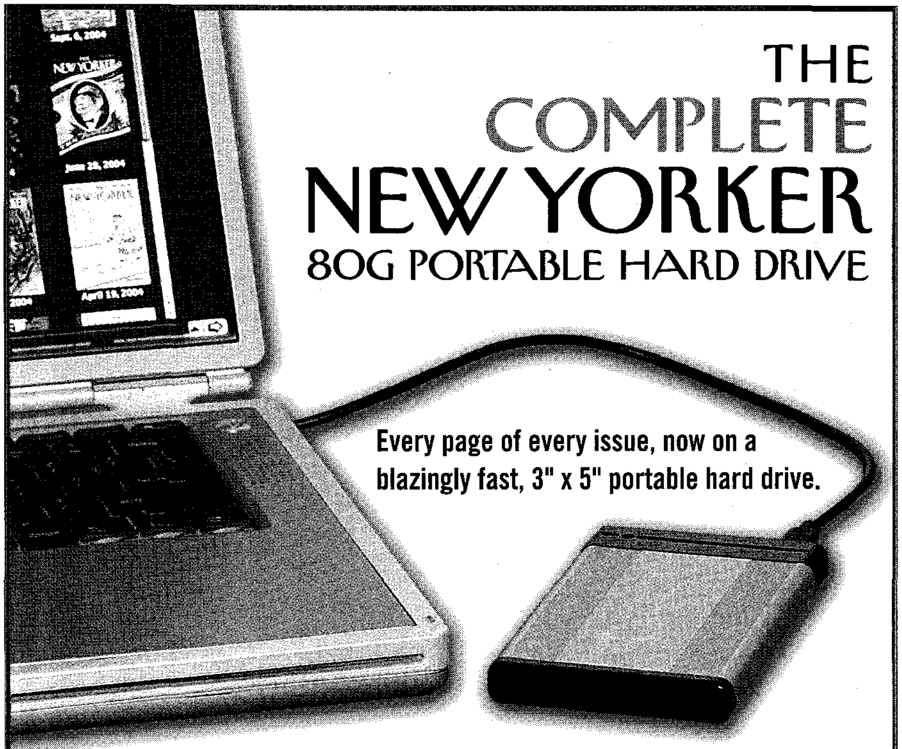
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pany unveils yet another program, "For the Fun of It," which opens with Jerome Robbins's "Circus Polka"—made for students from the School of American Ballet—and closes with Balanchine's ravishing "Firebird"; Valery Gergiev will conduct the Feb. 23 performance. And the final bill of the season, "A Banquet of Dance," features two contrasting Robbins ballets, both with music by Debussy: "Afternoon of a Faun"—a dreamlike encounter in a rehearsal studio—and the classically inspired "Antique Epigraphs." ♦ Feb. 13 at 7:30, Feb. 17 and Feb. 22 at 8, and Feb. 18 at 3: "Klavier," "Russian Seasons," and "The Four Temperaments." ♦ Feb. 14 at 7:30, Feb. 17 at 2, Feb. 23 at 8, and Feb. 25 at 3: "Circus Polka," "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Jeu de Cartes," and "Firebird." ♦ Feb. 15 at 8 and Feb. 21 at 7:30: "Carousel (A Dance)," "Intermezzo No. 1," "Slice to Sharp," and "Friandises." ♦ Feb. 16 at 8, Feb. 20 at 7:30, and Feb. 24 at 2 and 8: "Raymonda Variations," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Antique Epigraphs," and "Evenfall." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 212-870-5570.)

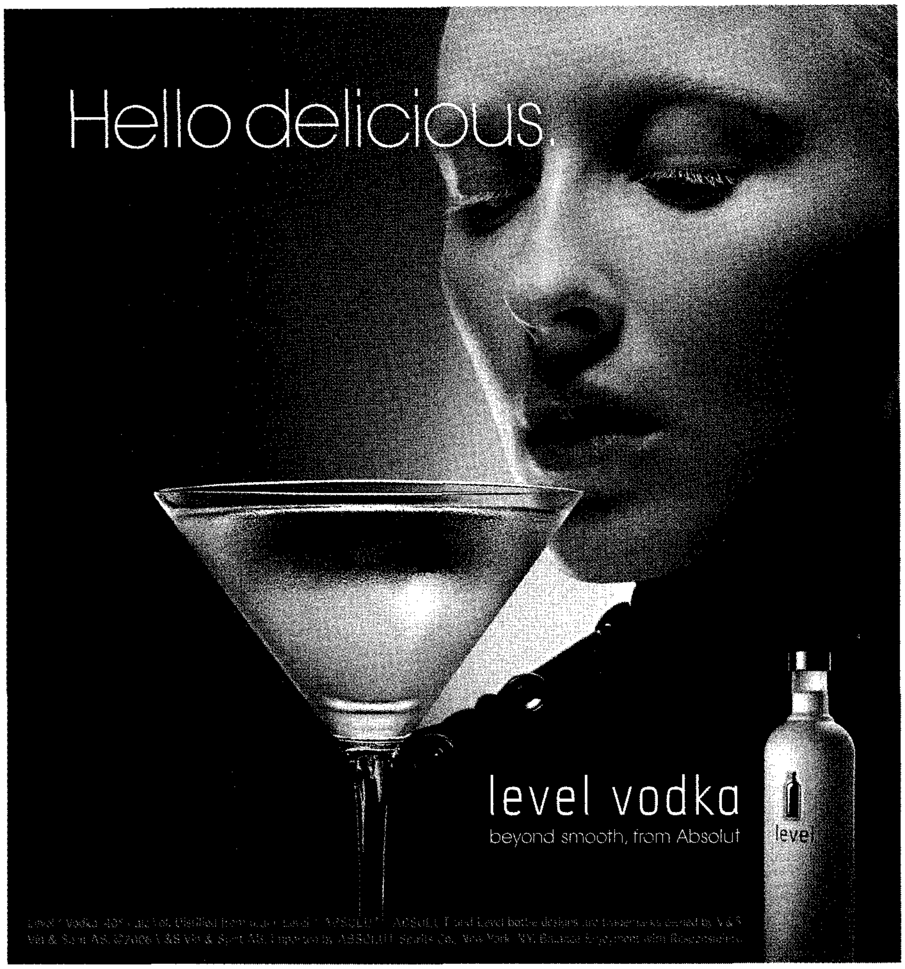
NEW YORK FLAMENCO FESTIVAL 2007
Usually balanced between tradition and innovation, the festival this year leans more toward the new. Thursday's gala introduces four strong up-and-comers, including the intriguing Olga Pericet, while Saturday and Sunday are given over to Sara Baras, whose dance "Sabores" skates on a sleek, sophisticated, and technically impressive surface. More promising is Friday's feature, "Una Mirada del Flamenco," by Rafaela Carrasco. Innovative in the best sense, she has the most important asset: a true ear for flamenco's rhythms and deep song. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 212-545-7536. Feb. 15 at 7:30, Feb. 16-17 at 8, and Feb. 18 at 7. Through Feb. 24. For a full schedule of performances, see www.flamencofestival.org.)

DANCEBRAZIL
This vibrant ensemble celebrates its thirtieth season with a week at the Joyce and two premières. In "Ritual," the ensemble's director, Jelon Vieira, draws on the fluid movements of capoeira, *candomble*, and samba—and the skill of his fabulous dancers—to explore the diverse rituals of Bahian culture. Ramiro Musotto, an Argentinean master of the *berimbau*, contributed the acoustic/electronic score, which will be played live. And Ronald K. Brown has created a solo for the New York-based, Brazilian-born dancer and choreographer Carlos dos Santos, Jr. (175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 212-242-0800. Feb. 13-14 at 7:30, Feb. 15-16 at 8, Feb. 17 at 2 and 8, and Feb. 18 at 2.)

LEESAAR THE COMPANY
The dancer Saar Harari and the actress Lee Sher left Israel together in 2004, but the work that they have since created in New York is set in a decidedly Israeli landscape. In their new "Part II," which weaves together material from the earlier works "Herd of Bulls" and "Moopim," an oud player intermittently makes music while dancers explore close-to-the-bone themes: the interplay between their military and civilian selves, or the way that lighthearted daily experiences rub up against sudden, violent eruptions. Part of the 92nd Street Y's Harkness Dance Festival. (Ailey Citigroup Theatre, 405 W. 55th St. 212-415-5500. Feb. 14-15 and Feb. 17 at 8 and Feb. 18 at 2 and 7.)

OYU ORO
Some of the finest Afro-Cuban dancers and musicians north of Havana join the ensemble Oyu Oro for "Palenque," the story of a runaway-slave settlement in nineteenth-century Cuba. Choreographed by La Mora (Danys Perez), the tale is packed with action: the murder of a slave driver, a lightning-lit escape, and a fierce dance-battle for dominance between factions from different parts of Africa. Unity prevails, and the second act is a divertissement of hybrid Cuban styles. (La Mama Annex, 74A E. 4th St. 212-475-7710. Feb. 15-17 and Feb. 22-24 at 7:30 and Feb. 18 and Feb. 25 at 2:30 and 7:30.)

EUN JUNG GONZALEZ AND CATEY OTT
The two choreographers and dancers are old friends who met in the nineties in the New York dance scene. Recently, Ott moved back to her home town, Milwaukee. At Danspace this week, they reunite



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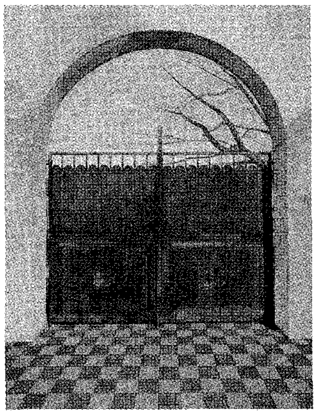
CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK
ENERGETIC FATIGUE

It's no cinch to praise works by the gifted young Brit Gillian Carnegie, the most arresting new painter of the moment, whose show at Andrea Rosen might prompt zingers on the order of "sensationally dreary." You must see her paintings to appreciate how they are eerily energized by a sense of the medium's exhaustion. Carnegie pursues tired modes of still-life and landscape with ardent, stroke-by-stroke absorption. Variously styled paintings render leafless trees against drab skies, a vase of forensically detailed flowers, a metal gate that may open onto clinical depression, and a garden path in slathered, unhappy lemon yellow. There's one example of the cheeky (in two senses) views of the artist's bare rear end which first won fame for an ambition so hushed that it might have eluded notice indefinitely. Past masters—Morandi, Balthus, Richter, Tuymans—are evoked, but distantly. Each picture, and each part of each picture, exults in painting's sorcery, braced by something uncomfortably like loathing for its subject.

—*Peter Schjeldahl*



GILLIAN CARNEGIE, "CEMETERY GATE" (2006)

to present their own work and a collaborative duet, "Corridors," in which they explore their relationship as dancers and friends through the diverging and interweaving paths of their experiences. (St. Mark's In-the-Bowery, Second Ave. at 10th St. 212-674-8194. Feb. 16-18 at 8:30.)

CHRISTOPHER WHEELDON / BRIGHT SHENG SEMINAR
The New York City Ballet's choreographer-in-residence (Wheeldon) and its composer-in-residence (Sheng) are currently collaborating on a ballet for the spring season based on Oscar Wilde's story "The Nightingale and the Rose"; here they will discuss the process of building a new ballet together from scratch. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 212-870-5570. Feb. 19 at 6.)

COMPANY VINCENT MANTSOE
Mantsoe, a child of globalization, draws out the South African ritual dance of his mother—a *sangoma*, or witch doctor—with sundry Eastern and Western techniques. He's a spellbinding performer, but his ensemble piece "Men-Jaro" is, except for a solo of possession (for himself), more pleasant than transporting—a genial series of interactions set to an excellent score by Anthony Caplan, played live on traditional South African instruments. (Kumble Theatre, 1 University Plaza, between DeKalb Ave. and Willoughby St., Brooklyn. 718-488-1624. Feb. 20-21 at 8.)

VICKY SHICK
"Plum House (A Cartoon)" is the latest collaboration between the visual artist Barbara Kilpatrick and Vicky Shick, a downtown-dance habitué and former Trisha Brown dancer. This time, the scene is a tiny two-walled, wood-and-wire-mesh structure, which functions as a kind of hive for the five busy members of a strange colony of females. The new work shares the bill with a revival of the duet "Repair," a look at the way in which an extravagant, volatile personality (portrayed by Jodi Melnick) affects a bystander. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 212-924-0077. Feb. 20-24 at 7:30.)

COMPAÑÍA METROS
The Catalan choreographer Ramón Oller's Barcelona-based company performs his one-act, modern-dance-and-flamenco version of "Carmen," set to a collage fashioned from Bizet's score, flamenco riffs, and music by the Spanish contemporary composer Martirio. Oller's Carmen is a leggy factory worker who seduces her man on a rooftop; her indiscriminate thrusts and undulations suggest a teen-ager's overripe sexuality. Though jagged pacing sometimes squanders the impact of the dancing, the intense performers generate a compelling atmosphere. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 212-242-0800. Feb. 21 at 7:30, Feb. 22-23 at 8, Feb. 24 at 2 and 8, and Feb. 25 at 2 and 7:30. Through March 4.)

MEGAN V. SPRENGER / MVWORKS
P.S. 122's new commissioning program, Room, was created to encourage collaboration with experts in disciplines outside the performing arts. "No Where," Sprenger's first evening-length work, draws on the expertise of the mathematician Sara Grundel, in a work whose structure is based on the geometric arrangement known as Pascal's Triangle and which is inspired by the highly theatrical photographs of Gregory Crewdson. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 212-352-3101. Feb. 22-23 at 8, Feb. 24 at 5 and 8, and Feb. 25 at 5.)

GUTA HEDEWIG DANCE
In "Dog Days," at Danspace, the German-born Hedewig uses slapstick, folk dance, and video projections to satirize the verbal missteps and mythomania of the Bush Administration. (St. Mark's In-the-Bowery, Second Ave. at 10th St. 212-674-8194. Feb. 22-25 at 8:30.)

"WORKS & PROCESS"
The downtown choreographer Seán Curran brings his dancers uptown to the Guggenheim to discuss his work and perform excerpts from "The Nothing That Is Not There and the Nothing That Is," set to Leos Janáček's melancholy piano cycle "On an Overgrown Path" (played live); a solo from last year, "St. Petersburg Waltz" (performed by Curran); and a sneak peek at a work in progress, "Force of Circumstance." (Fifth Ave. at 89th St. 212-523-3587. Feb. 25-26 at 7:30.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC
OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA
Karita Mattila may be best known to Met audiences for her searing portrayal of Strauss's Salome, but her rendition of the title role of Janáček's **"Jenůfa"** is equally distinctive. The two final performances also feature Kim Begley, Jorma Silvasti, and the veteran soprano Anja Silja, still an astonishingly potent singing actress, taking the role of Kostelnicka; Jiří Bělohlávek, a renowned Czech master, conducts. (Feb. 14 at 8 and Feb. 17 at 1:30.) ♦ The final performance of Bellini's **"I Puritani,"** with Elizabeth Futral (in the role of Elvira Walton), Gregory Kunde, Franco Vassallo, and Oren Gradus; Patrick Summers. (Feb. 15 at 7:30.) ♦ **"La Traviata,"** with Mary Dunleavy, Wookyung Kim, and Charles Taylor in the leading roles; Carlo Rizzi. (Feb. 16 and Feb. 22 at 8.) ♦ Renée Fleming has treated New York audiences to her plangent rendition of Tatiana's Letter Scene from Tchaikovsky's **"Eugene Onegin"** before, but this month's performances will mark the first time that she has sung the complete role at the Met. She will be joined onstage by Dmitri Hvorostovsky (as Onegin) and Ramón Vargas, the kind of gilt-edged casting that befits one of the conductor Valery Gergiev's once-a-year appearances. (Feb. 17 at 8, Feb. 20 at 7:30, and Feb. 24 at 1:30.) ♦ The Met's grand Giancarlo del Monaco production of **"Simon Boccanegra,"** in which such singers as Kiri Te Kanawa and Plácido Domingo have found glory, returns with a roster that includes Thomas Hampson (in the title role), Angela Gheorghiu, Marcello Giordani, and Ferruccio Furlanetto; Fabio Luisi. (Feb. 19 at 7:30 and Feb. 23 and Feb. 27 at 8.) ♦ Julie Taymor's entertaining production of Mozart's **"Die Zauberflöte,"** with a cast that features Lisa Milne, Cornelia Götz, Michael Schade, and Rodion Pogossov (a winning Papageno); James Levine. (Feb. 21 and Feb. 24 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House. 212-362-6000.)

L'OPÉRA FRANÇAIS DE NEW YORK: "DESPERATELY SEEKING CARMEN"
French opera, no longer prominent in Gotham, is supported by this small, inventive company. Its latest program is a multimedia recital devoted to Bizet's torrid opéra comique, which combines clips from Cecil B. De Mille's 1915 film version with live performances of arias and duets by the singers Marie Lenormand, Adam Klein, and Philip Cutlip (and a bit of flamenco dance as well). (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 212-307-4100. Feb. 15-16 at 8.)

JUILLIARD OPERA THEATRE: "IPHIGÉNIE EN AULIDE"
Robin Guarino offers a computer-age spin (think "Greek Squad") on Gluck's *tragédie*, directing a hardy student cast; Ari Pelto conducts. (Peter Jay Sharp Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Feb. 19, Feb. 21, and Feb. 23 at 8. No tickets required.)

OPERA ORCHESTRA OF NEW YORK
Cilèa's **"L'Arlesiana"**—based on the same play for which Bizet wrote his incidental music—was created for Enrico Caruso, but only the impassioned tenor aria "Lamento di Federico" has survived the test of time. Eve Queler's indispensable group will make a case for the entire work, with a cast headed by Giuseppe Filianoti (as Federico), Latonia Moore, and Marianne Cornetti. (Carnegie Hall. 212-247-7800. Feb. 21 at 7:30.)

COLLEGIATE CHORALE
Dolora Zajick takes the title role—Joan of Arc—in a concert performance of **"The Maid of Orleans,"** the most underrated of Tchaikovsky's many operas. Robert Bass conducts. (Carnegie Hall. 212-247-7800. Feb. 22 at 8.)

MILLER THEATRE: "LOST HIGHWAY"
Two Austrian masters of modernist alienation, the composer Olga Neuwirth and the writer Elfriede Jelinek, have turned David Lynch's film into an opera. George Steel's Columbia University series, in tandem with the Oberlin Conservatory, brings the American-première production to New York. (Broadway at 116th St. 212-854-7799. Feb. 23-24 at 8.)

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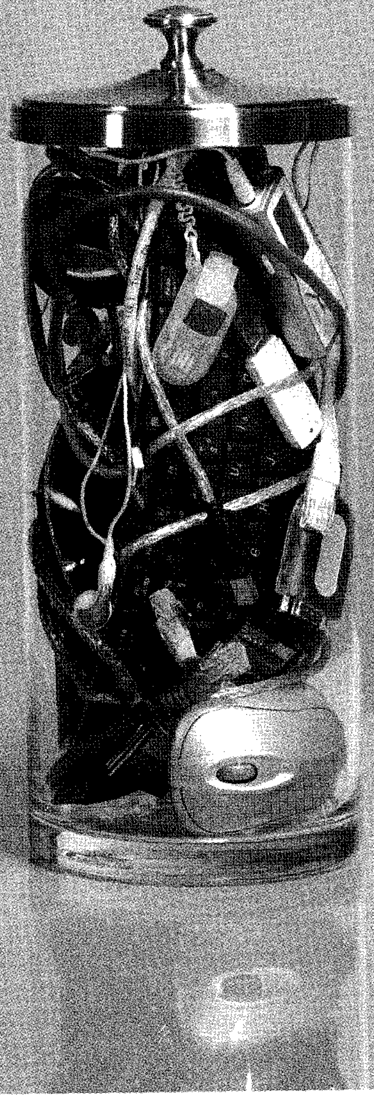

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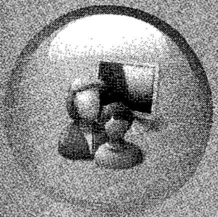

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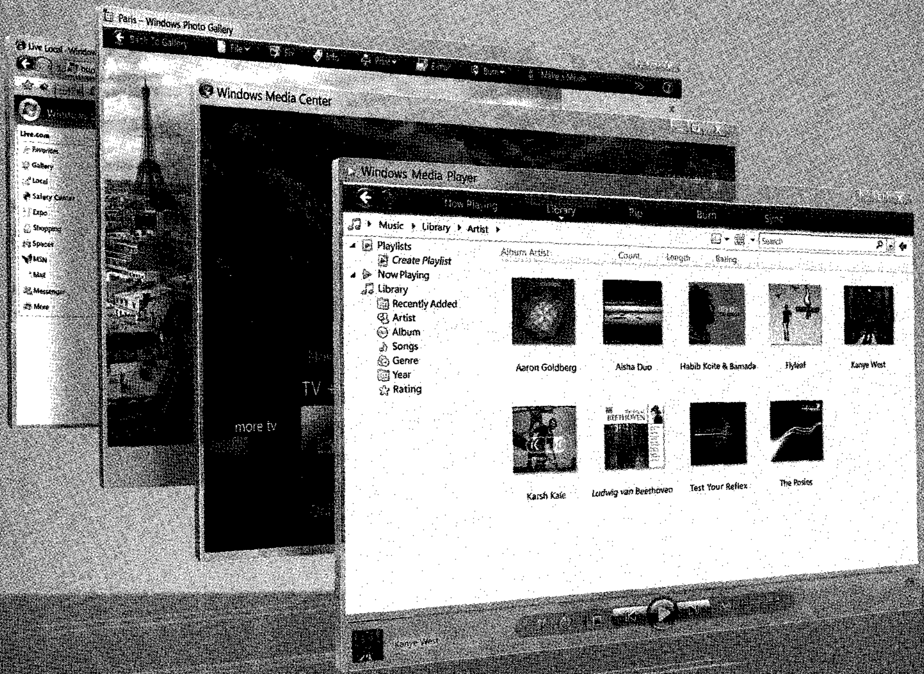
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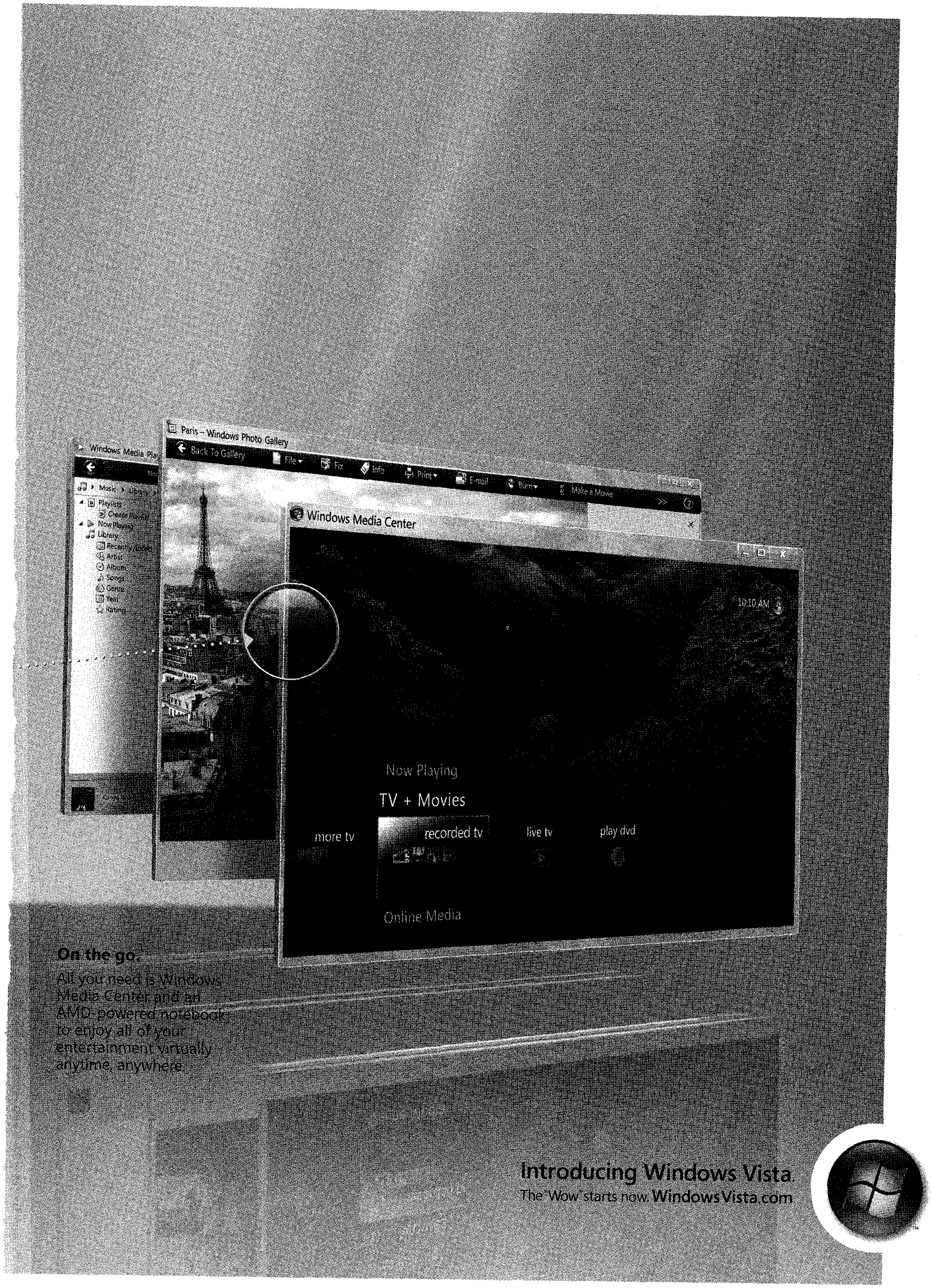

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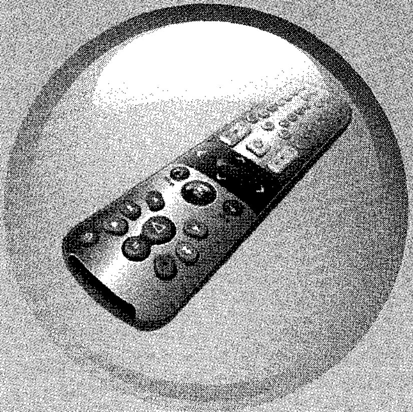

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ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC
Lorin Maazel kicks off a three-month survey of Brahms—symphonies, concertos, serenades, and overtures, plus the "German Requiem"—that exemplifies the kind of risk-averse programming that causes adventurous concertgoers to roll their eyes at the Philharmonic. But, then, they generally don't buy subscriptions. Emanuel Ax, the soloist in the concertos, brings to bear his intelligence and warmth; Maazel's finicky technique might seem antithetical to the demands of the music—which, for all its complexity, really just needs to breathe—but this is a conductor who has the capacity to surprise. The survey begins with the First Serenade and the First Piano Concerto. (Feb. 14-15 at 7:30.) ♦ The next concerts feature the Second Serenade and the Second Piano Concerto. (Feb. 17 at 8 and Feb. 20 at 7:30.) ♦ Note: Ax lectures on the composer on Feb. 19 at 6, at Walter Reade Theatre. ♦ Every year or so, the Philharmonic devises a program in which orchestra players take solo roles. This year's edition, with Maazel conducting, includes Mozart's Concerto for Flute and Harp, Schumann's Concertstück for Four Horns, and a première, Melinda Wagner's Trombone Concerto, written for the estimable Joseph Alessi. Wagner likes to write in a tough, active, rapid-fire style, but her sounds are strikingly clear, her melodies tersely expressive; passages in the new score are marked "lush and dangerous" and "lovesick; pining." Gershwin's "American in Paris" closes the concert. (Feb. 22 at 7:30 and Feb. 23-24 at 8.) (Avery Fisher Hall. 212-875-5656.)

ORCHESTRAS AT CARNEGIE HALL
Great ensembles grace Stern Auditorium. Feb. 15 at 8: The conductor Roger Norrington brings his historian's touch to works by Goldmark (the Violin Concerto, with the radiant Hilary Hahn) and Brahms (the Fourth Symphony), with the Orchestra of St. Luke's. ♦ Feb. 19 at 8: Neville Marriner, not often seen in these parts, brings the band with which he made his name—the Academy of St. Martin in the Fields—over from London to perform music by Stravinsky, Mozart (the Piano Concerto No. 24 in C Minor, with Jonathan Biss), and Beethoven (the Symphony No. 2 in D Major). ♦ Feb. 27 at 8: Yo-Yo Ma is the headliner in a concert with Michael Tilson Thomas and his excellent New World Symphony; the all-Shostakovich program features the Cello Concerto No. 2 and the Symphony No. 5. (212-247-7800.)

JUILLIARD ORCHESTRA
Andreas Delfs leads a bold program combining modern works by Heiner Goebbels and Lowell Liebermann (the Piano Concerto No. 2, with Vasileios Varvaresos) with Prokofiev's Fifth Symphony. (Avery Fisher Hall. 212-721-6500. Feb. 16 at 8.)

VENICE BAROQUE ORCHESTRA
Vivaldi is the calling card for this superb ensemble, which plays with the same relaxed elegance that characterizes the city from which it comes. Andrea Marcon conducts a sheaf of the composer's concertos for strings and continuo, as well as Tartini's Concerto in A Major, D. 96 (which features the violinist Giuliano Carmignola). (Zankel Hall. Feb. 22 at 7:30.) ♦ Note: Members of the orchestra will accompany the splendid soprano Simone Kermes in an all-Vivaldi program (featuring arias from "Farnace" and "Griselda") at Carnegie's Weill Recital Hall. (Feb. 27 at 7:30.) (212-247-7800.)

RECITALS

MUSIC AT THE 92ND STREET Y
Feb. 14 at 8: The engaging young violinist Jennifer Koh, collaborating with the pianist Reiko Uchida, mixes recent works by Kurtág and Higdon (a New York première) with sonatas by Schumann, Schubert, and Janáček. ♦ Feb. 20-21 at 8: Peter Serkin is the special guest in Jaime Laredo's next "Chamber Music at the Y" concert, so the program will, naturally, have an intellectual bent. The sterling pianist will be on hand not only for Mozart's Piano Quartet in

DVD NOTES
THE CREDIBLE HULK

Robert Mitchum was a marijuana smoker in an era of drinkers, and his heavy-lidded eyes and laconic drawl seem to come straight out of the postwar cool-jazz scene. As proved by the masterworks in a new six-disk boxed set, **"Robert Mitchum: The Signature Collection"** (Warner Bros.), the looming, circumspect actor—who left his Hell's Kitchen home at fourteen to travel by boxcar—took control of the tempo onscreen with an offbeat energy that practically defined film noir.

"Angel Face," from 1952, is one of the greatest works of the genre. Howard Hughes hired the ruthlessly efficient Otto Preminger to direct it, giving him a free hand in exchange for a tight budget and a short schedule, and Preminger made the most of it. Mitchum brings a wounded confusion to the role of Frank Jessup, an ambulance driver for the Beverly Hills Fire Department who dreams of opening a high-end auto-repair shop. Responding to a suspicious gas leak at a hilltop mansion, Jessup encounters a headstrong young woman, Diane Tremayne (Jean Simmons), who lives with her beloved, henpecked father (Herbert Marshall) and her hated (and wealthy) stepmother (Mona Freeman). Lured by Diane's money and her lust for him, Jessup gets caught in a web of depraved schemes. Preminger, always a master of ambiguity, pushes his coolly balanced style to an extreme of mixed and unexpressed motives; Diane's wide-eyed, psychopathic stare dominates the film without ever yielding her secrets.

One of Mitchum's strongest performances came in an altogether different genre, the Southern gothic. Vincente Minnelli may be best remembered for his musicals, but he was also a superb director of grand-scale melodramas, and "Home from the Hill," from 1960, is one of his signal achievements. Minnelli always set a script to the visual music of his swooping, gliding images, and he turned this generational tearjerker into a Freudian opera of lurid secrets and wasted lives. As Wade Hunnicutt, the richest man in a Texas town, Mitchum lends a lascivious hedonism to a tale that runs on sex. Hunnicutt's hostile wife (Eleanor Parker) keeps their effete teenage son, Theron (George Hamilton), under her wing. To toughen him up, Hunnicutt entrusts him to a crude, rugged young workman on the family's estate, Rafe Copley (George Peppard), who is, unbeknownst to Theron, the boy's half brother. As Hunnicutt's buried conflicts come to light through his sons' rivalry, Mitchum's earthy physicality endows Minnelli's baroque flourishes with an aching carnal power.

—*Richard Brody*

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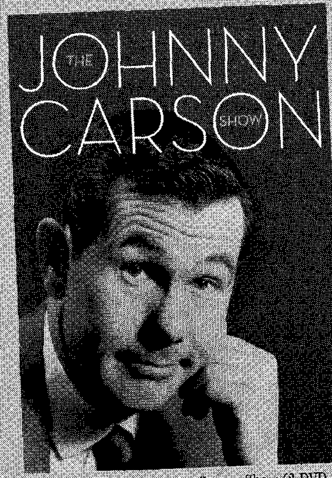

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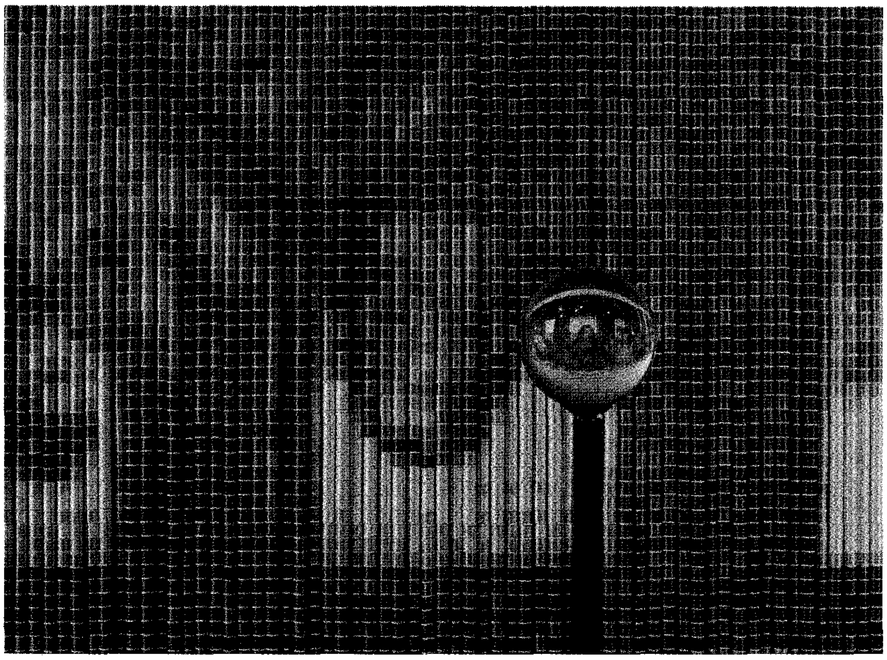
E-Flat Major but also for works by Dallapiccola ("Tartiniana Seconda") and Reger (the meaty Piano Quartet in A Minor). (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 212-415-5500.)

MUSIC AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM
Feb. 15 at 8: Angela Hewitt has long merited distinction as one of today's paramount Bach pianists. Breaking from her muse, she lends her hands to other composers in a program featuring Rameau's Suite in A Major, Beethoven's Sonata No. 3 in C Major, and Schumann's Sonata in F-Sharp Minor. ♦ Feb. 16 at 7: Emanuel Ax, a friendly pianist as well as a virtuosic one, teams up with his colleague Glenn Dicterow for a performance, with discussion, of Brahms's Sonata No. 3 in D Minor for Violin and Piano. (Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 212-570-3949.)

CARNEGIE HALL RECITALS
Feb. 16 at 7:30: The Borromeo String Quartet, an elegant American group with a rich sound, offers Stravinsky's tart Concertino for String Quartet along with quartets by Bartók and Beethoven (the "Razumovsky" No. 2). (Weill Recital Hall.) ♦ Feb. 23 at 7:30: Quartets by Haydn, Ligeti (No. 1, "Métamorphoses Nocturnes"), and Schubert (the valedictory No. 15 in G Major) are featured in a concert by the colorful Cuarteto Casals, from Spain. (Weill Recital Hall.) ♦ Feb. 24 at 8: Piotr Anderszewski, the always intriguing Polish pianist, proudly places Szymanowski's mysterious triptych "Metopes" between two works by Beethoven (including the "Diabelli Variations"). (Stern Auditorium.) (212-247-7800.)



The Brooklyn Museum presents Devorah Sperber's installations.

BROOKLYN CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY
A typically distinguished roster of performers—including the pianist Jeremy Denk and the clarinettist Jon Manasse—gather to perform works by Schumann, Penderecki, and Messiaen ("Quartet for the End of Time"). (First Unitarian Church, Monroe Pl. and Pierrepont St. 718-858-0718. Feb. 16 at 8.)

BARGEMUSIC
Feb. 17 at 7:30 and Feb. 18 at 4: The violinist Mark Peskanov joins the cellist Marie Elisabeth Hecker and the pianist Anna Naretto for a program celebrating the nineteenth-century Russian-French entente with works by Fauré, Debussy, Franck, Grieg (the Violin Sonata No. 1 in F Major), and Arensky (the Piano Trio No. 1 in D Minor). ♦ Feb. 24 at 7:30: An even greater Russian piano trio, Tchaikovsky's, is the climax of a concert by three persuasive young artists: the violinist Corey Cerovsek, the cellist Eric Jacobsen, and the pianist Julien Quentin. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 718-624-2083. For a full listing of concerts, see www.bargemusic.org.)

ORLANDO CONSORT
The acclaimed British male vocal quartet performs Renaissance-era works inspired by gardens and flowers at the Cloisters, northern Manhattan's authentically medieval venue. (Fort Tryon Park. 212-650-2290. Feb. 18 at 1 and 3.)

"MUSIC BEFORE 1800" SERIES: DIALOGOS
The soprano Katarina Livljanić's vocal ensemble, founded in 1997 and based in France, brings the welcome influence of Eastern Europe to the early-music scene. The ensemble's six female singers will offer their interpretation of "Tondal's Vision," a twelfth-century Dalmatian mystery play about an unconscious knight whose soul leaves his body. With supertitles. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. 212-666-9266. Feb. 18 at 4.)

STÉPHANE DEGOUT
The superb young French baritone offers a program equally divided between German lieder (by Schumann, Wolf, and Weill) and French *mélodie* (by Hahn, Ravel, and Saint-Saëns), at Alice Tully Hall. (212-721-6500. Feb. 18 at 5.)

SWEET PLANTAIN
In the latest concert of the Composers Concordance series, the string quartet, which specializes in Latin-American repertory, offers a suite of new compositions (some including voice or electronic sounds) by such composers as Gene Pritsker, Arthur Kampela, Margaret Brouwer, Gilda Lyons, and Daron Hagen, in the clublike setting of the Cutting Room. (19 W. 24th St. Feb. 20 at 7:30. Tickets at the door.)

MAKOR CLASSICAL CAFÉ
The emerging chamber-music-with-drinks movement in New York gets a boost from the 92nd Street Y's stylish midtown space, which next offers the soprano Daisy Press and the pianist Steven Beck in a selection of songs by Cage, Copland, Ives, and Michael Torke. (35 W. 67th St. For tickets, visit www.92y.org. Feb. 22 at 7.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER
One of the most unexpected pleasures of David Finckel and Wu Han's début season is "An English Musical Renaissance: 1900-1930," a festival that explores the mostly neglected chamber music of the composers who prepared the way for the meteoric rise of Benjamin Britten. The final two concerts feature the violinist Ani Kavafian and the violist Paul Neubauer. Feb. 23 at 8: Delius's rhapsodic Sonata No. 3 for Violin and Piano, Bridge's "Phantasie Trio" in C Minor, and a selection of songs by Bridge, Elgar, and Rebecca Clarke (with the mezzo-soprano Susanne Mentzer). ♦ Feb. 25 at 5: Walton's early Piano Quartet, a paean to English tradition, along with Elgar's late, magisterial Piano Quintet. (Alice Tully Hall. 212-875-5788.)

ISSUE PROJECT ROOM: THEREMIN SOCIETY
Suzanne Fiol's way-out concert series on the Gowanus Canal presents a tribute to the exotic early-twentieth-century instrument, known mostly from movie scores, featuring such performers as Rob Schwimmer and Elizabeth Brown. (400 Carroll St., between Bond and Nevins Sts. 718-330-0313. Feb. 24 at 8.)

GARRICK OHLSSON
The American pianist, known for his stamina, intelligence, and wit, continues his survey of the Beethoven sonatas; this concert features the "Les Adieux" Sonata and Liszt's arrangement of the Fourth Symphony. (Alice Tully Hall. 212-721-6500. Feb. 25 at 2.)

MOVIES OPENING

AMAZING GRACE
A drama, directed by Michael Apted, about the eighteenth-century English abolitionist William Wilberforce (Ioan Gruffudd), who attempts to press his views on Parliament. Co-starring Albert Finney, Michael Gambon, Romola Garai, and Ciarán Hinds. Opening Feb. 23. (In wide release.)

THE ASTRONAUT FARMER
Billy Bob Thornton stars as an astronaut who leaves NASA and then attempts to build his own spaceship. Directed by Michael Polish; co-starring Virginia Madsen, Bruce Dern, and Tim Blake Nelson. Opening Feb. 23. (In wide release.)

AVENUE MONTAIGNE
Reviewed below in Now Playing. Opening Feb. 16. (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

BAMAKO
Reviewed below in Now Playing. Opening Feb. 14. (Film Forum.)

BLACK SNAKE MOAN
Craig Brewer wrote and directed this drama, about a blues musician (Samuel L. Jackson) who befriends a young drifter (Christina Ricci). Co-starring Justin Timberlake and S. Epatha Merkerson. Opening Feb. 23. (In wide release.)

BREACH
Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. Opening Feb. 16. (In wide release.)

BRIDGE TO TERABITHIA
Gabor Csupo directed this adaptation of the children's novel by Katherine Paterson, about two middle-school friends, an artist and a storyteller, who invent a fantasyland. Opening Feb. 16. (In wide release.)

CLOSE TO HOME
A drama, directed by Vidi Blue and Dalia Hager, about two women on combat duty in the Israeli Army. In Hebrew. Opening Feb. 16. (IFC Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

DADDY'S LITTLE GIRLS
A romantic comedy, written and directed by Tyler Perry, about a lawyer (Gabrielle Union) who falls for a mechanic (Louis Gossett, Jr.) with three children. Opening Feb. 14. (In wide release.)

DAYS OF GLORY
Reviewed below in Now Playing. Opening Feb. 16. (In wide release.)

GHOST RIDER
A fantasy, based on the Marvel Comics character, about a motorcyclist who fights Blackheart, the son of the Devil. Directed by Mark Steven Johnson; starring Nicolas Cage and Eva Mendes. Opening Feb. 16. (In wide release.)

GRAY MATTERS
A romantic comedy, written and directed by Sue Kramer, about a brother and sister who fall in love with the same woman. Starring Heather Graham, Thomas Cavanagh, and Bridget Moynahan. Opening Feb. 23. (Empire 25 and Village East Cinemas.)

GRBAVICA: THE LAND OF MY DREAMS
Reviewed below in Now Playing. Opening Feb. 16. (Film Forum.)

MUSIC AND LYRICS
A romantic comedy about an erstwhile pop singer (Hugh Grant) and a lyricist (Drew Barrymore) who are paired to write a hit song. Opening Feb. 14. (In wide release.)

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THE NUMBER 23
A thriller, directed by Joel Schumacher, about numerological clues to an imminent murder. Starring Jim Carrey, Virginia Madsen, and Danny Huston. Opening Feb. 23. (In wide release.)

RENO 911!: MIAMI
A comedy, based on the TV series, about cops from the Reno police force who make mayhem at a Miami police convention. Directed by Ben Garant. Opening Feb. 23. (In wide release.)

STARTER FOR 10
A drama, set in 1985, about a young English working-class man who enters university. Directed by Tom Vaughan; written by David Nicholls, based on his novel. Opening Feb. 23. (In wide release.)

NOW PLAYING

AVENUE MONTAIGNE
The Parisian street of the title features a theatre, a concert hall, an auction house, and a café where luminaries and ancillaries of the beau monde converge. Jessica (Cécile de France, playing cute), a young provincial woman, talks her way into a job as a waitress at the café and makes friends with a concert pianist having a career crisis, an elderly self-made man who is selling his art collection, and an actress desperate to be cast as Simone de Beauvoir in a film by an American director (Sydney Pollack). The drama is contrived, the humor forced, the concept fulsome; Beethoven, Feydeau, Brancusi, and Sartre are showcased like luxury baubles in a tourism video. The France depicted here has no pop culture, no people of color, no political tension, and no substance. Only Claude Brasseur, as the worldly-wise art connoisseur, retains his dignity. In French.—*Richard Brody* (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

BAMAKO
A courtroom drama with a difference. The tribunal in question, in one family's courtyard in a poor neighborhood in the capital of Mali, has no legal power but plenty of moral authority: its unofficial judges are trying the World Bank and the I.M.F. for their role in Africa's economic and social crises. Like all trials, this one opens the floodgates to rhetorical posturing, but the director, Abderrahmane Sissako, quickly gets past the bluster with careful, canny framings and poignant vignettes of daily life in and around the courtyard. With a light touch, a dry wit, and vast sympathy, he sketches the local ways of birth, death, health, work, art, law, and love—and suggests their painfully frustrating dependence on bureaucratic levers pulled half a world away. In French and Bambara.—*R.B.* (Film Forum.)

BECAUSE I SAID SO
She should have said no. The great Diane Keaton bombs out in this comedy, poorly directed by Michael Lehmann, about a neurotic, overbearing mother who tries to help her relationship-impaired daughter (Mandy Moore) find happiness. When Keaton meets a worthy suitor for her daughter, she also, predictably, falls in love with the boy's readily available dad (Stephen Collins). The clichés fly like cream pies, and Lehmann coaxes a broad, pandering performance from Keaton that buries her distinctive comic style under hopeless sight gags and insipid one-liners. Above all, the movie lacks the essential ingredient of a romantic comedy: charm.—*Bruce Diones* (In wide release.)

BREAKING AND ENTERING
At home, Will Francis (Jude Law), a fashionable young London architect, has a difficult time. Liv (Robin Wright Penn), his girlfriend of ten years, a melancholy, becalmed beauty of mixed Swedish and American background, has a talented, vivid autistic daughter—a terrific gymnast who won't eat, sleep, or calm down. Will's office in North London is repeatedly burglarized after hours. Will stakes it out one night and follows the thief, a fifteen-year-old boy, Miro (Rafi Gavron), to an apartment in a council flat, where he discovers Miro's mother, Amira (Juliette Binoche), a Bosnian refugee with a refined face and a full peasant body. He starts an affair with her, going back and forth between the two women. The romantic drama is set against the changing milieu of the King's Cross area, a multicultural gathering ground in which not terribly dangerous thieves and hookers from the Balkans and other diasporas try to find some way of fitting into an alien society. Written and directed by Anthony Minghella, the movie is shrewd and benevolent but rather mild—clemency, not judgment, is in Minghella's heart. Vera Farmiga has a hilarious bit as a huffy Balkan streetwalker wearing very little under her overcoat.—*David Denby* (Reviewed in our issue of 1/29/07.) (Paris and Sunshine Cinema.)

DAYS OF GLORY
A fascinating French battle epic devoted to an ironic subject—the bravery of Muslim soldiers from French North Africa who fought, during the Second World War, for "*la patrie*." But what, for these men, was *la patrie*? Colonial Algeria or Morocco? Denied standard leave and promotions, the men at times feel an intense chagrin. They are fighting to liberate France and desperately want recognition from the French, but what is France going to do for them? As in an American platoon film from the forties, there is the young man who needs to prove himself, the soldier who falls in love, the tough sergeant who both bullies and loves the men. Some of the staging is stiff, but there's a dandy little battle at the end, in which the unit of North Africans finds itself defending a village in Alsace-Lorraine against the Wehrmacht. With Jamel Debbouze, Samy Naceri, and Roschdy Zem. Directed by Rachid Bouchareb, who co-wrote the script with Olivier Lorelle. In French and Arabic.—*D.D.* (In wide release.)

THE DEPARTED
This merrily vicious and violent Martin Scorsese film about cops and gangsters in Boston will never haunt your sleep, as "Taxi Driver" and "Raging Bull" do, but it will keep you excited and amused for well over two hours. A South Boston mobster (Jack Nicholson) recruits a young neighborhood kid and later places him, as a grownup (played by Matt Damon), in the Massachusetts State Police; the police, in turn, place their own undercover guy (Leonardo DiCaprio) in the crime boss's outfit. It's a double-mole story in which the two moles wind up hunting each other. "The Departed" is a remake of the Hong Kong thriller "Infernal Affairs," directed by Andrew Lau and Alan Mak, and it has the speed and volatility of a Hong Kong movie. But Scorsese and the screenwriter, William Monahan, have added weight to the story by digging deep into urban tribal lore—the memories of loyalty and betrayal going back for decades, the nasty old jokes, the bullying insults and invective. Nicholson doesn't seem to take the movie very seriously—he has a ball singing Irish ditties and making rat faces and holding up severed hands—but everyone else is both disciplined and highly adept at delivering the foul-mouthed idiom. With Martin Sheen, Mark Wahlberg, and Alec Baldwin as cops, and Vera Farmiga as a police psychiatrist who is attracted to both young men.—*D.D.* (10/16/06) (In wide release.)

DREAMGIRLS
Bill Condon's adaptation of the 1981 Broadway musical, the barely disguised tale of Berry Gordy and the rise of the Supremes, in the sixties, has an irresistible momentum. There are written expository passages and photomontages chronicling the events of the period, but just about everything else is sung. The songs aren't commentary on the drama; they are the drama. The three women in the original group are played by Anika Noni Rose, Beyoncé Knowles, and Jennifer Hudson, whose character, the oversized Effie, doesn't fit—she has a big, soulful voice and an even bigger mouth. She's thrown out but not forgotten, and Beyoncé, whom we had hardly noticed at first, moves to the center of the movie. Based on that glamorous imp Diana Ross, she allows the Berry Gordy figure (Jamie Foxx) to dress her up as a swank mannequin but finally breaks free. In its way, the picture is a serious study of the issue of commercial packaging versus art.—*D.D.* (12/25/06 & 1/1/07) (In wide release.)

CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK
HEARTS AND MINDS

It shouldn't be physically possible, but here it is: a motion picture in which Bette Davis is the mousiest star in sight. In William Keighley's "The Man Who Came to Dinner," from 1942, which is screening at MOMA on Feb. 19, Davis plays the sensible secretary to Sheridan Whiteside (Monty Woolley), a metropolitan wit who finds himself laid up with a broken leg in a polite town house in Mesalia, Ohio. From here, like a dyspeptic Prospero, he orchestrates the lives (and, less happily, the loves) of the local citizens, hauling in from the wings a man-chewing actress friend (Ann Sheridan) and her opposite number, played by Jimmy Durante—"I can feel the hot blood pumpin' through ya varicose veins," he tells a startled nurse. His part was based on Harpo Marx, just as Whiteside sprang from Alexander Woollcott; the original play, by George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart, was a poisoned love letter to their own crowd. By rights, the film should be stuck in its period, but by the sheer force of overacting—with everyone in the cast topping one another, ham for ham—it just about retains its brazen kick.

—*Anthony Lane*

MICHAEL KUPPERMAN

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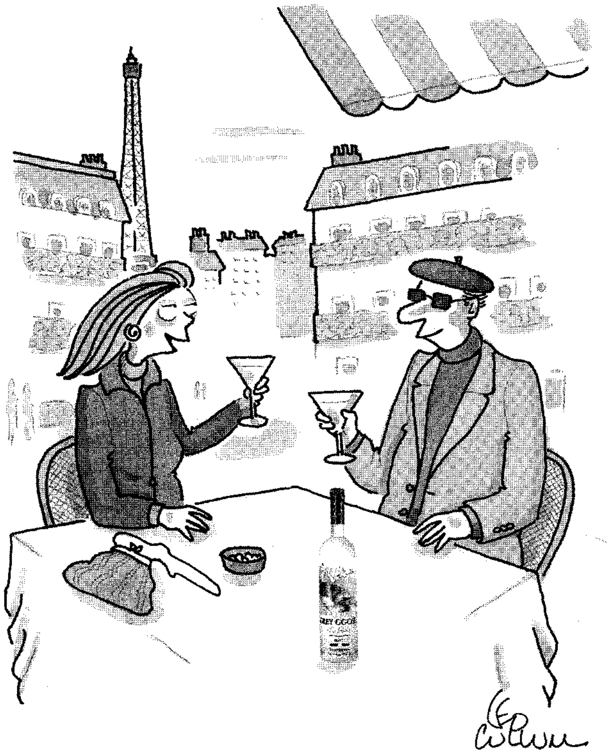

"I don't know if it's you or Paris or La Poire."

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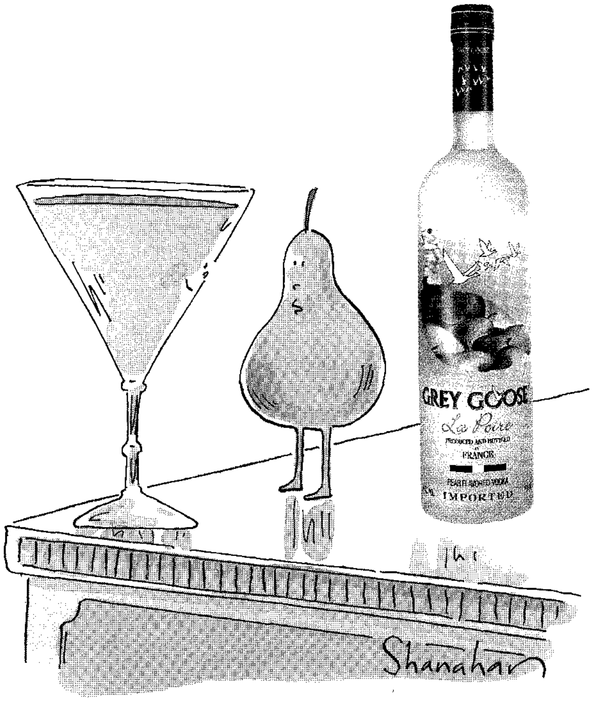
La Poire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IMPORTED
Shanahan

"You been working out?"

GREY GOOSE
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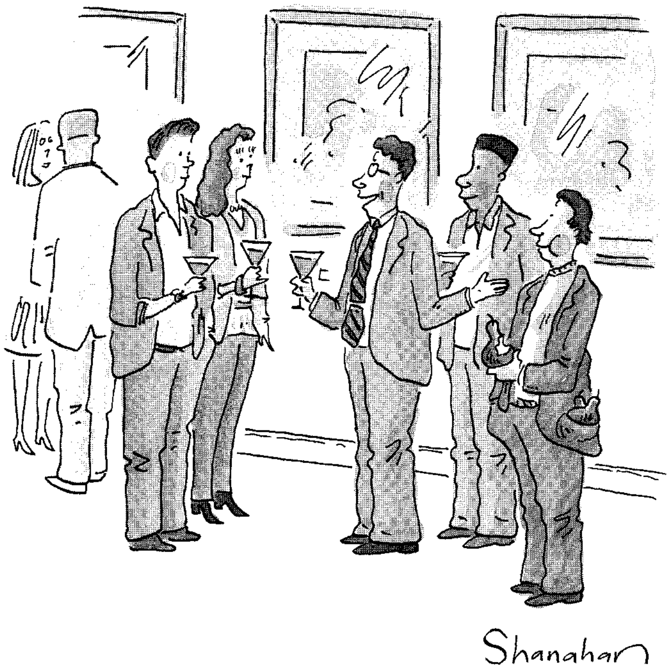
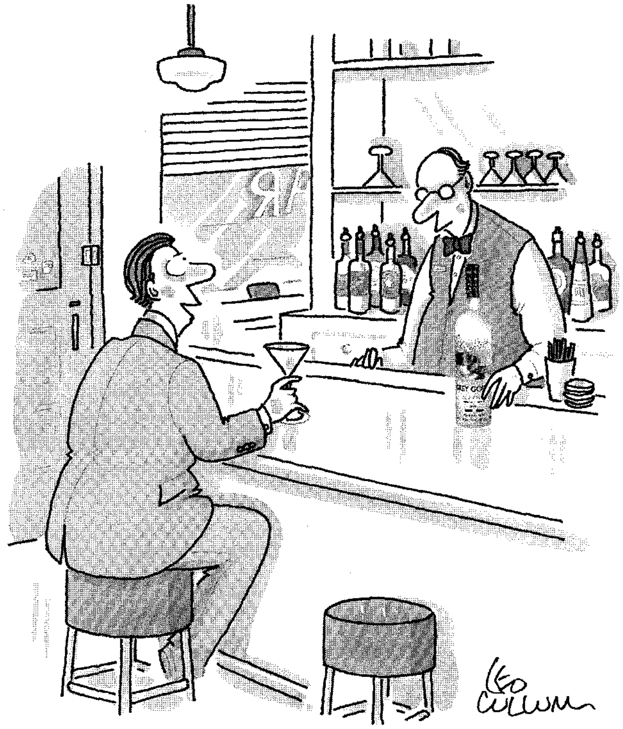


"Jim's the designated driver."

GREY GOOSE
La Poire



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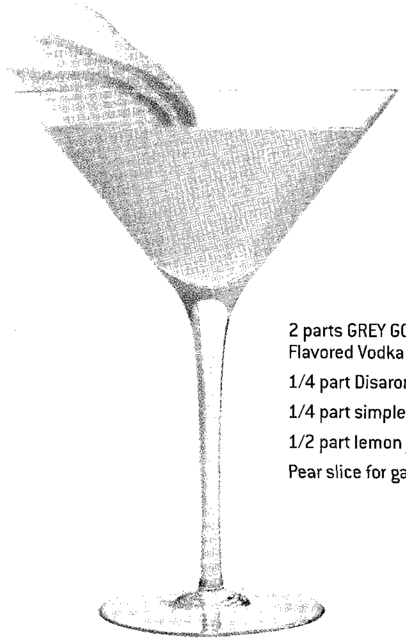

- 2 parts GREY GOOSE® La Poire Flavored Vodka
- 1/4 part Disaronno® Originale
- 1/4 part simple syrup
- 1/2 part lemon juice
- Pear slice for garnish

Add all ingredients to a cocktail shaker filled with ice and shake vigorously. Strain into a chilled martini glass and present with a pear slice.

GREY GOOSE®
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GREY GOOSE® Tuscan Pear

- 1 1/2 parts GREY GOOSE® La Poire Flavored Vodka
- 3/4 part limoncello
- 3/4 part ginger liqueur
- 1/2 part simple syrup
- 1 part orange juice
- Mint leaves, dried pears or lemon confit for garnish

In a cocktail shaker filled with ice, add all ingredients. Shake vigorously and strain into a rocks glass rimmed with sugar and filled with crushed ice. Present with mint leaves, dried pears or lemon confit.

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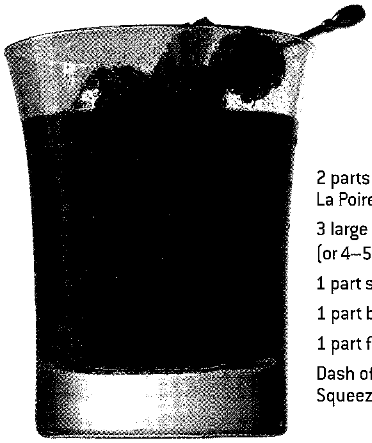
GREY GOOSE® Pear-n-Berry Frappe



- 2 parts GREY GOOSE® La Poire Flavored Vodka
- 3 large blackberries (or 4–5 small blackberries)
- 1 part simple syrup
- 1 part blackberry brandy
- 1 part fresh lemon juice
- Dash of cranberry juice
- Squeeze of lime

In the bottom of a shaker, place blackberries and syrup, muddle well. Add ice and remainder of ingredients. Shake vigorously and strain into a rocks glass. Present with a blackberry speared on a garnish pick.

(Note: This can be done with almost any berry, like raspberries and crème de framboise, cherries and cherry brandy, or grapes and sweet wine.)

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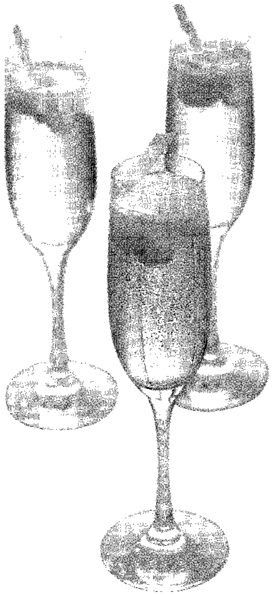
GREY GOOSE® Pear, Poire



(Makes 6 drinks)

- 1 part lemon juice
- 2 tsp sugar
- 1 small, ripe pear—peeled, cored and cut into ¼ inch dice
- 6 parts GREY GOOSE® La Poire Flavored Vodka
- 1 bottle sparkling moscato (or other sweet sparkling wine)
- Crystallized ginger or mint springs for garnish

Place the lemon juice, sugar, pear and GREY GOOSE® La Poire in a bowl and stir well to combine until sugar is fully dissolved. Divide the pear mixture into six champagne glasses. Fill each glass with moscato. Present with crystallized ginger or mint sprigs.

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La Poire

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FOR A FEW DOLLARS MORE

When Sergio Leone fabricated the Old West on location in Spain, he performed a sort of reverse plastic surgery on the face of mythical America, adding scars, stubble, and terrifying expressions of emptiness. The spaghetti Western existed before Leone, but he popularized it internationally with three gleefully rabid adventures that turned a TV actor named Clint Eastwood into a movie star. Leone, who once referred to Eastwood as a "mask of wax," dressed him in a poncho, stuck a cheroot between his lips, and came up with an antiheroic icon: the Man with No Name. This middle entry in Leone's Eastwood trilogy co-stars the courtly yet ominous Lee Van Cleef. He and Eastwood play bounty hunters who eventually join forces against a mad-dog bandit chieftain, played by a volcanic Gian Maria Volonte. This may be the best film in the series, thanks to its balance of grungy humor and visual virtuosity—and to its perfect payoff sequence. Released in 1965.—*Michael Sragow* (Film Forum; Feb. 15.)

GRBAVICA: THE LAND OF MY DREAMS

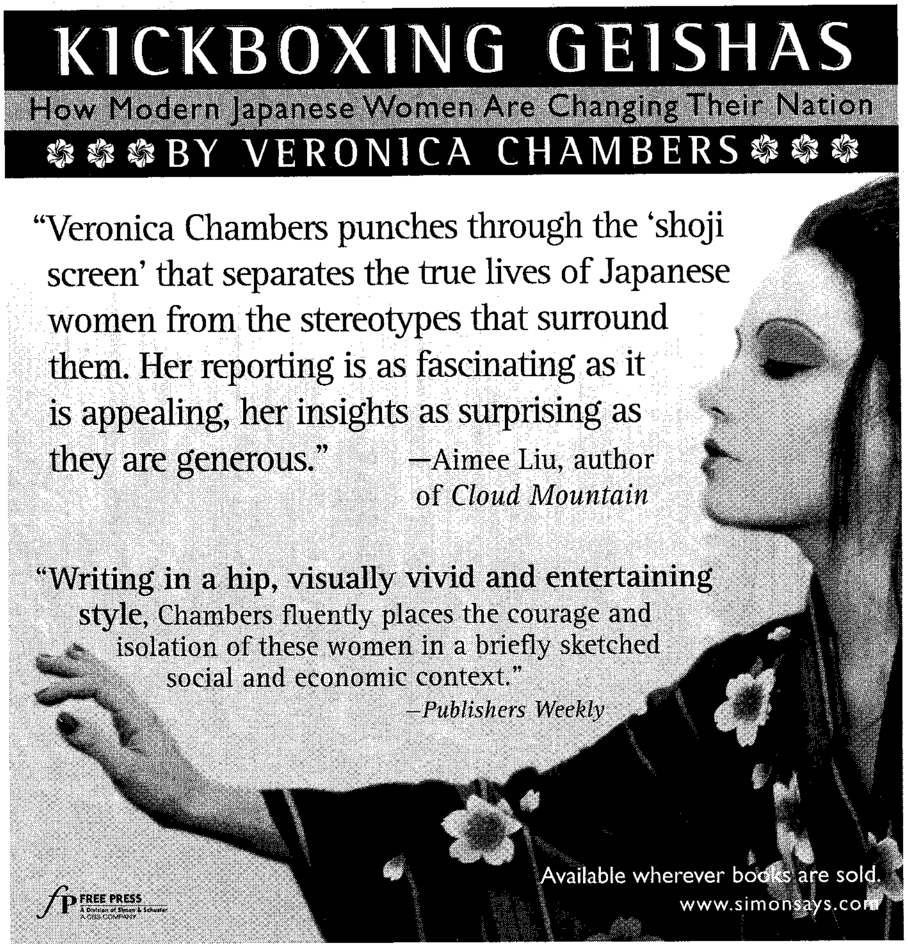
In her remarkable début film, the young Bosnian writer-director Jasmila Žbanić deftly tells the story of a single mother, Esma (Mirjana Karanović, in a radiant performance), and her adolescent daughter, Sara (the scrappy Luna Mijović), who live in Grbavica, a former war internment camp in Sarajevo (stunningly photographed in shades of gray). Sara takes great pride in her belief that her father was a *shaheed* (a war martyr) and asks Esma for the documentation attesting to this, which will get her a free pass for her class trip. Esma, a cocktail waitress in a sleazy night club, is perpetually reminded of the war—in a pillow fight with her daughter, by a man's hairy chest on the bus, by a fish being killed in a shop. Žbanić infuses the simple plot with subtle insights into the psyche of a people trying to heal, and reveals the aggression that victims of violence dole out consistently and unwittingly. In Bosnian.—*Shauna Lyon* (Film Forum.)

IN A YEAR OF 13 MOONS

This riot of pain, from 1978, may be Rainer Werner Fassbinder's most radical effort in primal satire. He summons his full complement of theatrical extravagance and cinematic style to tell the story of Elvira, née Erwin, a former butcher who, after a sex-change operation, lives as a married woman and regrets it all. The litany of Elvira's woes, from her childhood in a postwar orphanage to her casual manipulation by the slaughterhouse boss to her domestic abuse, is distilled into a universal anguish—the search for love. Fassbinder has Elvira/Erwin revisit the stages of his life—the slaughterhouse, the orphanage, the monstrous man who ruined him, and the family he left behind—with raucous humor and hysterical melodrama, and Volker Spengler throws himself into the role with heartbreaking abandon. The identity conflict at the film's center is also Germany's own: in Fassbinder's portrait of the gleamingly rebuilt Frankfurt as an emotionally devastated wasteland, Fascism—the need of some to dominate and of others to endure—comes off as a woeful constant of the heart. In German.—*R.B.* (Rubin Museum of Art; Feb. 23.)

THE LAST KING OF SCOTLAND

For the role of General Idi Amin Dada, the dictator of Uganda in the nineteen-seventies, Forest Whitaker has transformed himself. The laugh has become enormous, the arms like grappling hooks. This dictator has a terrifying affability: like many sociopaths, he can be intensely empathic. He figures out what people want, but, once you have received his generosity, he believes you belong to him forever. Whitaker goes all the way into Amin's childlike flights of fantasy and egotistical visions, and, as he speaks, one eye opens wide and the other droops malevolently—even his vision is schizoid. James McAvoy is the cocky young Scottish doctor who becomes the General's physician and confidant. Flattered by the great man's interest in him, he refuses to notice the purges and the slaughter going on in the country. Kevin Macdonald, who earlier made documentaries ("One Day in September" and "Touching the Void"), concentrates



KICKBOXING GEISHAS
How Modern Japanese Women Are Changing Their Nation
BY VERONICA CHAMBERS

"Veronica Chambers punches through the 'shoji screen' that separates the true lives of Japanese women from the stereotypes that surround them. Her reporting is as fascinating as it is appealing, her insights as surprising as they are generous." —Aimee Liu, author of *Cloud Mountain*

"Writing in a hip, visually vivid and entertaining style, Chambers fluently places the courage and isolation of these women in a briefly sketched social and economic context." —*Publishers Weekly*

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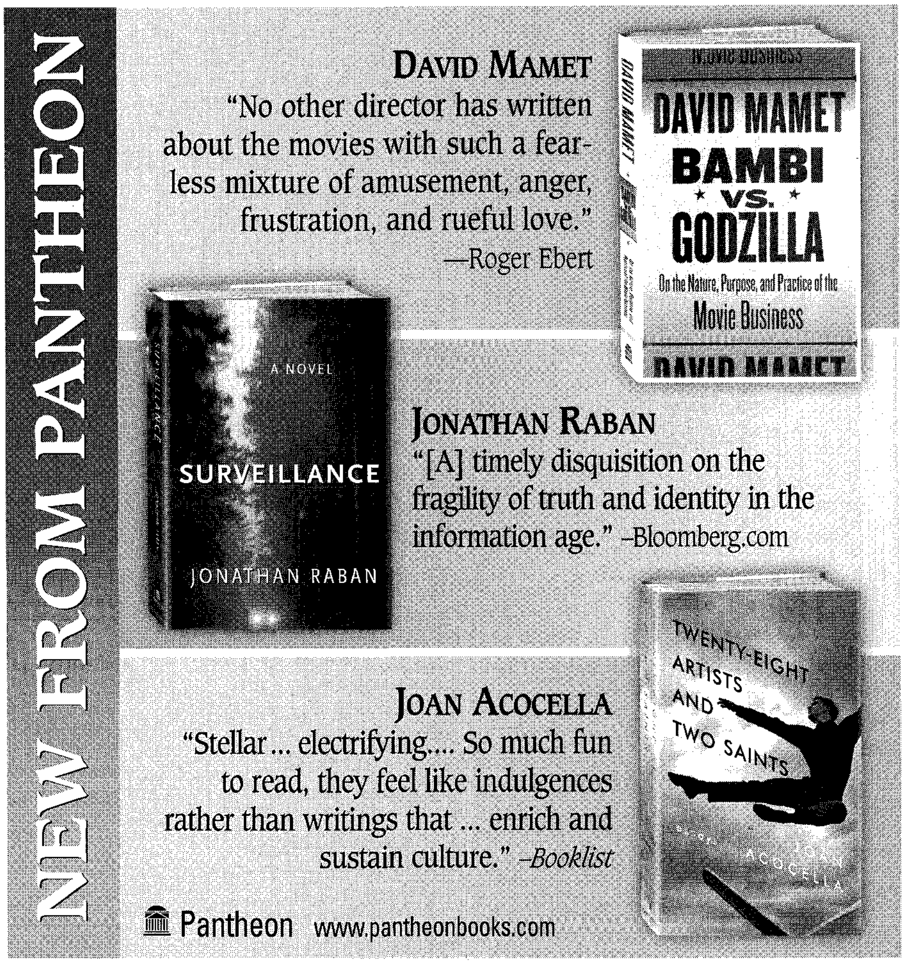

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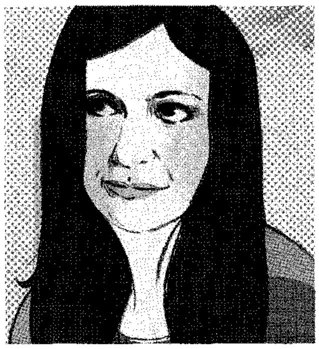
CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK
DIRECT EFFECT

In the late eighties and early nineties, a certain kind of rock flourished. Little-known bands and songwriters released singles on vinyl and albums on cassette, slipping into the world before someone said no or they lost their nerve. This was the beginning of indie rock as we know it, a moment that produced Liz Phair, Kurt Cobain, and dozens of songwriters who should have been equally well known. The New York-based singer and songwriter Jennifer O'Connor, who plays at the Knitting Factory on Feb. 17, feels like a direct product of that time. Her songs are plain and her presentation direct; she has a gift for brutally accurate songs about people whose lives always fall short. A photographer is tired; someone daydreams on her lunch break; someone else drives aimlessly around Rhode Island just to change her luck. Some people may have found her near-perfect 2006 album, "Over the Mountain, Across the Valley and Back to the Stars" (Matador), because of its guest stars—James McNew, of Yo La Tengo, and Britt Daniel, of Spoon. O'Connor would be just fine without them.

—*Sasha Frere-Jones*



RACHEL DOMM

on the relationship of the two men, and makes something tense and alive out of it. With Gillian Anderson. Shot in Uganda.—*D.D.* (10/2/06) (In wide release.)

LETTERS FROM IWO JIMA

In the early scenes of Clint Eastwood's "Flags of Our Fathers," the Japanese Army, dug into caves and tunnels, lures the Americans far onto the beach by holding their fire. Now, in a unique reversal of perspective, Eastwood brings us inside the caves, and, cast among the Others, we find ourselves in the morally demanding but exhilarating position of rooting for them. Taken together with "Flags," this movie is a considerable act of ethical imagination, but it's not a great film. Both the defender of the island, General Kuribayashi (Ken Watanabe), and his friend and fellow-officer Baron Nishi (Tsuyoshi Ihara), an Olympic equestrian before the war, are such idealized figures—modest, humane, and gallant—that they lose any serious interest as characters. The young Japanese soldier Saigo (Kazunari Ninomiya), a gentle baker who was conscripted into the Army and just wants to get back to his family, is meant to be a life-affirming presence among the death cultists, but, as constructed by the screenwriter, Iris Yamashita, he's a slight and bashful fellow who can't carry the philosophical weight that's been assigned to him. The movie was impressively but monotonously shot by the cinematographer Tom Stern in the same style as "Flags of Our Fathers"—in a largely black-and-white palette, with occasional flashes of wine-dark blood and bits of orange flame. In Japanese.—*D.D.* (1/15/07) (In wide release.)

LITTLE MISS SUNSHINE

A charming, independently made family comedy about a winner-take-all society—America—that is driving its citizens crazy. Its hero and victim, Richard Hoover (Greg Kinnear), is a motivational speaker who has invented a nine-step program for success. His seven-year-old daughter, Olive (Abigail Breslin), is entering a Little Miss Sunshine contest; his stepson, Dwayne (Paul Dano), has a private dream in which he is a Nietzschean Übermensch; his wife's brother (Steve Carell), whom the family has taken in, is the No. 1 Proust scholar in the country but has made a fool of himself over a male graduate student who has leaped into the bed of the No. 2 Proust scholar. Is winning everything? The writer, Michael Arndt, and the husband-and-wife directing team of Jonathan Dayton and Valerie Faris narrowly avoid the family-comedy pitfalls of whimsy and mush, but Arndt has a good ear for domestic irritations and the acting is just tough enough to keep us off balance. With Alan Arkin and Toni Collette as the family's realists.—*D.D.* (7/31/06) (In wide release.)

THE LIVES OF OTHERS

This first feature from the young German director Florian Henckel von Donnersmarck starts in 1984, in East Berlin. A successful playwright (Sebastian Koch) and his girlfriend (Martina Gedeck), hitherto trusted by the state, are placed under Stasi surveillance. Their investigator, a lonely ascetic by the name of Wiesler (Ulrich Mühe), is told to entrap them, instead of which, little by little, he lets them off the hook. Given the movie's cross-weave of envy, terror, paranoia, and endangered principle, Donnersmarck might have been expected to tie himself in knots; yet the outcome, after two and a half hours, remains taut and clear, and by the end you feel exhausted and oddly uplifted. What was the last new movie that put you through so much yet convinced you that the ordeal was worthwhile? With Ulrich Tukur as Wiesler's cheerfully vicious boss. In German.—*Anthony Lane* (2/12/07) (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

THE MESSENGERS

The Hong Kong directors Danny and Oxide Pang (who made the intriguing horror film "The Eye," a few years ago) take on their first American feature with the discipline of master filmmakers. The Pang brothers' great strength is in ambiguity, a restless curiosity about things not quite seen. Their way of crafting suspense, using a camera that seems to be hovering like a ghost amid the atmospheric lighting, together with the razor-sharp sound effects that they employ, makes for a perfect fright-film experience. But Mark Wheaton's script, a thin retread of haunted-house films, lets the directors down at every well-prepared scare. The obvious horror tropes and the stifling dialogue snuff out their ethereal impulses. Starring Dylan McDermott and Penelope Ann Miller.—*B.D.* (In wide release.)

NOTES ON A SCANDAL

A sensationally nasty and perceptive entertainment about sexual obsession and class. Judi Dench is the sixty-five-ish Barbara, a desperately lonely but formidable teacher in a dreary North London comprehensive school; Cate Blanchett is Sheba, her protégée at the school, a comfortable married bohemian who teaches art and falls in love with a cheeky fifteen-year-old working-class student (Andrew Simpson). Patrick Marber has adapted Zoë Heller's novel, which was written entirely from Barbara's point of view, and the material has now been cast in the third person; the camera observes all the characters objectively while Barbara's acerbic, self-deceiving narration wickedly frames the action. The suspense builds mercilessly as the guileless Sheba, whose placid existence is threatened by her heedless love affair, falls into the clutches of her devouring older "friend." Philip Glass's swirling music presses the issue with unnecessary insistence. With Bill Nighy as Sheba's outraged husband. Directed by Richard Eyre.—*D.D.* (1/15/07) (In wide release.)

PAN'S LABYRINTH

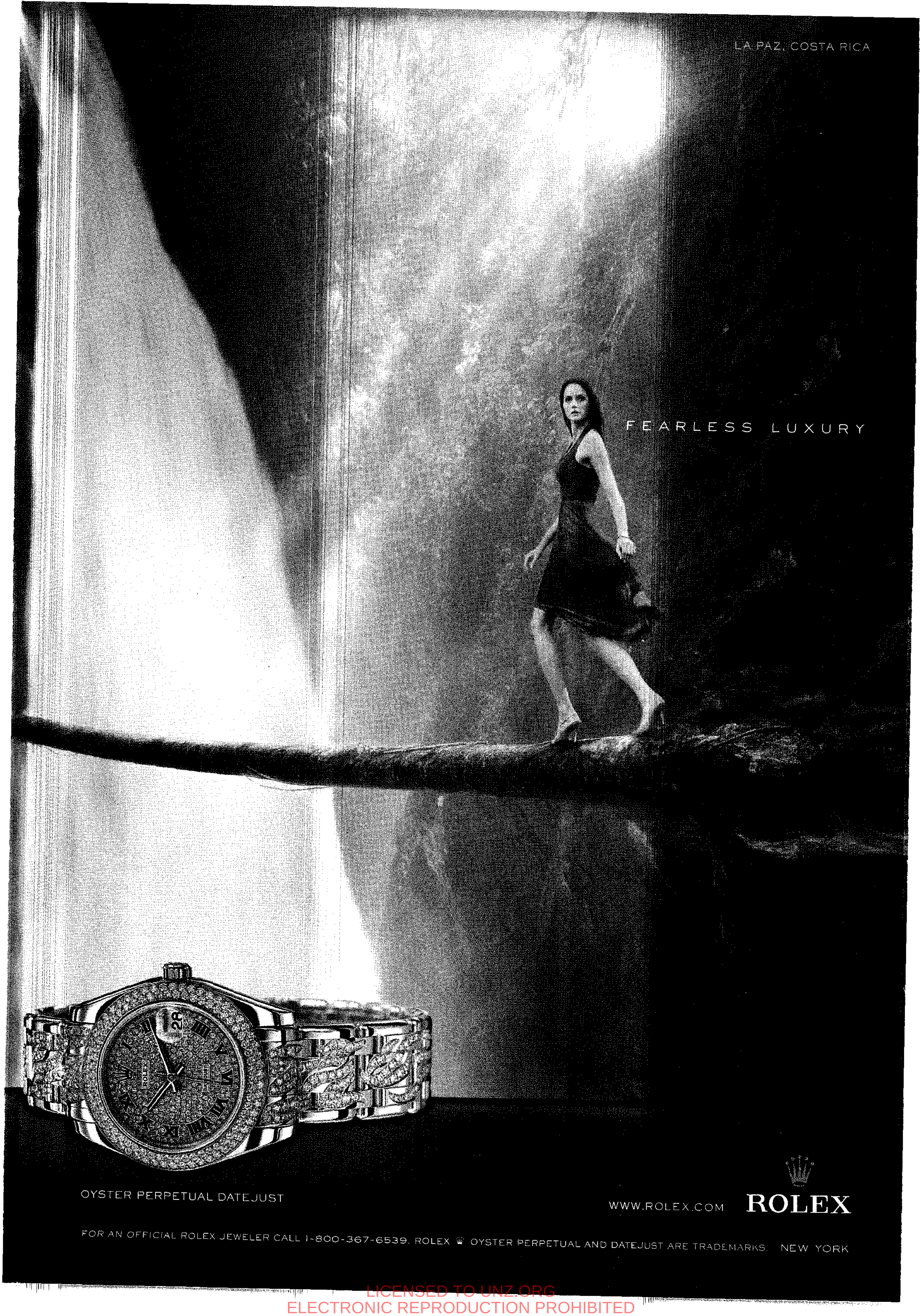
The Mexican director Guillermo del Toro, who made "The Devil's Backbone," digs deeper still into his chosen field of the political horror story. The new movie is set in 1944, in a rural Spanish backwater, where Ofelia (Ivana Baquero), a young girl of unnerving poise, travels to meet her new stepfather (Sergi López), who commands a military outpost. One question posed by the film is: Who is the monster here? Is it the stepfather, with his creaking gloves and his savage treatment of local republican troublemakers? Could it be Franco, who has brought the country to this pass? Or is it the creatures—a mixture of animal, vegetable, and alien—that Ofelia meets in a stone labyrinth, and under whose eyes she endures a series of harsh, not to say sadistic, challenges? At times, her adventures are hard to watch, and the whole film works at a pitch of violence that will shock admirers of more placid fantasy. The result is provoking, inventive, and clever to a fault; everything has been planned and thought through with such care that some of the spontaneity has been squeezed from the proceedings. If it lives and breathes, it is largely thanks to López and to Álex Angulo, who is wonderful in the Chekhovian role of a good doctor. In Spanish.—*A.L.* (1/8/07) (In wide release.)

THE QUEEN

Stephen Frears's film considers the deadlock, both grieving and comical, that followed the death of the Princess of Wales, in 1997. On the one hand, the Queen (Helen Mirren), believing it to be a private matter, stays and broods in Scotland with the Duke of Edinburgh (James Cromwell) and Prince Charles (Alex Jennings). On the other hand, Tony Blair (Michael Sheen), sensing a thirst for public mourning and thus a unique political opportunity, urges Her Majesty to return to London and face down the mob. And so she does; the crux of the drama comes when Mirren turns to the crowd outside Buckingham Palace and, with one smile, quashes any prospect of rebellion. The script, by Peter Morgan, relies largely on well-grounded speculation, and sticklers for accuracy will find the whole thing straying beyond belief; but, thanks to the careful performances, you subscribe all too readily to the movie's suggestion of a divided land—of a Britain caught between the trustworthy stiffness of tradition and a liberalism that is open not just to emotional honesty but to the coarseness of modern excess. With Helen McCrory as a distinctly unceremonious Cherie Blair.—*A.L.* (10/9/06) (In wide release.)

THE SITUATION

Philip Haas's film, written by Wendell Steavenson, is among the first dramas to tackle the subject of Iraq—the first of many, one presumes. Connie Nielsen plays an American journalist (not a very smart one, to be honest) pursuing a story in Samarra, where two local boys have been thrown off a bridge. Later, working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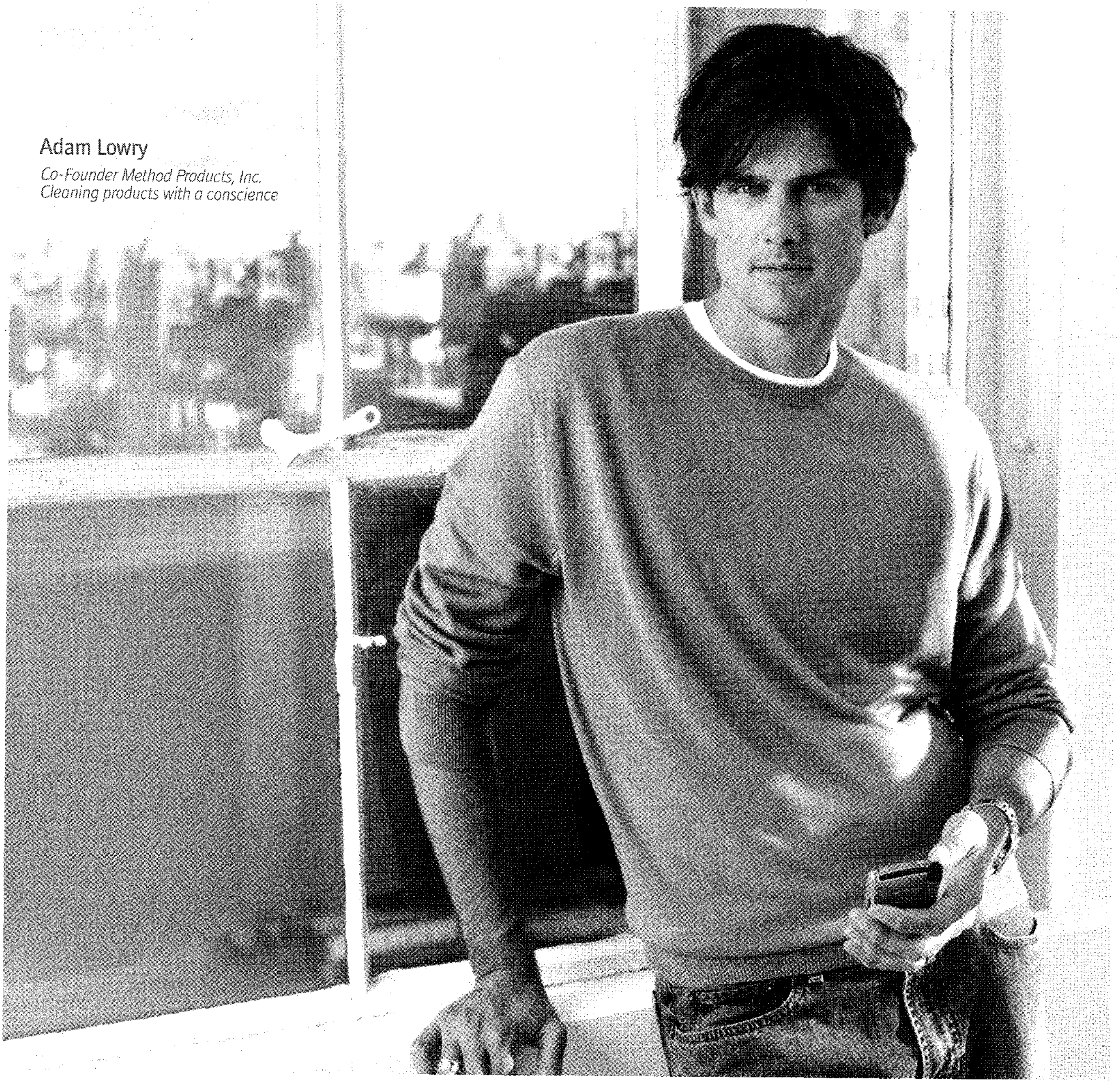

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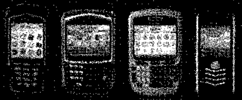

BlackBerry.

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with a quiet photographer named Zaid (Mido Hamada), she switches her attention to the death of a contact and winds up in the midst of a firefight between U.S. troops and forces loyal to a terrorist leader. Each of these story lines exerts a plausible grip, yet, taken together, as Haas skips back and forth between them, they weaken the force of the film; more enduring, if also more dismaying, are the scenes with Dan Murphy (Damian Lewis), an intelligence officer based in Baghdad, who understands the need to work with "moderate insurgents." The moral compromises involved suit Haas's cautious, delicate style more than the combat scenes do; the whole movie leaves a whiff of disappointment and waste. With the excellent Mahmoud El Lozy as a smiling Baathist seeking a way out.—*A.L.* (2/5/07) (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

SMOKIN' ACES
A put-on thriller made in a spirit of rabid, itchy, crack-den heartlessness—screw-you nihilism as a joke. Joe Carnahan, the writer-director, sets up a simple situation: every killer in the country—gay neo-Nazis with masks and horns, professional assassins who bite off their own fingertips—is converging on Lake Tahoe to whack Buddy (Aces) Israel (Jeremy Piven), a popular night-club magician whom the Mafia wants dead (the reward: a million dollars). The movie is a scuzzbag jamboree. What do you do with all these superfluous characters? You kill them off in freaky ways. "Smokin' Aces" has been made with the kind of extreme violence and antic slovenliness that wins a movie the honorific label of "black comedy." But the only comedy lies in the filmmakers' delusion that they have become mean hipsters pushing through old barriers and joyriding into realms of undreamed-of freedom. Tarantino and others have been there before.—*D.D.* (1/29/07) (In wide release.)

THESE ENCOUNTERS OF THEIRS
The last film by Jean-Marie Straub and the late Danièle Huillet, from 2006, based on Cesare Pavese's "Dialogues with Leuco," is a courageous confrontation with mortality and a grand summation of a lifetime of work and thought. It may be the most religious film yet made by Communists. Placing five conversing pairs—people, gods, spirits, and a Huillet-like muse inspiring a Straub-like Hesiod—in Italian landscapes seemingly untouched for millennia, the directors describe a colossal arc from mythic prehistory to the present day and depict the wary mutual dependence of divine and human affairs. Filming at an Olympian remove from ordinary life, Straub and Huillet judge it severely and reach profound, disturbing conclusions: in an unwillingness to face death, modern mankind rejects the gods and despoils the divine realm of nature. Though their critique of technology seems impracticably romantic, the luxurious settings suggest that the utopia they seek is surprisingly real and near at hand. In Italian.—*R.B.* (Walter Reade Theatre; Feb. 25-26.)

THE WARRIORS
Walter Hill's spectacle takes its story from Xenophon's "Anabasis" and its style from the taste of the modern urban dispossessed—in neon signs, graffiti, and the thrill of gaudiness. The film enters into the spirit of urban-male tribalism and the feelings of kids who believe that they own the streets because they keep other kids out of them. In this vision, cops and kids are all there is, and the worst crime is to be chicken. It has—in visual terms—the kind of impact that "Rock Around the Clock" had when it was played behind the titles of "Blackboard Jungle." It's like visual rock, and it's bursting with energy. The action runs from night until dawn, and most of it is in crisp, bright Day-Glo colors against the terrifying New York blackness; the figures stand out like a jukebox in a dark bar. There's a night-blooming, psychedelic shine to the whole baroque movie. Adapted from the Sol Yurick novel. Released in 1979.—*Pauline Kael* (Sunshine Cinema; Feb. 16-18.)

Also Playing

CATCH AND RELEASE: In wide release. **FREEDOM WRITERS:** In wide release. **HANNIBAL RISING:** In wide release. **MAFIOSO:** Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. **NORBIT:** In wide release.

REVIVALS, CLASSICS, ETC.

Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES
32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (212-505-5181)—"New-Filmmakers Presents." Feb. 14 at 6: Short-film program, including "The Perfect Gentleman" (2004, Christopher Dalrymple). ♦ Feb. 14 at 9: "My Cultural Divide" (2006, Faisal Lutchmedial). ♦ Films by and about Marie Menken. Feb. 14-18 at 7 and 9: "Notes on Marie Menken" (2006, Martina Kudlácek). ♦ Feb. 17 at 5: Short films by Menken, including "Lights" (1964-66). ♦ Feb. 18 at 3:30: Short films by Menken, including "Mood Mondrian" (1961). ♦ Feb. 18 at 5: Restored films by Menken. ♦ The films of Peter Whitehead. Feb. 15 at 7:30: "Benefit of the Doubt" (1967) and "Wholly Communion" (1965). ♦ Feb. 15 at 9:30 and Feb. 17 at 4:30: "Tonite Let's All Make Love in London" (1967) and "The Perception of Life" (1964). ♦ Feb. 16 at 7:30 and Feb. 18 at 4:30: "The Beach Boys in London" (1967) and short films. ♦ Feb. 16 at 9:30 and Feb. 20 at 7: Pop-music shorts (1966-69). ♦ Feb. 17 at 6:30 and Feb. 20 at 9:30: "The Fall" (1969). ♦ Feb. 17 at 9:30 and Feb. 19 at 7: "Led Zeppelin: Live at the Royal Albert Hall" (1970). ♦ Feb. 18 at 6:30: "Daddy" (1973). ♦ Feb. 18 at 8:30 and Feb. 19 at 9:15: "The Fire in the Water" (1977). ♦ Special screenings. Feb. 22 at 7 and 9:30: Short films by Peter Fischli and David Weiss. ♦ Feb. 23 and Feb. 26-27 at 7 and 9:30 and Feb. 24-25 at 4:30, 7, and 9:30: "The Wayward Cloud" (2005, Tsai Ming-liang; in Mandarin). ♦ Films by Robert Huot. Feb. 24 at 5: Program 1, including "Rolls: 1971" (1972). ♦ Feb. 24 at 8: Program 2, including "Third One-Year Movie—1972" (1973). ♦ Feb. 25 at 8: Program 3, including "Super-8 Diary 1979" (1980). ♦ "Essential Cinema." Feb. 25 at 5: "Old and New" (1929, Sergei Eisenstein; silent, with Russian intertitles).

BAM ROSE CINEMAS
30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-4100)—Valentine's Day program. Feb. 14 at 6:30 and 8:30: "The Lady Eve" (1941, Preston Sturges). (For dinner reservations, call 718-636-4139.) ♦ "The Best of the African Diaspora Film Festival." Feb. 16 at 2: Short-film program, including "Colobane Express" (2001, Khady Sylla; in Wolof). ♦ Feb. 16 at 4:30 and Feb. 19 at 2: Haitian films, including "When Life Is a Dream" (2005, Charles Gervais; in Creole and French). ♦ Feb. 16 at 6:50: Short films from Brooklyn. ♦ Feb. 16 at 9:15 and Feb. 20 at 6:50: "Shoot the Messenger" (2006, Ngozi Onwurah). ♦ Feb. 17 at 2 and Feb. 21 at 4:30: "Homecoming" (2005, Norman Maake). ♦ Feb. 17 at 4:30 and Feb. 19 at 6:50: "Dry Season" (2006, Mahamat-Saleh Haroun; in French and Arabic). ♦ Feb. 17 at 6:50: "Diary of a Tired Black Man" (2006, Tim Alexander). ♦ Feb. 18-19 at 4:30: "Frantz Fanon: His Life, His Struggle, His Work" (2001, Cheikh Djemai; in French) and "Catch a Fire" (1995, Menelik Shabazz). ♦ Feb. 18 at 6:50 and Feb. 20 at 2: "Sorry Ain't Enough" (2005, Emily Blake). ♦ Feb. 18 at 9:15: "Goodbye Momo" (2005, Leonardo Ricagni; in Spanish). ♦ Through March 30: "Graham Greene Noir." Feb. 22 at 4:30, 6:50, and 9:15: "Ministry of Fear" (1944, Fritz Lang). ♦ "Béla Tarr Trilogy." All films are in Hungarian. Feb. 23 at 2, 4:30, 6:50, and 9:15: "Damnation" (1988). ♦ Feb. 24 at 3: "Sátántangó" (1994). ♦ Feb. 25 at 3, 6, and 9: "Werckmeister Harmonies" (2000). ♦ Special screenings. Feb. 26 at 7: "Life Support" (2007, Nelson George), followed by a Q. & A. with the director. ♦ Feb. 27 at 7: "Roller Derby Shorts Program," introduced by Gotham Girls Roller Derby skaters, and followed by a party.

FILM FORUM
W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (212-727-8110)—Through Feb. 22: Films scored by Ennio Morricone. Feb. 14 at 1:30, 5:20, and 9:10: "End of the Game" (1976, Maximilian Schell). ♦ Feb. 14 at 3:30 and 7:20: "Days of Heaven" (1978, Terrence Malick). ♦ Feb. 15 at 2, 4:30, 7, and 9:30: "For a Few Dollars More" (†). ♦ Feb. 16-

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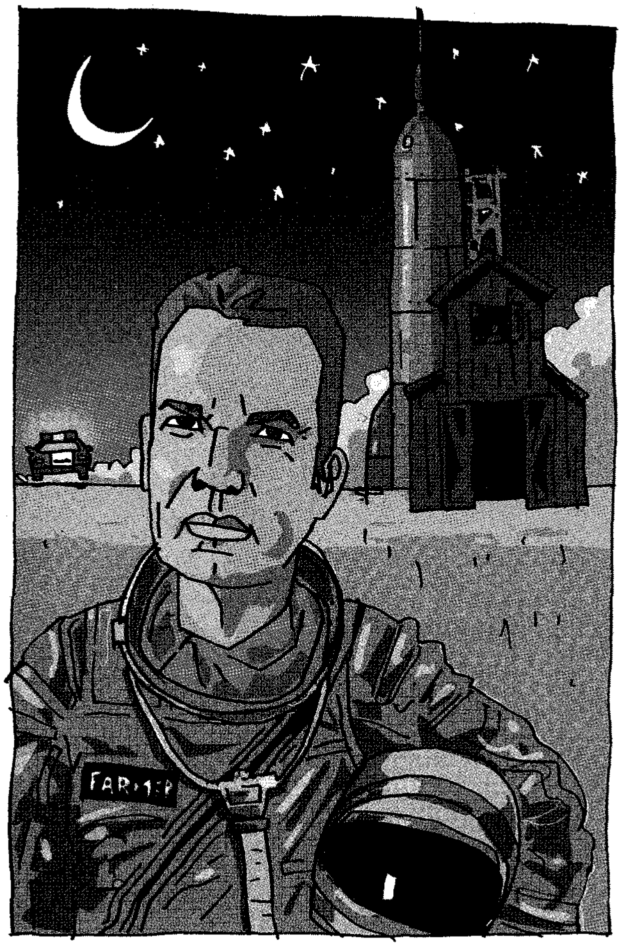
17 at 1:30, 4:30, and 7:30: "The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly" (1966, Sergio Leone; in Italian). ♦ Feb. 18 at 1:20, 5:25, and 9:30 and Feb. 19 at 1:20 and 5:25: "The Untouchables" (1987, Brian De Palma). ♦ Feb. 18 at 3:35 and Feb. 19 at 3:35 and 7:40: "Machine Gun McCain" (1968, Giuliano Montalvo). ♦ Feb. 19 at 8: "Before the Revolution" (1964, Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian). ♦ Feb. 20 at 1, 5:10, and 10:20: "White Dog" (1982, Samuel Fuller). ♦ Feb. 20 at 2:35 and 7:40: "Luna" (1979, Bernardo Bertolucci). ♦ Feb. 21 at 1, 3:40, 7, and 9:35: "Duck, You Sucker" (1972, Leone). ♦ Feb. 22 at 1:30 and 7:15: "Once Upon a Time in America" (1984, Leone). ♦ "R.K.O. Lost and Found." Feb. 23-25 at 1, 4, 7, and 10: "Double Harness" (1933, John Cromwell). ♦ Feb. 23-25 at 2:30, 5:30, and 8:30: "Rafter Romance" (1933, William Seiter). ♦ Feb. 26 at 1, 3:50, 6:40, and 9:30: "One Man's Journey" (1933, John Robertson). ♦ Feb. 26 at 2:30, 5:20, and 8:10: "Living on Love" (1937, Lew Landers). ♦ Feb. 27 at 1, 4:05, 7:10, and 10:15: "A Man to Remember" (1938, Garson Kanin). ♦ Feb. 27 at 2:35, 5:40, and 8:45: "Stingaree" (1934, William A. Wellman).

FRENCH INSTITUTE ALLIANCE FRANÇAISE

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (212-355-6160)—The films of Jean-Pierre Léaud. Feb. 20 at 12:30, 4, and 7: "What Time Is It There?" (2001, Tsai Ming-liang; in Mandarin, French, Taiwanese, and English). ♦ Feb. 27 at 12:30, 4, and 7: "Masculine Feminine" (1966, Jean-Luc Godard; in French).

IFC CENTER

323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (212-924-7771)—Special screening. Feb. 14 at 7:30: "Four Eyed Monsters" (2006, Arin Crumley and Susan Buice). ♦ In revival. Feb. 16-19 at noon: "Spirit of the Beehive" (1973, Victor Erice; in Spanish). ♦ Feb. 23-25 at noon: "Black Orpheus" (1959, Marcel Camus; in Portuguese). ♦ Park Chan-wook's "Revenge Trilogy." All films are in Korean. Feb. 16 at midnight: "Sympathy for Mr. Vengeance" (2002). ♦ Feb. 17 at midnight: "Oldboy" (2003). ♦ Feb. 18 at midnight: "Lady Vengeance" (2005). ♦ "Waverly Midnights." Feb. 16-18 at 12:10 A.M.: "Buffy the Vampire Slayer" sing-along, featuring an episode from the TV show. ♦ Feb. 23-24 at midnight: "Lost Highway" (1997, David Lynch). ♦ The films of Bong Joon-ho. All films are in Korean. Feb. 26 at 7: "Barking Dogs Never Bite" (2000). ♦ Feb. 26 at 9:15: "Memories of Murder" (2003). ♦ Feb. 27 at 6: "Incoherence" (1994) and "Twentidentity" (2004). ♦ Feb. 27 at 8:30: "The Host" (2006), introduced by the director.



Michael Polish's "The Astronaut Farmer" opens Feb. 23.

JEROEN KOOLHAAS

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480)—"Still Moving," films from the museum's collections. Feb. 14-15 at 4:30: "Tabu" (1931, F. W. Murnau). ♦ "A View from the Vaults." Feb. 14 at 6 and Feb. 17 at 2: "Murder, My Sweet" (1945, Edward Dmytryk). ♦ Feb. 14 at 8 and Feb. 17 at 4: "Flamingo Road" (1949, Michael Curtiz). ♦ Feb. 15 at 6 and Feb. 21 at 8:30: "Mighty Joe Young" (1949, Ernest B. Schoedsack). ♦ Feb. 16 at 5:45: "The Corn Is Green" (1945, Irving Rapper). ♦ Feb. 17 at 6: "Jezebel" (1938, William Wyler). ♦ Feb. 19 at 6: "The Man Who Came to Dinner" (1942, William Keighley). ♦ Feb. 19 at 8:30: "They Drive by Night" (1940, Raoul Walsh). ♦ Feb. 21 at 6: "Gunga Din" (1939, George Stevens). ♦ Feb. 24 at 2: "Action in the North Atlantic" (1943, Lloyd Bacon). ♦ "Documentary Fortnight Expanded." Feb. 14-15 at 6:15: "Souvenirs" (2006, Shahar Cohen and Halil Efrat). ♦ Feb. 14 at 8:15: "Between Me & the Earth" (2006, Christopher Miner) and "Voyage in G Major" (2005, Georgi Lazarevski). ♦ Feb. 15 at 8:15: "Wetback: The Undocumented Documentary" (2004, Arturo Perez Torres; in English and Spanish). ♦ Feb. 16 at 6: "City of Factories" (2006, Vicky Funari and Sergio De La Torre; in English and Spanish). ♦ Feb. 16 at 6: "China Blue" (2005, Micha X. Peled; in English, Cantonese, Mandarin, and Sichuan). ♦ Feb. 17 at 2: Short films from Brazil. ♦ Feb. 17 at 4: "Last Supper" (2005, Mats Bigert and Lars Bergstrom). ♦ Feb. 17 at 6:15: "War Hospital" (2005, David Christensen and Damien Lewis). ♦ Feb. 18 at 1:30 and Feb. 22 at 8:30: "How to Pray" (2006, Bill Morrison) and "Man on Land" (2006, Ariane Michel). The Feb. 18 screening will be introduced by the directors. ♦ Feb. 18 at 3:45: "The Healing Gardens of New York" (2006, Alexandra Isles). ♦ Feb. 18 at 5:45: "Antonia Pantoja ¡Presente!" (2006, Lillian Jimenez). ♦ Feb. 19 at 6: "I Build the Tower" (2005, Edward Landler and Brad Byer). ♦ Feb. 21 at 5:45: "Afro Punk" (2003, James Spooner) and "Beijing Bubbles" (2005, George Lindt and Susanne Messner), introduced by Messner. ♦ Feb. 21 at 8:30: "Katrina Chronicles" (2003-06, Third World Newsreel). ♦ Feb. 22 at 6:45: "The Journey of Vaan Nguyen" (2005, Duki Dror; in Vietnamese and Hebrew). ♦ Feb. 23 at 7: "Churning the Sea of Time" (2006, Les Guthman). ♦ Feb. 23 at 8:30: "Can't Do It in Europe" (2004, Anna Klara Ahren, Anna Weitz, and Charlotta Coputt; in English and Spanish). ♦ Feb. 24 at 2: "Gas Station Series Part 1" (2005-06, Luc Vrydaghs; in Arabic, Czech, English, Hebrew, and Punjabi). ♦ Feb. 24 at 4:15 and Feb. 25 at 4: "Gas Station Series Part 2" (2005-06, Vrydaghs; in English and Icelandic). ♦ Feb. 25 at 6:15: "Half Life: A Journey Through Chernobyl" (2006, David Bickerstaff and Phil Grabsky) and "Atomic Wounds" (2006, Marc Petitjean; in English and Japanese). ♦ "Frank Beyer: In Memoriam." Feb. 15 at 8: "Naked Among Wolves" (1963, Beyer; in German). ♦ Feb. 16 at 8:15: "Jacob the Liar" (1974, Beyer; in German). ♦ Through Feb. 28: "Pictures in Print: Lillian Ross and the Movies." Feb. 23 at 8:30: "The Red Badge of Courage" (1951, John Huston), preceded by a reading by Lillian Ross from her book "Picture" and followed by a discussion with the author. ♦ Feb. 24 at 7:30: "One from the Heart" (1982, Francis Ford Coppola). ♦ Feb. 25 at 2: "Ran" (1985, Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese). ♦ Feb. 26 at 8:15: "Anatomy of a Murder" (1959, Otto Preminger).

MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE

35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)—"Critics Choice: Great Documentaries." Feb. 17 at 2: "The Power of Nightmares" (2004, Adam Curtis), introduced by Dennis Lim. ♦ Feb. 18 at 5: "Lake of Fire" (2006, Tony Kaye), introduced by Joshua Rothkopf. ♦ Feb. 24-25 at 2: "Mondo Cane" (1962, Gualtiero Jacopetti, Paolo Cavara, and Franco Prosperi). The Feb. 24 screening will be introduced by Lou Lumenick. ♦ "Repertory Nights." Feb. 17 at 6:30: "F for Fake" (1974, Orson Welles). ♦ Feb. 24-25 at 6:30: "Army of Shadows" (1969, Jean-Pierre Melville). ♦ "Independence World Cinema Showcase." Feb. 24-25 at 4:30: "Climates" (2006, Nuri Bilge Ceylan; in Turkish). ♦ Special event. Feb. 18 at 2: An afternoon with the martial-arts actor Ron Van Clief.

PIONEER THEATRE

155 E. 3rd St. (212-591-0434)—In revival. Feb. 14 at 6:30: "Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind" (2004, Michel Gondry). ♦ In première. Feb. 14-20 (call for showtimes): "Coffee Date" (2006, Stewart Wade). ♦ Feb. 21-27 at 9: "Cocaine Angel" (2005, Michael Tully).

RUBIN MUSEUM OF ART

150 W. 17th St. (212-620-5000, ext. 344)—"Cabaret Cinema." Feb. 16 at 9:30: "Vertigo" (1958, Alfred Hitchcock), introduced by David Rakoff. ♦ Feb. 23 at 9:30: "In a Year of 13 Moons" (†), introduced by Andrew Solomon.

SUNSHINE CINEMA

143 E. Houston St. (212-330-8182)—"Sunshine@Midnight." Feb. 16-18: "The Warriors" (†). ♦ Feb. 23-24: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971, Stanley Kubrick).

THALIA THEATRE

Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (212-864-5400)—In revival. Feb. 18 at 1 and Feb. 20 at 6: "A Day at the Races" (1937, Sam Wood) and "A Night at the Opera" (1935, Wood). ♦ Feb. 25 at 1 and 5:30: "The Rules of the Game" (1939, Jean Renoir; in French).

WALTER READE THEATRE

Lincoln Center (212-875-5600)—"*Film Comment* Selects." Feb. 14 at 6:30 and Feb. 17 at 4: "Exterminating Angels" (2006, Jean-Claude Brisseau; in French). ♦ Feb. 14 at 9, Feb. 21 at 9:15, Feb. 22 at 4:30, and Feb. 24 at 1:15: "Longing" (2006, Valeska Grisebach; in German). ♦ Feb. 15 at 8:30: "Exiled" (2006, Johnnie To; in Cantonese). ♦ Feb. 16 at 4:30 and 9:15: "Bardo" (2005, Lin Tay-Jou). ♦ Feb. 16 at 6:15 and Feb. 18 at 1:30: "Colossal Youth" (2006, Pedro Costa; in Portuguese). ♦ Feb. 17 at 1:15 and Feb. 18 at 6:45: "Summer Palace" (2006, Lou Ye; in Mandarin and German). ♦ Feb. 17 at 6:15: "Play It as It Lays" (1972, Frank Perry). ♦ Feb. 17 at 8:15, Feb. 18 at 4:30, and Feb. 19 at 8: "Retribution" (2006, Kiyoshi Kurosawa; in Japanese). ♦ Feb. 21 at 6:15 and Feb. 24 at 7:45: "The Yacoubian Building" (2006, Marwan Hamed; in Arabic). ♦ Feb. 22 at 9: "Lights in the Dusk" (2006, Aki Kaurismäki; in Finnish). ♦ Feb. 23 at 3:30 and Feb. 25 at 5:15: "Twilight's Last Gleaming," the director's cut (1977, Robert Aldrich). ♦ Feb. 23 at 6: "The Wedding Director" (2006, Marco Bellocchio; in Italian). ♦ Feb. 23 at 8:30 and Feb. 25 at 1: "Tachigui:

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The Amazing Lives of the Fast Food Grifters" (2006, Mamoru Oshii; in Japanese). ♦ Feb. 24 at 3: "13 Lakes" (2004, James Benning). ♦ Feb. 24 at 5:40: "Ten Skies" (2004, Benning). ♦ Feb. 25 at 3:10, Feb. 26 at 8, and Feb. 27 at 4: "Summer '04" (2006, Stefan Krohmer; in German). ♦ Feb. 25 at 8 and Feb. 26 at 6:30: "These Encounters of Theirs" (†). ♦ Feb. 27 at 6:30: "Black Book" (2006, Paul Verhoeven; in Dutch and German), followed by a discussion with the director and Gavin Smith. ♦ "Independents Night." Feb. 22 at 6:30: "Dream in Doubt" (2007, Tami Yeager).

READINGS AND TALKS

"LIVE FROM THE NYPL"
The cartoonists R. Crumb and Aline Kominsky Crumb, who live in the South of France and have an open marriage, discuss Aline's new book, "Need More Love: A Graphic Memoir." (Celeste Bartos Forum, New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. 212-868-4444. Feb. 14 at 7.)

"READING BETWEEN A & B"
The poets Glyn Maxwell, H. L. Hix, and Sandra Lim read from their work at the Eleventh Street Bar, in the East Village. (510 E. 11th St. No tickets necessary. Feb. 19 at 7:30.)

W. H. AUDEN CENTENNIAL
John Ashbery, Michael Cunningham, Francine Prose, Katha Pollitt, and other writers celebrate the poet on what would have been his hundredth birthday. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, 7 E. 7th St. For more information, call 212-254-9628. Feb. 21 at 7.)

TRIBUTE TO LYNDA HULL
Lucie Brock-Broido, Mark Doty, Elizabeth Alexander, and Robert Polito read from the recently published "Collected Poems" of the writer, who died in 1994. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 212-229-5488. Feb. 22 at 6:30.)

DEBORAH GARRISON
The poet offers selections from her new collection, "The Second Child." (Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Pl. No tickets necessary. Feb. 22 at 7.)

FRENCH INSTITUTE ALLIANCE FRANÇAISE
Adam Gopnik, a writer for this magazine, talks with Mireille Guiliano, the author of "French Women Don't Get Fat," about her latest book, "French Women for All Seasons: A Year of Secrets, Recipes, and Pleasure." (55 E. 59th St. 212-307-4100. Feb. 26 at 7.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

HARLEM GLOBETROTTERS
Basketball's "Ambassadors of Goodwill" bring their fancy footwork, trick shots, and remarkable ball-handling skills to town for a lopsided match against their travelling partners, the New York Nationals. (Madison Square Garden. 212-307-7171. Feb. 16.)

THE YEAR OF THE PIG
A traditional firecracker display in Manhattan's Chinatown on Feb. 18, starting at 11 A.M., marks the start of the Lunar New Year. It is followed by the Asian Cultural Festival, a daylong celebration with performances of Chinese operas and lion dances. The festivities continue on Feb. 25 at 1, with a parade featuring marching bands, colorful floats, and dancers. (For more information, visit www.betterchinatown.com.)

AUCTIONS AND ANTIQUES
On the first of two days of photography sales (Feb. 14-15), **Christie's** will offer the collection of Thomas T. Solley, the recently deceased former director of the Indiana University Art Museum; the collection is especially rich in fashion shots. On Feb. 26, the house holds an auction of seventy-eight postwar and contemporary art works from the collection of the Swiss dealer Pierre Huber. (20 Rockefeller Plaza, at 49th St. 212-636-2000.) ♦ A sale of Israeli and international art at **Sotheby's** on Feb. 27 features the euphoric "Rêverie d'Amoureux," by Chagall, and Mordecai Ardon's abstract "Composition with Cards and Piano," and also includes several typically heartfelt views of the Israeli landscape by Reuven Rubin. From Feb. 23 to March 10, the house will exhibit the original paintings (by such luminaries as Miró, Picasso, and Warhol) commissioned by Baron Philippe de Rothschild and his daugther, Baroness Philippine, to grace the labels of their great vintages. (York Ave. at 72nd St. 212-606-7000.) ♦ **Phillips** presents one of its periodic "Under the Influence" sales (Feb. 27) of contemporary art for the newer, more adventurous collector. (450 W. 15th St. 212-940-1200.) ♦ The Art Dealers Association of America presents **"The Art Show"** (Feb. 22-26), with seventy leading U.S. dealers showing paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, and photographs spanning the nineteenth, twentieth, and early twenty-first centuries. Eight solo exhibitions will include the work of Louise Bourgeois, Richard Smith, and the Taiwanese painter Suling Wang. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 67th St. 212-940-8925.) ♦ Running concurrently with the A.A.D.A.'s event is **"The Armory Show"** (Feb. 23-26), the mammoth fair specializing in contemporary art, which will bring more than a hundred U.S. and international dealers to the Pier 94 exhibition space. (Twelfth Ave. at 55th St. 212-645-6440.)

ULLA PUGGAARD

ON THE HORIZON

MOVIES
FRENCH TWISTS
Feb. 28–March 11

Walter Reade's annual series of new French films is fizzier than ever, featuring a bio-pic about Edith Piaf, "La Vie en Rose"; "The Singer," in which Gérard Depardieu plays a provincial crooner (and actually sings); and Francis Veber's comedy "The Valet," starring Daniel Auteuil and Kristin Scott Thomas. Meatier fare includes Bruno Dumont's "Flanders" and Benoît Jacquot's "The Untouchable," starring Isild Le Besco. (212-875-5600.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC
SETTING THE SCENE
March 1

The rising young mezzo-soprano Joyce DiDonato, who will take over the role of Rosina in the Met's "Barber of Seville" on March 14, offers an *amuse-bouche* in the form of a concert at Weill Recital Hall. (212-247-7800.)

NIGHT LIFE
IRISH CHEER
March 17

St. Patrick's Day brings a slew of Irish bands to town, including the Pogues (who get a jump on things with three nights at Roseland starting on March 14) and the Chieftains (playing Carnegie Hall), and it fires up local musicians such as Joe Hurley (leading a revue of some four dozen rockers at the Bowery Ballroom) and Black 47, which moves from its Saturday home at Connolly's to the B. B. King Blues Club & Grill for the night. (212-997-4144.)

THE THEATRE
MONKEYS AND MEN
March 19

"Inherit the Wind," Jerome Lawrence and Robert Edwin Lee's dramatic retelling of the Scopes trial, will be revived on Broadway, starring Brian Dennehy and Christopher Plummer. (212-239-6200.)

ART
DINNER INVITATION
March 23

The Brooklyn Museum opens its Elizabeth A. Sackler Center for Feminist Art, an eighty-three-hundred-square-foot exhibition and education space, next month. The center will include a permanent home for Judy Chicago's much travelled installation "The Dinner Party." (718-638-5000.)

Black 47 celebrates St. Patrick's Day at B. B. King's.

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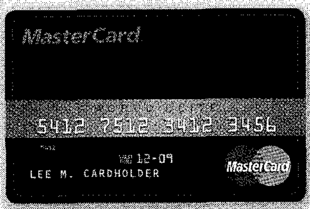

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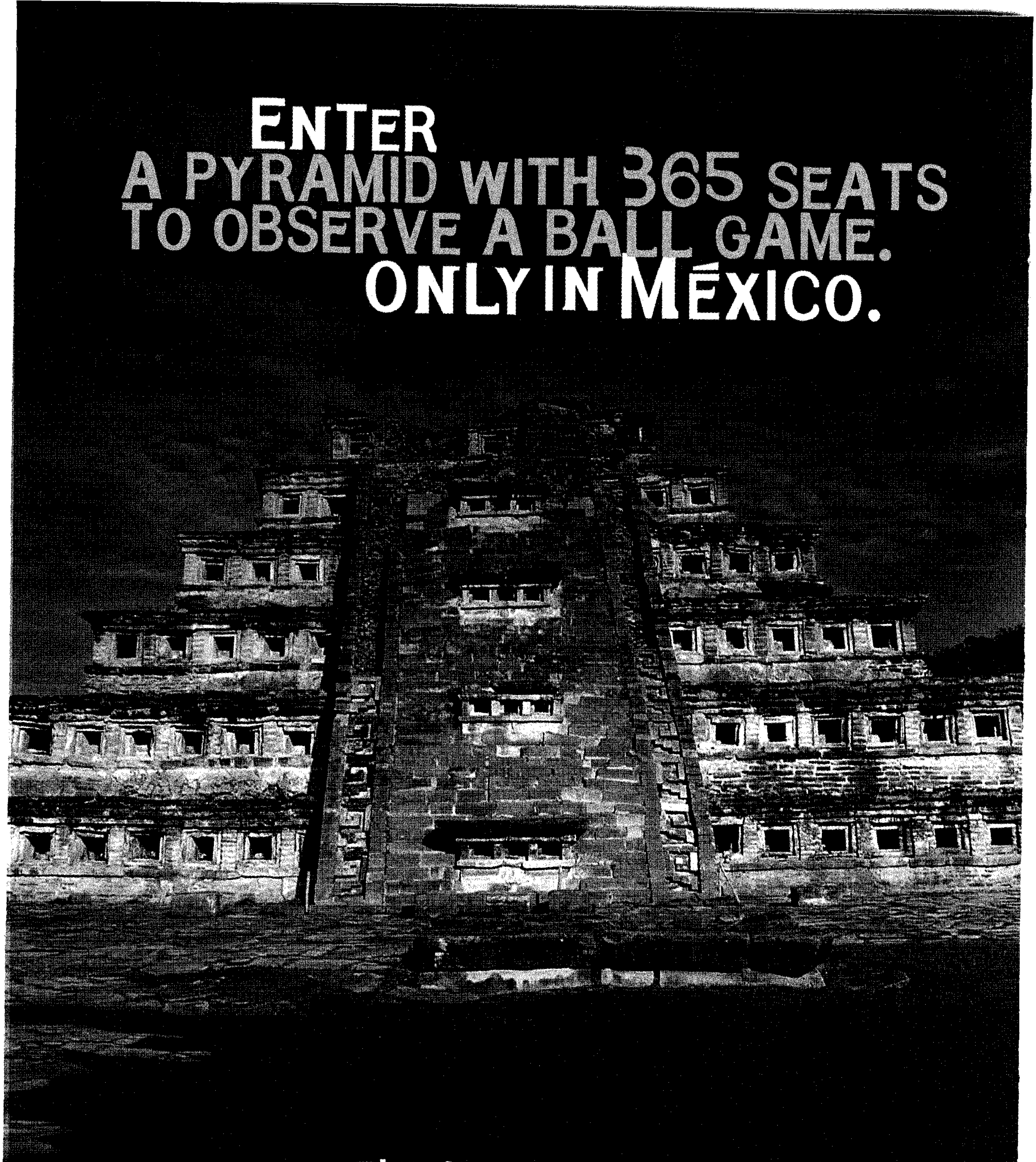
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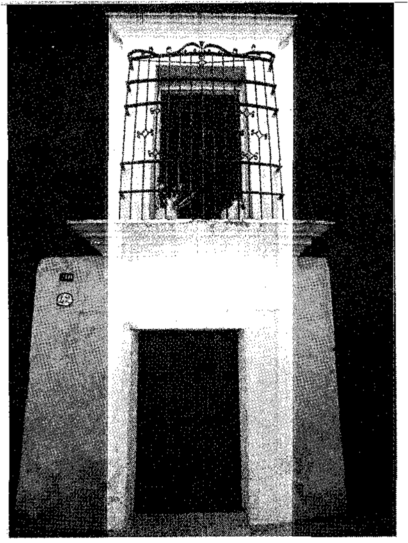
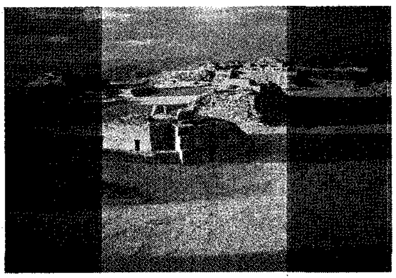
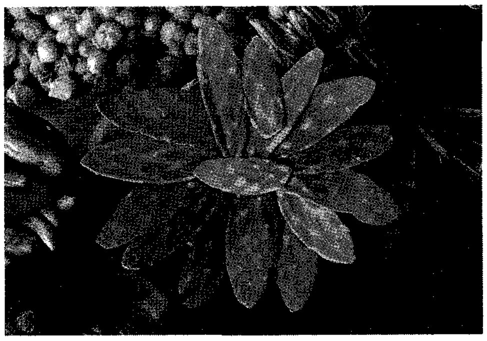
[Explore] OAXACA CITY







CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: GUELAGUETZA FESTIVAL & DOORWAY ©ROBERT FRIED/ALAMY; STREET NEAR SANTO DOMINGO ©DENNIS COX/ALAMY; CACTUS LEAVES AT THE MARKET ©ROBERT FRIED/ALAMY; RUINS AT MONTE ALBÁN ©RICHARD A. COOKE/CORBIS

Mexico's Living History

THE VIVIDNESS of Oaxaca City is like time travel through three millenia. At every turn you encounter the pre-Hispanic, colonial, and contemporary worlds in magical juxtaposition.

A stroll down its stone-paved promenade, **Calle Alcalá**, is kaleidoscopic. **The Museum of Contemporary Art**, housed in an early-eighteenth-century mansion that is popularly, though mistakenly, known as Cortés's palace, holds the bold work of native sons Rufino Tamayo and Francisco Toledo. The interior of **Santo Domingo** church, begun in the mid-sixteenth century, is covered with frescos as ethereal as the heavens, and has an altar so encrusted with gold that it reminds us what the conquistadores sought. Yet the gold work is even more riveting in the adjacent former convent, where the **Oaxaca Regional Museum** displays a treasury of Mixtec jewelry recovered from a tomb at Monte Albán, the ancient capital built by the Zapotec people around 500 B.C.

The skills of Zapotecs and Mixtecs are still the bedrock of the city's vitality. The central food market makes visitors want to rise early to greet the harvests of local farms—the lushness of vegetables, chiles, and tropical fruits as well as the juices, ice creams, tortillas, and moles made from them. The nearby crafts market showcases villagers' weavings and embroideries.

There is no line drawn in Oaxaca between traditional and elegant. You can sample refined interpretations of the classic dishes served at market lunch stalls in lovely patio settings at **El Naranjo** and **Casa Oaxaca**. You'll find crafts as precise as art in the gallery **La Mano Mágica** and the shoppers' paradise **Los Baules**.

What is awesome lies apart, silent in its abandonment, at **Monte Albán**, six miles away. The vast stone ruins of temples and palaces overlook the beauty of mountains and valleys. A museum displays ancient farming tools, pottery, and jewelry found at the site. From here you'll want to visit some of the communities still renowned for their crafts, such as the rug-weaving center of **Teotitlán del Valle**.

At Home in Oaxaca. Deluxe five-star hotels occupy colonial landmarks in the heart of Oaxaca (oaxacaoaxaca.com for details). Camino Real Oaxaca, built in 1576 as the Santa Catalina convent with elegant courtyards and arcades, and the Casa Oaxaca, an intimately remodeled eighteenth-century home, are two such examples.

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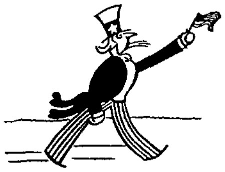
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

COMMENT
TOO MANY CHIEFS



According to some of the calendars and appointment books floating around this office, Monday, February 19th, is Presidents' Day. Others say it's President's Day. Still others opt for Presidents Day. Which is it? The bouncing apostrophe bespeaks a certain uncertainty. President's Day suggests that only one holder of the nation's supreme magistracy is being commemorated—presumably the first. Presidents' Day hints at more than one, most likely the Sage of Mount Vernon plus Abraham Lincoln, generally agreed to be the greatest of them all. And Presidents Day, apostropheless, implies a promiscuous celebration of all forty-two—Jefferson but also Pierce, F.D.R. but also Buchanan, Truman but also Harding. To say nothing of the incumbent, of whom, perhaps, the less said the better.

So which is it? Trick question. The answer, strictly speaking, is none of the above. Ever since 1968, when, in one of the last gasps of Great Society reformism, holidays were rejiggered to create more three-day weekends, federal law has decreed the third Monday in February to be Washington's Birthday. And Presidents'/'s/s Day? According to *Prologue*, the magazine of the National Archives, it was a local department-store promotion that went national when retailers discovered that, mysteriously, generic Presidents clear more inventory than particular ones, even the Father of His Country. Now everybody thinks it's official, but it's not. (Note to Fox News: could be a War on Washington's Birthday angle here, similar to the War on Christmas. Over to you, Bill.)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM BACHTELL

Just to add to the Presidential confusion, Washington's Birthday is not Washington's birthday. George Washington was born either on February 11, 1731 (according to the old-style Julian calendar, still in use at the time), or on February 22, 1732 (according to the Gregorian calendar, adopted in 1752 throughout the British Empire). Under no circumstances, therefore, can Washington's birthday fall on Washington's Birthday, a.k.a. Presidents Day, which, being the third Monday of the month, can occur only between the 15th and the 21st. Lincoln's birthday, February 12th, doesn't make it through the Presidents Day window, either. Nor do the natal days of our other two February Presidents, William Henry Harrison (born on the 6th) and Ronald Reagan (the 9th). A fine mess!

Here is the question thus raised: at this chastening juncture in our republic's history, wouldn't everyone welcome a moratorium on Presidential glorification? Isn't the United States a little too President-ridden, much as post-medieval Spain was a little too priest-ridden? Our capital city groans under the weight of obelisks, equestrian statues, and grandiose temples fit for the gods but devoted to the winners of Presidential elections. "Presidential historians" populate the greenrooms of our cable-news networks. Presidential suites sit atop Vegas hotels. Presidential libraries gobble up ever-growing swathes of urban and, as the unhappy faculty of Southern Methodist University recently learned, campus real estate. Time to throttle down.

A good place to start, after securing the retailers' and calendar-makers' agreement to call Washington's Birthday by its true name (if not its true date), would be with the most sacred object our society mass-produces: money. At the moment, of the seven denominations of banknotes in general circulation, no fewer than five have

Presidents on them, ranging chronologically from Washington (who would have frowned on the honor, as smacking of monarchy) to Grant (who would have appreciated the irony, given that he was habitually broke and presided over an Administration rife with financial scandals). The two others are the ten-spot (Alexander Hamilton, who might have been President if he hadn't been a duellist) and the hundred (Benjamin Franklin). On the coins, it's pretty much Presidents all the way, except for Susan B. Anthony and Sacagawea, who are on dollar coins that barely circulate and are obvious affirmative-action benchwarmers, destined for the hook once a female President or two comes along, or even sooner. Beginning this year, the Mint plans to roll out new circulating dollar coins, four different ones a year, for as many years as it takes. Who will be on them? Why, Presidents, of course—all of them, in the order they served, scoundrels and heroes alike. Someday, like a bad penny, a George W. Bush dollar will turn up. Heads you lose.

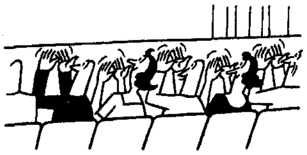
As it happens, a federal district court has ordered the Treasury to redesign our paper money to make it friendlier to blind people. Why not take the opportunity to go further than changing sizes or adding texture? Franklin shows the way. Yes, he was a politician, but he was equally or more famous as a scientist, a diplomat, a newspaperman, an aphorist, a satirist, and a boulevardier. Let's keep Washington on the single, and then let's start printing bills with pictures of the other sorts of people that make us proud to be Americans. With rotating portraits, we can have a musicians' fin (Foster, Gershwin, Ellington), a scribblers' sawbuck (Twain, Melville, Dickinson), a performing-arts twenty (Caruso, Keaton, Balanchine), a secular saints' fifty (Douglass, Jane Addams, King), and a scientists' C-note (Franklin, Edison, Einstein). As a threefer (President, saint, writer), Lincoln could have the two-dollar note all to himself. A three-spot could be introduced, with Whitman ("What you give me I cheerfully accept,/A little sustenance, a hut and garden, a little money, as I rendezvous with my poems"). As with Presidents, a decent interval would be required. The Dylan fiver will have to be deferred until another decade of the sixties rolls around.

One can dream. Meanwhile, if you think you're sick of Presidents, wait till you see the parade of Presidents-in-waiting. Wait? You don't have to wait. Decision 2008 is already upon us, full-bore. A generation or two ago, political scientists used to complain that American campaigns dragged on for eight or nine months, in contrast to the three to six weeks that is normal elsewhere. Those were the days. As of last week, ten Republicans and nine Democrats, all of them plausible enough to claim a place in televised debates, have either filed formal exploratory committees or declared their candidacies outright, and another half-dozen or so are on the verge. The first such debate is ten weeks from now—even though the first primary is nearly a year away, the conventions don't convene for a year and a half, and the election itself is twenty-one long months down the road. Unsurprisingly, as the *Washington Post* reported last week, 2008 is fated to be "the nation's first billion-dollar presidential campaign." No doubt "the issues" will get a full airing, but, more than ever, it's going to be all about the Benjamins, and not just who gets his picture on them.

—*Hendrik Hertzberg*

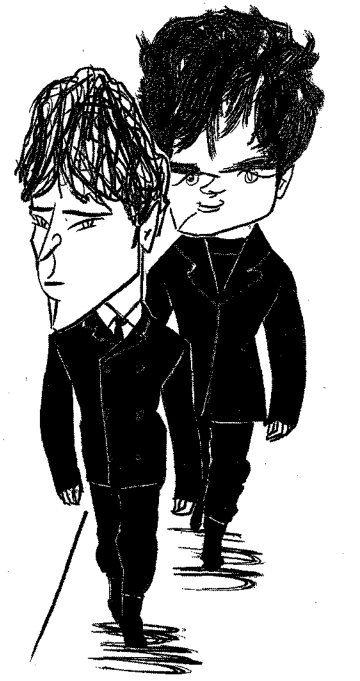
DÉBUT DEPT.

ON PARADE



Before you can fail upward, you must first dabble sideways. For example, you're a twenty-one-year-old newcomer from Amish country, in Pennsylvania, and suddenly the star of a new Broadway hit, and in the initial gust of acclaim you accept an invitation to appear as a runway model in a fashion show.

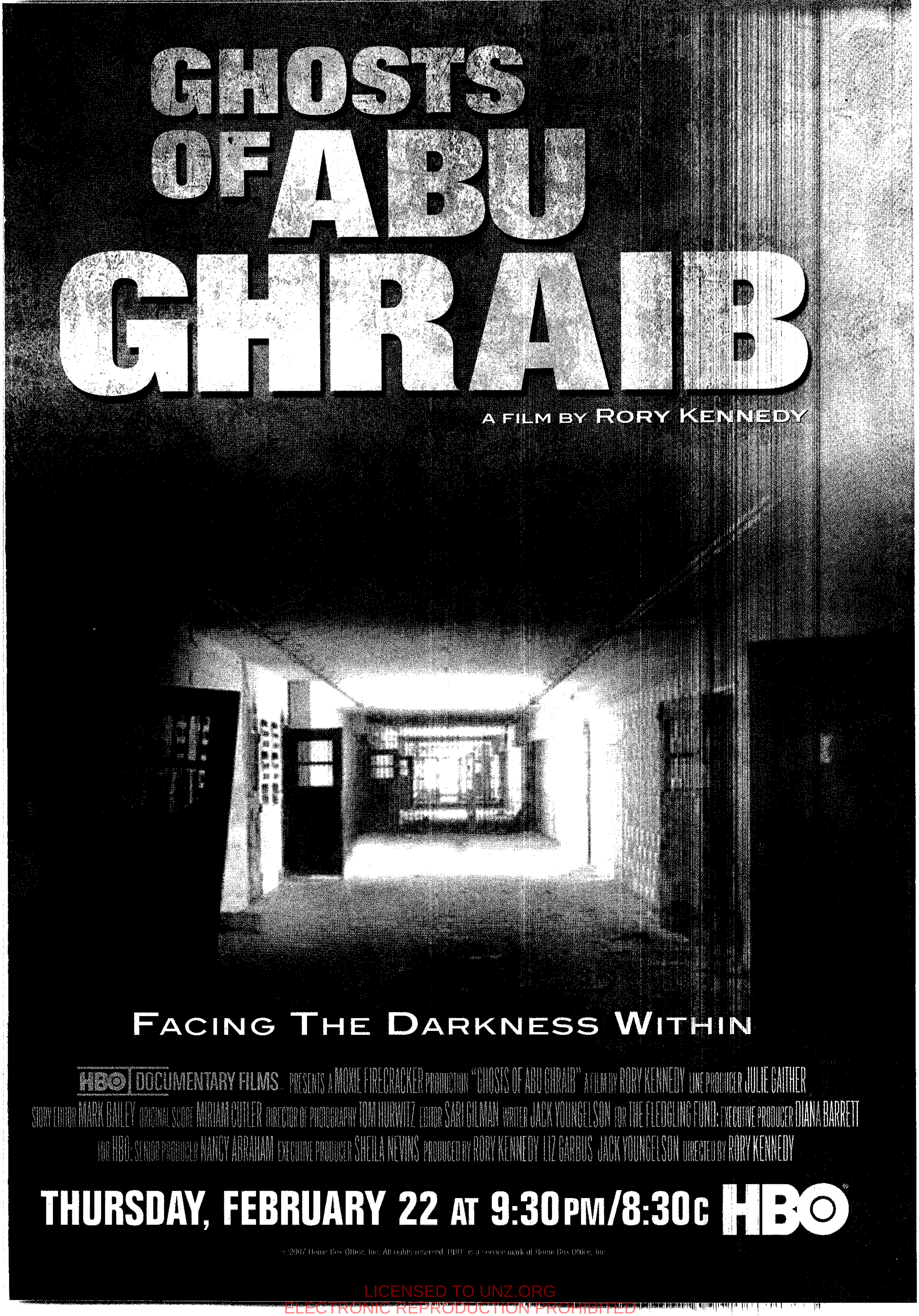
Jonathan Groff is the male lead in "Spring Awakening," a critically adored musical adaptation of a century-old drama that chronicles the erotic initiations of a group of teen-agers in pre-Freudian Germany. Groff plays Melchior, a rebellious schoolboy whose hayloft romp with Wendla (Lea Michele) leads to severe trouble; John Gallagher, Jr., plays Moritz, an addled classmate. Some of the numbers are sort of punkish, and so Gallagher and Groff get to rock out, sparing themselves and their audiences the treacly or goofy gestures common to Broadway musicals. They have therefore attracted a different category of admirer. One is Chloe Stuart, the sixteen-year-old daughter of Jill Stuart, the designer, who at Chloe's urging went to see the play and then made room for Gallagher and Groff in her runway show last Monday, in the grand entrance hall of the New York Public Library.



John Gallagher, Jr., and Jonathan Groff

"Crazy, just crazy," Groff said. He had curling papers clipped in his hair, and shiny fingernails—his first-ever manicure. (The manicurist had held out her hand, and he had mistakenly shaken it.) On a table someone had arrayed, as for a drug-bust photo-op, dozens of ziplock baggies stuffed with hair extensions. A stylist shouted, "Vanessa! I need you here now."

Groff, who looks tall and thin onstage, seemed stockier, in relation to the lean professionals, male and female, who drifted from one gussying-up station to another. And there was no gloom in him. "We're still in the awe stage," he said. He came to New York from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in 2004, forgoing college in Pittsburgh. His grandfather was a Mennonite preacher and cattle farmer, and



GHOSTS OF ABU GHRAIB

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his father trains harness-racing horses.

“I’m sorry to interrupt this conversation,” a woman in a headset said, “but we actually need to move these boxes for the show, so will you please step aside?” “Actually”: this voguish adverbial deployment did not seem to offend Groff.

He stepped aside. “My mom was a gym teacher and a health teacher, so, as far as the issues in our play are concerned, I knew how babies were made and all that,” he said. “Still, Lancaster is very conservative.”

Gallagher appeared, with curling papers in his hair. “I was trying to gauge how much longer it took me in the makeup chair than everyone else,” he said. Gallagher, who is twenty-two, is a bit more seasoned (and maybe therefore more waggish) than Groff. He grew up in Wilmington, Delaware, and started performing in community theatre when he was twelve. He went on, “I have to shave the sides of my head every night before the show, and that’s kind of tearing my skin apart.” (As Moritz, Gallagher has a spiky Eraserhead hairdo.) “The woman who was doing my hair was saying to her associate, ‘Everyone’s got this hair now.’ ”

“Are you kidding me?” Groff said.

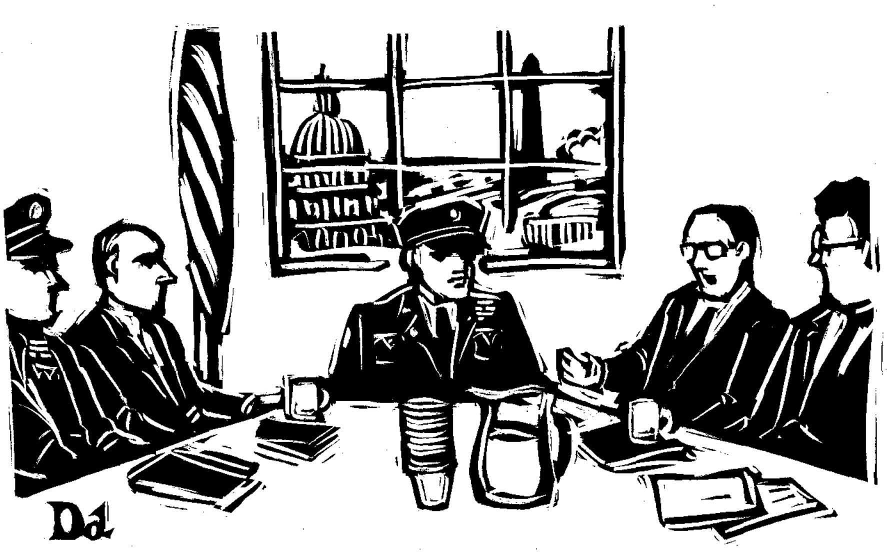
“And I was, like, ‘I started it, baby!’ ”

After a run-through, to refine the models’ pacing—“I think it’s quite apparent we don’t know what we’re doing,” Gallagher said—he and Groff put on Stuart’s things. Turtleneck sweater, peacoat, clunky boots: Irish Spring by way of Carnaby Street. Then it was showtime. They made the long walk, each gradually closing in on the model who preceded him. On the return, both of them slipped in the same spot—damn marble—but so did many of the others. “It would’ve been worse if we hadn’t slipped,” Gallagher said, before turning to greet his older sister, who had come to see him in his modelling début.

—*Nick Paumgarten*

THE PICTURES ANALYSTS UNSPOOLED

When it comes to unflattering portraits of mental-health professionals on film, Glen O. Gabbard, as they say, wrote the book. Gabbard, a psychoanalyst and a professor of psychiatry at Baylor College of Medicine, in Houston, is the author of “Psychiatry and the Cinema,” a study of Hollywood’s transference issues. Gabbard’s book offers a catalogue of pompous quacks (“Mr. Deeds Goes to Town”), swingers with Prince Valiant hairdos (“What’s New Pussycat?”), sadistic enforcers of social conformity (“One Flew Over the Cuckoo’s Nest”), love-starved lady doctors (“The Prince of Tides”), and serial killers who eat their patients (“Silence of the Lambs”). “I wouldn’t say that I’m angry about it, but I sometimes feel a little annoyed,” Gabbard said the other day. “It’s the buffoonery that gets to me.”



“Wouldn’t you want it to end sooner if you knew we were planning a fantastic après-war party?”

Gabbard, a balding, avuncular man in his fifties, was in town for the American Psychoanalytic Association’s Winter Meeting, at the Waldorf-Astoria, where he moderated a symposium about the latest cinematic assault on his profession, a comedy called “The Treatment.” The movie, which opens in May, stars Chris Eigeman as an anxious Manhattan private-school English teacher, and Ian Holm as his bullying and meddlesome psychoanalyst.

The panelists included Daniel Menaker, the Random House editor and the author of the novel on which “The Treatment” is based, and Oren Rudavsky, its director. Menaker wrote the book after ten years in analysis. “I love analysts—they’re the salt of the earth,” he told Gabbard. “Well, maybe the cardamom of the earth.” Rudavsky is back on the couch after a three-year hiatus. He optioned Menaker’s book during his first go-round, after abandoning a plan to film actual sessions in his analyst’s office.

Gabbard opened with a joke (“I tend to start on time, because I was toilet trained in utero, and my patients deeply resent me for it”). Then he introduced Rudavsky, who, before screening clips from “The Treatment,” announced that he had dedicated the film to his own analyst, Jay R. Greenberg. “He’s probably somewhere in this hotel, but he promised that he wouldn’t come in here,” he said.

After the clips, some of the shrinks stepped up to a microphone to offer their thoughts. Alice Brand Bartlett said that she was moved by the film’s “poignant depiction of neurotic suffering,” while Alan Skolnikoff appreciated its satirical edge. He said, “I thought that was the point, rather than any kind of veridical representation of what analysis is.”

Not everyone agreed. David Goldman, a psychiatrist, said, “The film builds up a caricature of an analyst as someone who tries to manage and control you using some kind of weird, altered approach.” Rhona Engels, a psychotherapist, wondered why movies seem to offer three-dimensional portraits of patients but not of therapists. “I think it might have something to do with the power of what we do,” she said. “It can only be portrayed through projection—a kind of cutting down to size.”

Gabbard said simply, “If they ever

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showed an actual hour of therapy, it would be so boring that people would demand their money back."

Afterward, Gabbard joined the panelists for dinner. At one point, someone suggested coming up with a list of movies that portray psychiatrists in a favorable light. Rudavsky named "Suddenly Last Summer," in which Montgomery Clift plays a psychiatrist who saves Elizabeth Taylor from having a lobotomy. "Yes," Gabbard said with a sigh. "That was from the golden age of psychiatry in the cinema."

"How about that Marshall Brickman comedy 'Lovesick,' with Dudley Moore and Elizabeth McGovern?" Menaker said. "I thought it was quite charming."

"True, but it's about an analyst who sleeps with his patient," Gabbard said.

Gabbard's own list included "Ordinary People," but, he noted, "It's the Hollywood version of therapy, which usually involves a dramatic, cathartic cure, brought about by a de-repressed memory of a traumatic childhood event, followed by tears and hugging." He also cited the 1997 film "Good Will Hunting." "It's over the top, and the therapist uses methods that are unconventional and even outrageous," he said. "But a naïve audience member could see it and come away with the impression that sometimes therapy actually helps people."

—*Adam Green*

SCIONS
BLENDING IN

Loren Kreiss, the twenty-six-year-old scion of a family-owned furnishings company that is based in San Diego, moved to Manhattan in 2005 and would be the first to admit that becoming a New Yorker has been an education. First, there was the profile in the Real Estate section of the *Times*, which poked fun at his carefully tousled hair and at the contrived whimsicality of his Chelsea loft, in which all the clocks are deliberately set to the wrong time. ("His three-times-a-week maid often resets the clocks correctly, forcing Mr. Kreiss to reset them quirky again," the paper noted.) Then there was the item in Gawker.com, which asked, "If you're straight, why move to Chelsea and have such perfect eyebrows?"

"I got made fun of a bunch," Kreiss said the other day, insisting that his image as a party boy is a misrepresentation. "People are always saying, like, 'Oh, you must know Paris Hilton. What is she like?' Well, I *have* met Paris Hilton—our family is friendly with the Hilton family. But I am not going to knock someone who is more accomplished than I am at the moment."

Currently, Kreiss is using his measure of notoriety on behalf of the New York Foundling's Mott Haven Leadership Program, an after-school program for boys age eight and up, in one of the poorest neighborhoods in the Bronx. Last year, he provided disposable cameras to ten participants in the program, and asked them to shoot pictures that depicted their lives. Starting this week, Kreiss's selection of the best photographs will be on display at the Foundling headquarters, under the title "Hey Mister." One day last week, he headed uptown to meet with some of his young documentarians.

"At first, it was a little—I am not going to say awkward, but they were a little bit skeptical of me," he recalled, as his hired Town Car coursed along the F.D.R. Drive. "I am not sure if I blend in, especially with my hair gel and all that. But I always wear a pin with a picture of my dog, Dexter, so that warmed them up a bit." Kreiss's dog pin was fastened to the lapel of a corduroy sports jacket, which he wore over a shirt and a cashmere sweater. "The first time I came up here, I felt a little—I don't want to say foolish, but I came up in my car, which doesn't blend in so much," he said. (Usually, Kreiss drives a Jaguar.) "I don't want to hide who I am," he said. "But coming up here you realize how petty material possessions can be."

Several of Kreiss's photographers have moved on from the Foundling since last summer: one has been sent by his family to the Dominican Republic; another is moving among shelters; another has been hospitalized. To the few who were still on hand, Kreiss showed a short movie he had commissioned about the project, and the boys, after watching it—and commenting on the changes in their own hair styles since—offered their impressions of Kreiss.

"He looks like he grew up in the rich people's place—like he's spoiled," said eleven-year-old Patrick, whose contributions to the exhibition include a shot of a fight on a basketball court. (Patrick had one request for Kreiss about the movie: "Can you change my voice, because on the telephone and on the camera my voice changes. I want it deeper.")

"He looks like if he walks in the street here he'll be jumped," said Jairo, twelve, who mostly took pictures of graffiti.

"He looks like he comes from Beverly Hills," said Ismael, fourteen, who shot the street signs marking his own block, Morris Avenue and 152nd Street.

"I do come from Beverly Hills!" Kreiss said.

"He's, like, preppy," continued Ismael, who was wearing a blue cable-knit sweater over an Izod shirt. "I'm preppy now, too. But the way I used to dress, I could fit twenty people in my jeans."

The boys offered advice to Kreiss as a newcomer to the city. "Be careful in Queens," Ismael said. "Don't go to Brooklyn past twelve. And don't come to the Bronx with a lot of money.

"And Marmot coats—don't wear them," he added, referring to an expensive brand of ski wear. "If you wear them, people will rob you to the fullest."

Heading back downtown, Kreiss said, "I loved how they said I would get jumped if I walked outside! So cute!" But he admitted that the gulf between their life and his own was sobering.

"Obviously, I am blessed," he said. "I used to be defensive when people said, 'So, you're a rich kid,' but it is what it is, and I was born into my life the same way they were born into theirs.

"Half of me—and I say this with an asterisk attached—wishes I had the opportunity to prove my merits from the start," he went on. "But I hope that, at the end of my life, it looks like I did something on my own. Look at Howard Hughes—he came from privilege, and look what he accomplished. Of course, at the end of his life he went mad, so I don't want to take that too far. But people say to me, 'Well, Loren, then why don't you go live in a third-floor walkup? Why don't you get rid of your maid and your car?' Well, that would be a pain in the ass. You're damned if you do and damned if you don't. I want to say I am different, but everyone thinks they are different."

—*Rebecca Mead*

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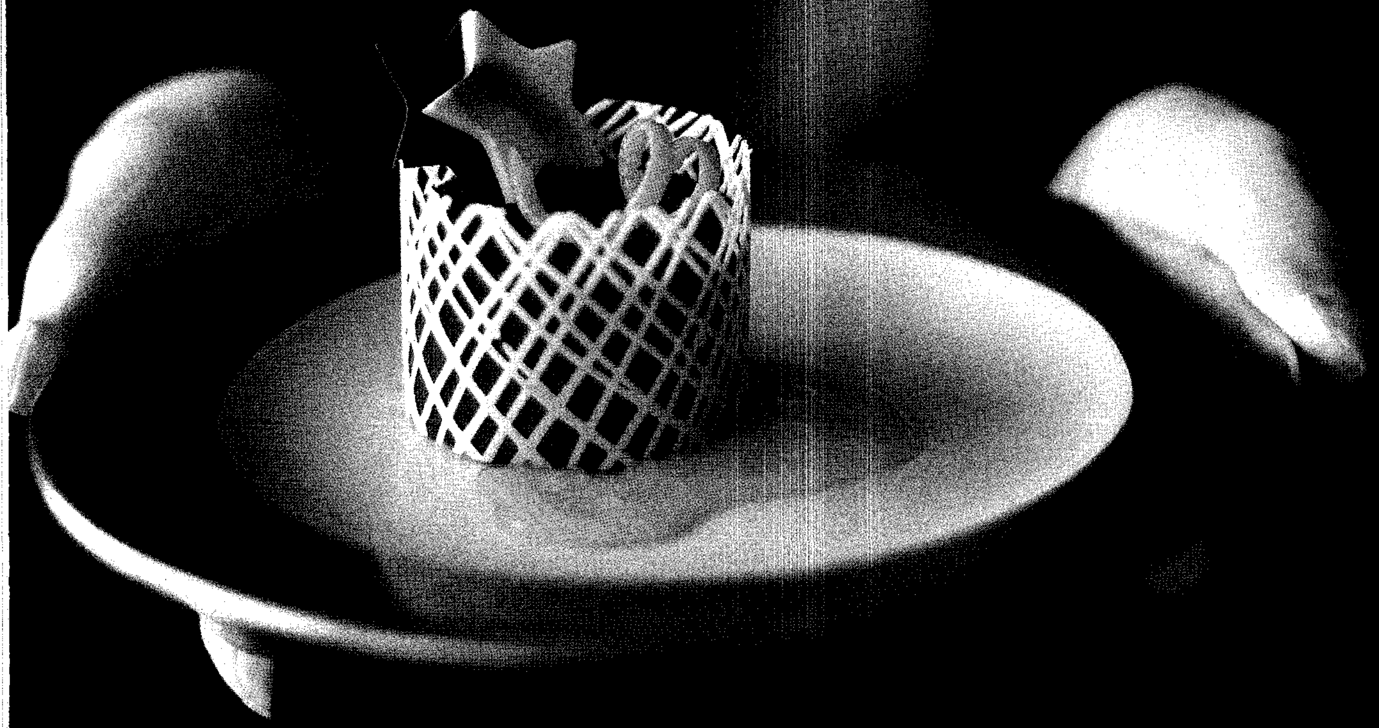

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THE FINANCIAL PAGE
TROUBLED WATERS OVER OIL

The past few months haven't been easy for Iran's President, Mahmoud Ahmadinejad. His refusal to halt Iran's uranium-enrichment program led the United Nations to impose sanctions in December. Inflation in Iran has exploded, with the price of commodities like bread and meat rising as much as twenty-five per cent. In the country's recent municipal elections, Ahmadinejad's political allies were crushed, and clerics and lawmakers have begun criticizing him in public. Worse still, through the second half of 2006 the price of oil tumbled almost thirty per cent, a disaster for an economy as dependent on oil revenue as Iran's. (The country pumps almost four million barrels of oil a day and ultimately exports more than half of it.) And then the Bush Administration said that it had authorized U.S. troops to detain or kill any Iranians found to be working with the Iraqi insurgency, and dispatched a second aircraft-carrier group to the Persian Gulf, sparking rumors that a military strike against Iran was in the works.

This latest confrontation with the U.S. should have been the capper to a bad winter for Ahmadinejad. Strangely, though, it may instead have brought about an upturn in his fortunes. Soon, oil prices started to rise, jumping twenty per cent in just two weeks. As a result, the Iranian regime suddenly has an extra twenty million dollars or so to spend every day, a windfall that will help Ahmadinejad to placate his critics and solve some of his country's more pressing economic problems.

The jump in oil prices wasn't entirely a geopolitical phenomenon—the cold snap in the U.S. was also a big factor—but it was driven in part by an increase in what oil traders call the "risk premium." When buying and selling oil, traders don't just look at today's supply and demand. They also try to forecast the future. And if buyers think there's a chance that supply is going to be lower down the line—because, say, Iranian oil fields will be shut down—they will be willing to pay a higher price today in order to guarantee that they will have the oil they need. That's why, in the run-up to the Iraq war, oil prices jumped more than fifty per cent. In the current confrontation between the U.S. and Iran, these same concerns create a perverse set of incentives: whenever the U.S. says things that make a military conflict with Iran seem more likely, the price of oil rises, strengthening Iran's regime rather than weakening it. The more we talk about curbing Iranian power, the more difficult it gets.

It's hard to measure the risk premium exactly, but most estimates suggest that in the past couple of years, thanks largely to the turmoil in the Middle East, it has accounted for somewhere between ten and twenty dollars on each barrel of oil. (Last year, Qatar's oil minister said, "If you can stop the politicians from making negative statements, I am sure you will see almost fifteen dollars disappear from the price.") And, because Iran has the world's second-largest reserves and pumps so much oil, trouble with Tehran sends the premium soaring. Ten months ago, for instance, when Iranian leaders were talking about their progress in enriching uranium, and were threatening to attack Israel in response to any U.S. attack, the price of oil rose to more than seventy-five dollars a barrel. The economic consequences of this are not trivial; in the past few years, the inflated risk premium has given Iran tens of billions of dollars that it would otherwise not have had.

This helps Ahmadinejad enormously, because Iran has made huge commitments to government spending that can be kept only by relying on oil revenue. Last year, Iran spent more than forty billion dollars on things like subsidies for gasoline, bread, and heating fuel, and to keep money-losing enterprises in business. High oil prices also help protect Iran against the woeful state of its oil infrastructure. Getting a barrel of oil out of the ground can cost Iran three or four times what it costs Saudi Arabia, and a recent paper by Roger Stern, an economic geographer at Johns Hopkins University, argues that Iran's lack of investment in its oil fields has reached a point where the country may be unable to export oil within the decade. Iran, in short, may well be running itself into the ground. But higher oil prices defer the day of reckoning.

The persistence of the risk premium means that Ahmadinejad, whatever his religious or nationalist inspiration, has an economic incentive to say confrontational things that spook the oil market. But the effect of his pronouncements is limited, because traders know that self-interest is likely to keep Iran from doing anything that would cut off the supply of oil. What really keeps the risk premium high is the American penchant for public responses to Iran's provocations. So cooling down the martial rhetoric—even if we plan to take military action eventually—would likely bring oil prices down for a time, making Iran weaker. History shows that regimes that inflate their promises to their citizens during periods of high oil prices often have a hard time when prices fall. (The collapse of the Soviet Union, which, in the nineteen-seventies, had used oil wealth to make modest improvements in the standard of living of its people, was likely accelerated by the collapse of oil prices in the mid-eighties.) Lower oil prices won't, by themselves, topple the mullahs in Iran. But it's significant that, historically, when oil prices have been low, Iranian reformers have been ascendant and radicals relatively subdued, and vice versa when prices have been high. Talking tough may look like a good way of demonstrating U.S. resolve, but when tough talk makes our opponent richer and stronger we may accomplish more by saying less.

—*James Surowiecki*

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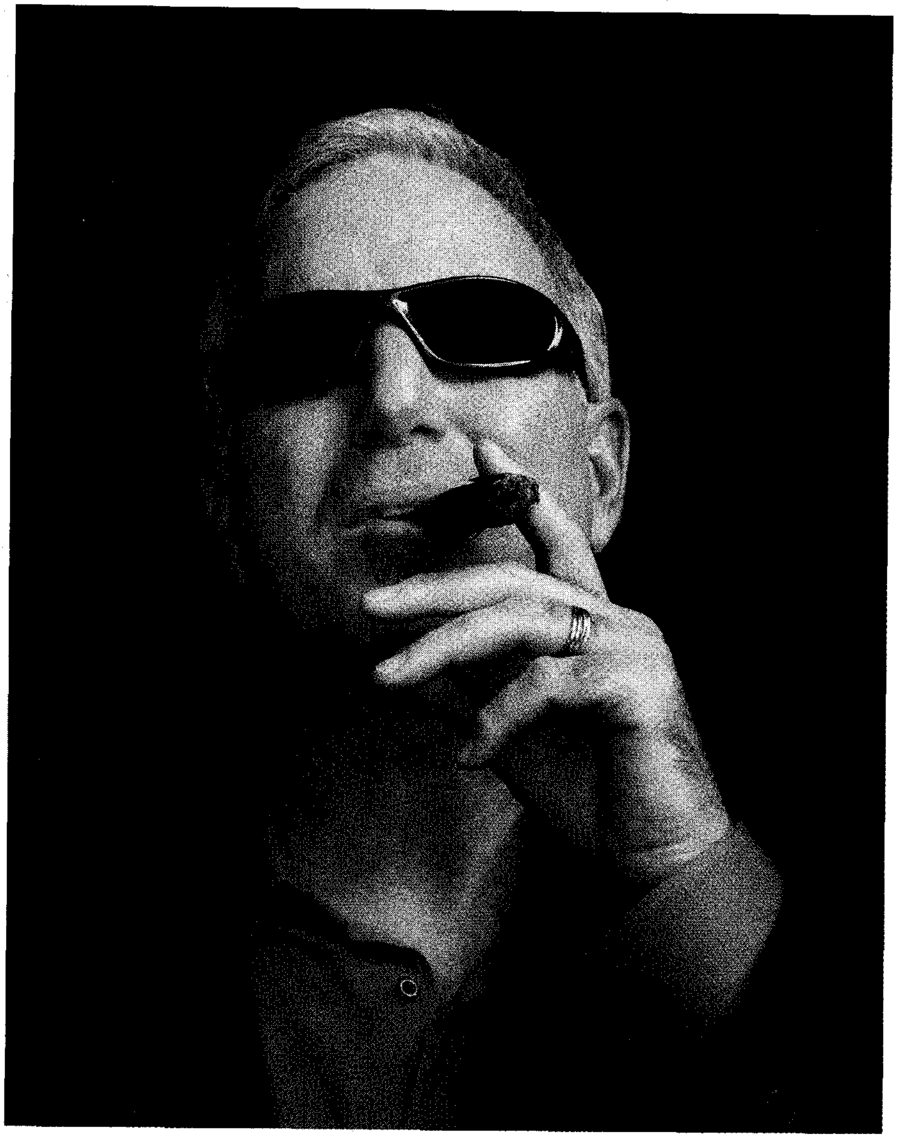
LETTER FROM HOLLYWOOD

WHATEVER IT TAKES

The politics of the man behind "24."

BY JANE MAYER



Joel Surnow calls the show he helped create "patriotic." Photograph by Martin Schoeller.

The office desk of Joel Surnow—the co-creator and executive producer of "24," the popular counterterrorism drama on Fox—faces a wall dominated by an American flag in a glass case. A small label reveals that the flag once flew over Baghdad, after the American invasion of Iraq, in 2003. A few years ago, Surnow received it as a gift from an Army regiment stationed in Iraq; the soldiers had shared a collection of "24" DVDs, he told me, until it was destroyed by an enemy bomb. "The military loves our show," he said recently. Surnow is fifty-two, and has the gangly, coiled energy of an athlete; his hair is close-cropped, and he has a "soul patch"—a smidgen of beard beneath his lower lip. When he was young, he worked as a carpet salesman with his father. The trick to selling anything, he learned, is to carry yourself with confidence and get the customer to like you within the first five minutes. He's got it down. "People in the Administration love the series, too," he said. "It's a patriotic show. They *should* love it."

Surnow's production company, Real Time Entertainment, is in the San Fernando Valley, and occupies a former pencil factory: a bland, two-story industrial building on an abject strip of parking lots and fast-food restaurants. Surnow, a cigar enthusiast, has converted a room down the hall from his office into a salon with burled-wood humidors and a full bar; his friend Rush Limbaugh, the conservative talk-radio host, sometimes joins him there for a smoke. (Not long ago, Surnow threw Limbaugh a party and presented him with a custom-made "24" smoking jacket.) The ground floor of the factory has a large soundstage on which many of "24" 's interior scenes are shot, including those set at the perpetually tense Los Angeles bureau of the Counter Terrorist Unit, or C.T.U.—a fictional federal agency that pursues America's enemies with steely resourcefulness.

Each season of "24," which has been airing on Fox since 2001, depicts a single, panic-laced day in which Jack Bauer—a heroic C.T.U. agent, played by Kiefer Sutherland—must unravel and undermine a conspiracy that imperils the nation. Terrorists are poised to set off nuclear bombs or bioweapons, or in some other way annihilate entire cities. The twisting story line forces Bauer and his colleagues to make a series of grim choices that pit liberty against security. Frequently, the dilemma is stark: a resistant suspect can either be accorded due process—allowing a terrorist plot to proceed—or be tortured in pursuit of a lead. Bauer invariably chooses coercion. With unnerving efficiency, suspects are beaten, suffocated, electrocuted, drugged, assaulted with knives, or more exotically abused; almost without fail, these suspects divulge critical secrets.

The show's appeal, however, lies less in its violence than in its giddily literal rendering of a classic thriller trope: the "ticking time bomb" plot. Each hour-long episode represents an hour in the life of the characters, and every minute that passes onscreen brings the United States a minute closer to doomsday. (Surnow came up with this concept, which he calls the show's "trick.") As many as half a dozen interlocking stories unfold simultaneously—frequently on a split screen—and a digital clock appears before and

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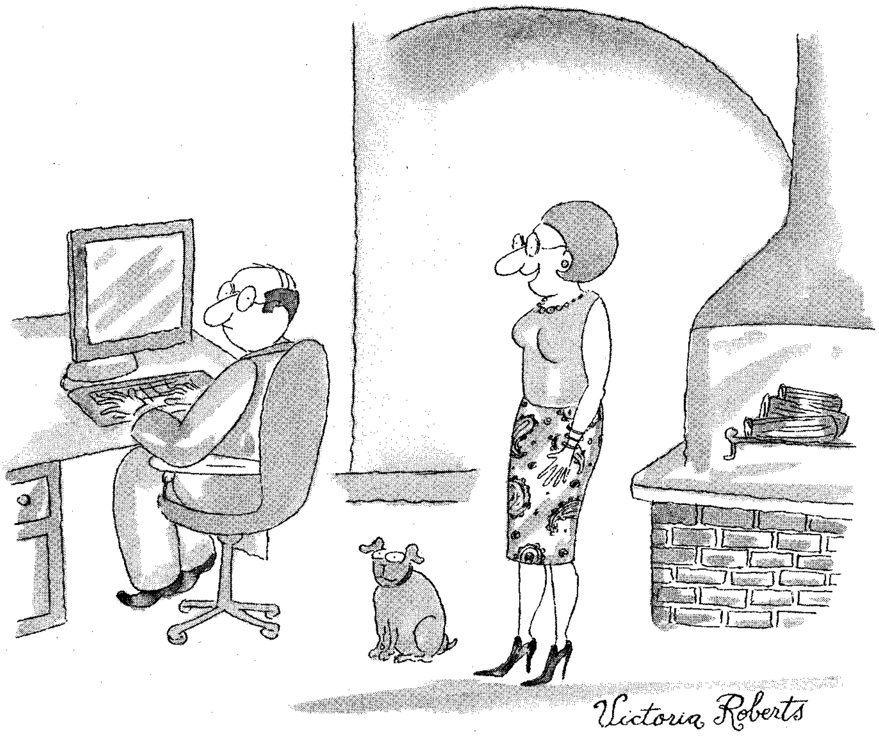

"I'm giving up Google for Lent."

after every commercial break, marking each second with an ominous clang. The result is a riveting sensation of narrative velocity.

Bob Cochran, who created the show with Surnow, admitted, "Most terrorism experts will tell you that the 'ticking time bomb' situation never occurs in real life, or very rarely. But on our show it happens every week." According to Darius Rejali, a professor of political science at Reed College and the author of the forthcoming book "Torture and Democracy," the conceit of the ticking time bomb first appeared in Jean Lartéguy's 1960 novel "Les Centurions," written during the brutal French occupation of Algeria. The book's hero, after beating a female Arab dissident into submission, uncovers an imminent plot to explode bombs all over Algeria and must race against the clock to stop it. Rejali, who has examined the available records of the conflict, told me that the story has no basis in fact. In his view, the story line of "Les Centurions" provided French liberals a more palatable rationale for torture than the racist explanations supplied by others (such as the notion that the Algerians, inherently simpleminded, understood only brute force). Lartéguy's scenario exploited an insecurity shared by many liberal societies—that their enlightened legal systems had made them vulnerable to security threats.

"24," which last year won an Emmy Award for Outstanding Drama Series, packs an improbable amount of intrigue into twenty-four hours, and its outlandishness marks it clearly as a fantasy, an heir to the baroque potboilers of Tom Clancy and Vince Flynn. Nevertheless, the show obviously plays off the anxieties that have beset the country since September 11th, and it sends a political message. The series, Surnow told me, is "ripped out of the Zeitgeist of what people's fears are—their paranoia that we're going to be attacked," and it "makes people look at what we're dealing with" in terms of threats to national security. "There are not a lot of measures short of extreme measures that will get it done," he said, adding, "America wants the war on terror fought by Jack Bauer. He's a patriot."

For all its fictional liberties, "24" depicts the fight against Islamist extremism much as the Bush Administration has defined it: as an all-consuming struggle for America's survival that demands the toughest of tactics. Not long after September 11th, Vice-President Dick Cheney alluded vaguely to the fact that America must begin working through the "dark side" in countering terrorism. On "24," the dark side is on full view. Surnow, who has jokingly called himself a "right-wing nut job," shares his show's hard-line perspective. Speaking of torture, he said, "Isn't it obvious that if there was a nuke in New York City that was about to blow—or any other city in this country—that, even if you were going to go to jail, it would be the right thing to do?"

Since September 11th, depictions of torture have become much more common on American television. Before the attacks, fewer than four acts of torture appeared on prime-time television each year, according to Human Rights First, a nonprofit organization. Now there are more than a hundred, and, as David Danzig, a project director at Human Rights First, noted, "the torturers have changed. It used to be almost exclusively the villains who tortured. Today, torture is often perpetrated by the heroes." The Parents' Television Council, a nonpartisan watchdog group, has counted what it says are sixty-seven torture scenes during the first five seasons of "24"—more than one every other show. Melissa Caldwell, the council's senior director of programs, said, " '24' is the worst offender on television: the most frequent, most graphic, and the leader in the trend of showing the protagonists using torture."

The show's villains usually inflict the more gruesome tortures: their victims are hung on hooks, like carcasses in a butcher shop; poked with smoking-hot scalpels; or abraded with sanding machines. In many episodes, however, heroic American officials act as tormentors, even though torture is illegal under U.S. law. (The United Nations Convention Against Torture, which took on the force of federal law when it was ratified by the Senate in 1994, specifies that "no exceptional circumstances, whatsoever, whether a state of war or a threat of war, internal political instability or any other public emergency, may be invoked as a justification of torture.") In one episode, a fictional President commands a member of his Secret Service to torture a suspected traitor: his national-security adviser. The victim is jolted with defibrillator paddles while his feet are submerged in a tub filled with water. As the voltage is turned up, the President, who is depicted as a scrupulous

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leader, watches the suspect suffer on a video feed. The viewer, who knows that the adviser is guilty and harbors secrets, becomes complicit in hoping that the torture works. A few minutes before the suspect gives in, the President utters the show's credo, "Everyone breaks eventually." (Virtually the sole exception to this rule is Jack Bauer. The current season begins with Bauer being released from a Chinese prison, after two years of ceaseless torture; his back is scarred and his hands are burnt, but a Communist official who transfers Bauer to U.S. custody says that he "never broke his silence.")

C.T.U. agents have used some of the same controversial interrogation methods that the U.S. has employed on some Al Qaeda suspects. In one instance, Bauer denies painkillers to a female terrorist who is suffering from a bullet wound, just as American officials have acknowledged doing in the case of Abu Zubaydah—one of the highest-ranking Al Qaeda operatives in U.S. custody. "I need to use every advantage I've got," Bauer explains to the victim's distressed sister.

The show sometimes toys with the audience's discomfort about abusive interrogations. In Season Two, Bauer threatens to murder a terrorist's wife and children, one by one, before the prisoner's eyes. The suspect watches, on closed-circuit television, what appears to be an execution-style slaying of his son. Threatened with the murder of additional family members, the father gives up vital information—but Bauer appears to have gone too far. It turns out, though, that the killing of the child was staged. Bauer, the show implies, hasn't crossed the line after all. Yet, under U.S. and international law, a mock execution is considered psychological torture, and is illegal.

On one occasion, Bauer loses his nerve about inflicting torture, but the show implicitly rebukes his qualms. In the episode, Bauer attempts to break a suspected terrorist by plunging a knife in his shoulder; the victim's screams clearly disquiet him. Bauer says to an associate, unconvincingly, that he has looked into the victim's eyes and knows that "he's not going to tell us anything." The other man takes over, fiercely gouging the suspect's knee—at which point the suspect yells out details of a plot to explode a suitcase nuke in Los Angeles.

Throughout the series, secondary characters raise moral objections to abusive interrogation tactics. Yet the show never engages in a serious dialogue on the subject. Nobody argues that torture doesn't work, or that it undermines America's foreign-policy strategy. Instead, the doubters tend to be softhearted dupes. A tremulous liberal, who defends a Middle Eastern neighbor from vigilantism, is killed when the neighbor turns out to be a terrorist. When a civil-liberties-minded lawyer makes a high-toned argument to a Presidential aide against unwarranted detentions—"You continue to arrest innocent people, you're giving the terrorists exactly what they want," she says—the aide sarcastically responds, "Well! You've got the makings of a splendid law-review article here. I'll pass it on to the President."

In another episode, a human-rights lawyer from a fictional organization called Amnesty Global tells Bauer, who wants to rough up an uncharged terror suspect, that he will violate the Constitution. Bauer responds, "I don't wanna bypass the Constitution, but these are extraordinary circumstances." He appeals to the President, arguing that any interrogation permitted by the law won't be sufficiently harsh. "If we want to procure any information from this suspect, we're going to have to do it behind closed doors," he says.

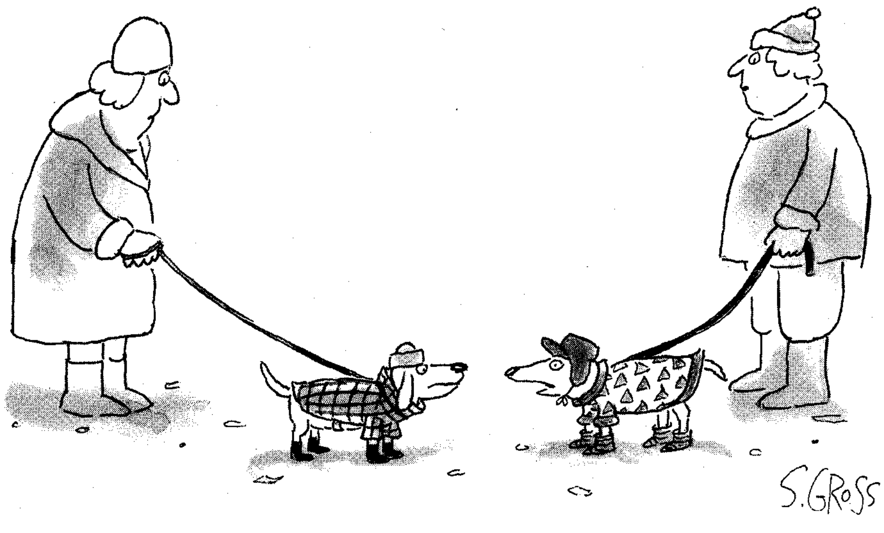
"You're talking about torturing this man?" the President says.

"I'm talking about doing what's necessary to stop this warhead from being used against us," Bauer answers.

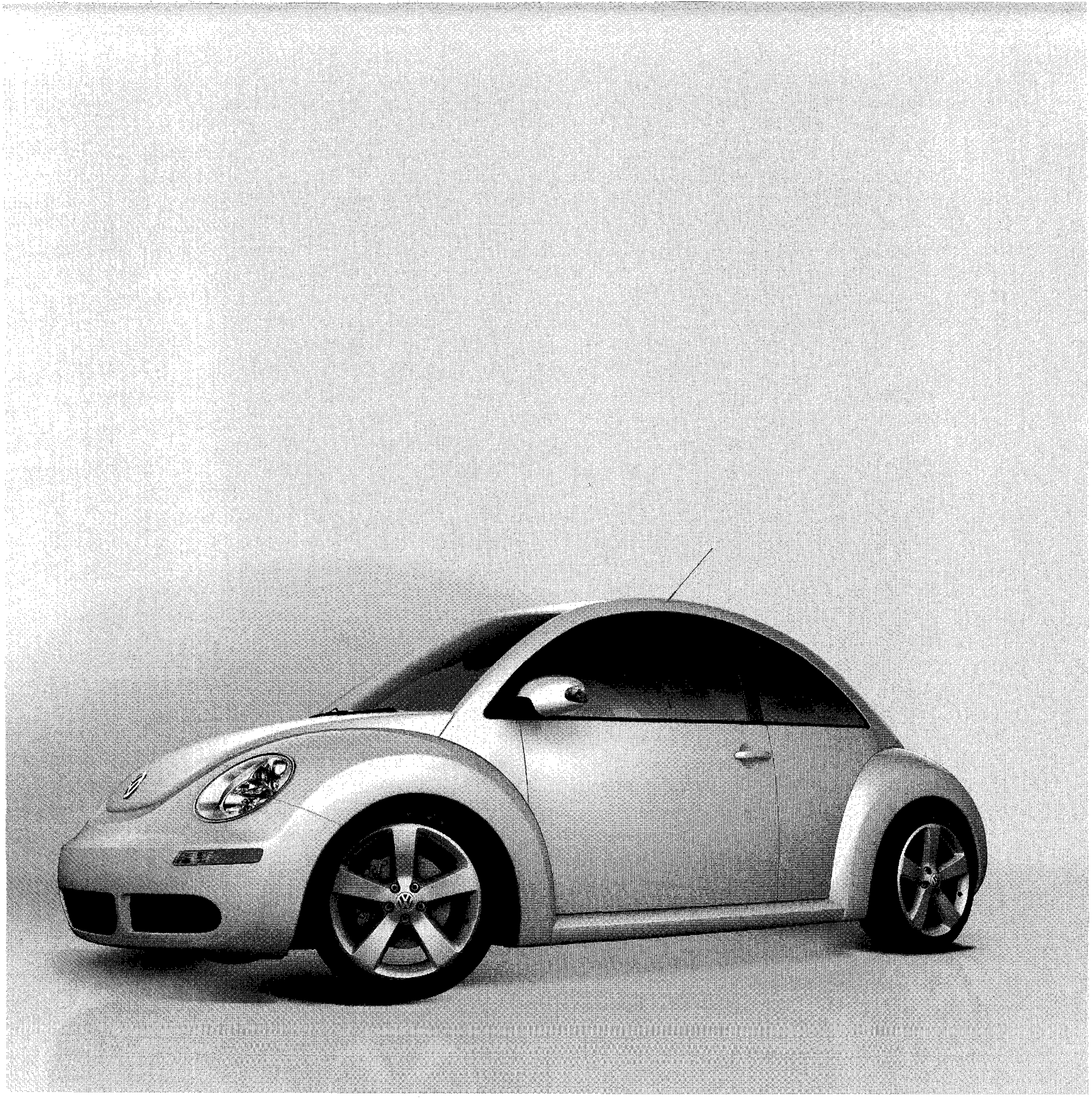
When the President wavers, Bauer temporarily quits his job so that he can avoid defying the chain of command, and breaks the suspect's fingers. The suspect still won't talk, so Bauer puts a knife to his throat; this elicits the desired information. He then knocks the suspect out with a punch, telling him, "This will help you with the pain."

Howard Gordon, who is the series' "show runner," or lead writer, told me that he concocts many of the torture scenes himself. "Honest to God, I'd call them improvisations in sadism," he said. Several copies of the C.I.A.'s 1963 KUBARK interrogation manual can be found at the "24" offices, but Gordon said that, "for the most part, our imaginations are the source. Sometimes these ideas are inspired by a scene's location or come from props—what's on the set." He explained that much of the horror is conjured by the viewer. "To see a scalpel and see it move below the frame of the screen is a lot scarier than watching the whole thing. When you get a camera moving fast, and someone screaming, it really works." In recent years, he said, "we've resorted a lot to a pharmacological sort of thing." A character named Burke—a federal employee of the C.T.U. who carries a briefcase filled with elephantine hypodermic needles—has proved indispensable. "He'll inject chemicals that cause horrible pain that can knock down your defenses—a sort of sodium pentothal plus," Gordon said. "When we're stuck, we say, 'Call Burke!' " He added, "The truth is, there's a certain amount of fatigue. It's getting hard not to repeat the same torture techniques over and over."

Gordon, who is a "moderate Demo-



"I can't wait until I'm old enough to dress myself."



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crat," said that it worries him when "critics say that we've enabled and reflected the public's appetite for torture. Nobody wants to be the handmaid to a relaxed policy that accepts torture as a legitimate means of interrogation." He went on, "But the *premise* of '24' is the ticking time bomb. It takes an unusual situation and turns it into the meat and potatoes of the show." He paused. "I think people can differentiate between a television show and reality."

This past November, U.S. Army Brigadier General Patrick Finnegan, the dean of the United States Military Academy at West Point, flew to Southern California to meet with the creative team behind "24." Finnegan, who was accompanied by three of the most experienced military and F.B.I. interrogators in the country, arrived on the set as the crew was filming. At first, Finnegan—wearing an immaculate Army uniform, his chest covered in ribbons and medals—aroused confusion: he was taken for an actor and was asked by someone what time his "call" was.

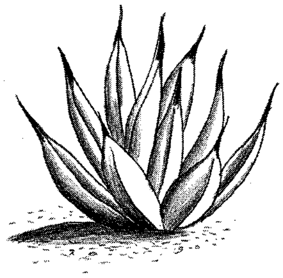
In fact, Finnegan and the others had come to voice their concern that the show's central political premise—that the letter of American law must be sacrificed for the country's security—was having a toxic effect. In their view, the show promoted unethical and illegal behavior and had adversely affected the training and performance of real American soldiers. "I'd like them to stop," Finnegan said of the show's producers. "They should do a show where torture backfires."

The meeting, which lasted a couple of hours, had been arranged by David Danzig, the Human Rights First official. Several top producers of "24" were present, but Surnow was conspicuously absent. Surnow explained to me, "I just can't sit in a room that long. I'm too A.D.D.—I can't sit still." He told the group that the meeting conflicted with a planned conference call with Roger Ailes, the chairman of the Fox News Channel. (Another participant in the conference call attended the meeting.) Ailes wanted to discuss a project that Surnow has been planning for months: the début, on February 18th, of "The Half Hour News Hour," a conservative satirical treatment of the week's news; Surnow sees the show as offering a counterpoint to the liberal slant of "The Daily Show with Jon Stewart."

Before the meeting, Stuart Herrington, one of the three veteran interrogators, had prepared a list of seventeen effective techniques, none of which were abusive. He and the others described various tactics, such as giving suspects a postcard to send home, thereby learning the name and address of their next of kin. After Howard Gordon, the lead writer, listened to some of Herrington's suggestions, he slammed his fist on the table and joked, "You're hired!" He also excitedly asked the West Point delegation if they knew of any effective truth serums.

At other moments, the discussion was more strained. Finnegan told the producers that "24," by suggesting that the U.S. government perpetrates myriad forms of torture, hurts the country's image internationally. Finnegan, who is a lawyer, has for a number of years taught a course on the laws of war to West Point seniors—cadets who would soon be commanders in the battlefields of Iraq and Afghanistan. He always tries, he said, to get his students to sort out not just what is legal but what is right. However, it had become increasingly hard to convince some cadets that America had to respect the rule of law and human rights, even when terrorists did not. One reason for the growing resistance, he suggested, was misperceptions spread by "24," which was exceptionally popular with his students. As he told me, "The kids see it, and say, 'If torture is wrong, what about "24"?' " He continued, "The disturbing thing is that although torture may cause Jack Bauer some angst, it is always the patriotic thing to do."

Gary Solis, a retired law professor who designed and taught the Law of War for Commanders curriculum at West Point, told me that he had similar arguments with his students. He said that, under both U.S. and international law, "Jack Bauer is a criminal. In real life, he would be prosecuted." Yet the motto of many of his students was identical to Jack Bauer's: "Whatever it takes." His students were particularly impressed by a scene in which Bauer barges into a room where a stubborn suspect is being held, shoots him in one leg, and threatens to shoot the other if he doesn't talk. In less than ten seconds, the suspect reveals that his associates plan to assassinate the Secretary of Defense. Solis told me, "I tried to impress on them that this technique would open the wrong doors, but it was like trying to stomp out an anthill."



The "24" producers told the military and law-enforcement experts that they were careful not to glamorize torture; they noted that Bauer never enjoys inflicting pain, and that it had clearly exacted a psychological toll on the character. (As Gordon put it to me, "Jack is basically damned.") Finnegan and the others disagreed, pointing out that Bauer remains coolly rational after committing barbarous acts, including the decapitation of a state's witness with a hacksaw. Joe Navarro, one of the F.B.I.'s top experts in questioning techniques, attended the meeting; he told me, "Only a psychopath can torture and be unaffected. You don't want people like that in your organization. They are untrustworthy, and tend to have grotesque other problems."

Cochran, who has a law degree, listened politely to the delegation's complaints. He told me that he supports the use of torture "in narrow circumstances" and believes that it can be justified under the Constitution. "The Doctrine of Necessity says you can occasionally break the law to prevent greater harm," he said. "I think that could supersede the Convention Against Torture." (Few legal scholars agree with this argument.) At the meeting, Cochran demanded to know what the interrogators would do if they faced the imminent threat of a nuclear blast in New York City, and had custody of a suspect who knew how to stop it. One interrogator said that he would apply physical coercion only if he received a personal directive from the President. But Navarro, who estimates that he has conducted some twelve thousand interrogations, replied that torture was not an effective response. "These are very determined people, and they won't turn just because you pull a fingernail out," he told me. And Finnegan argued that torturing fanatical Islamist terrorists is particularly

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: [illegible]

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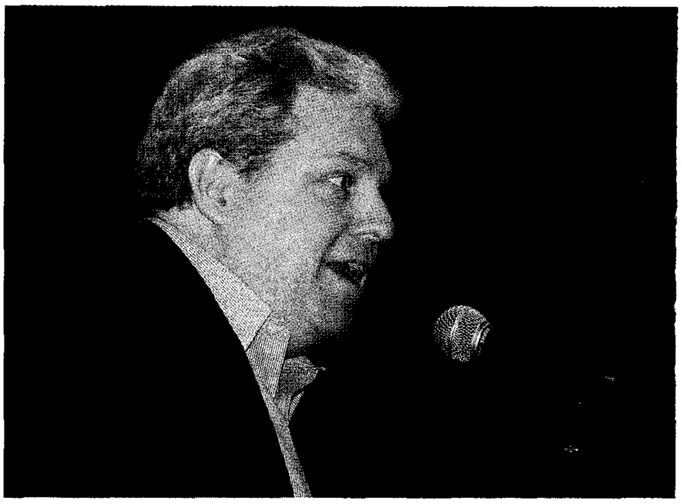

Everyone Has a Story

IMPEACHMENT DAY

Voted a Favorite by The Moth Audience

JOE LOCKHART is an award-winning journalist who served as White House press secretary and senior advisor to President Clinton from 1998–2000. Lockhart is now a partner in the Glover Park Group, strategic consultants specializing in advertising and public relations in Washington, D.C. The following is a transcript of a story that Lockhart told live at The Moth.

My story starts in late July in Washington, D.C. It was a typical hot summer day. I found myself alone in the Oval Office, and in walked the President of the United States, William Jefferson Clinton. And he said to me, "I hear you want to be my next press secretary." And I said, "Yes sir, I think so." And so it happened. Now, there were some warning signs that I should have recognized. Some were obvious—like, you know, the Lewinsky investigation. Others were not so obvious. One was, when the guy who I was replacing, Mike McCurry, heard I got the job, he started smiling. And for six weeks the smile didn't come off his face.

The second, which was weird, was that I was the *only* applicant for the job. There was no interview process. Nobody else applied. I was the only one in America who seemed to want the job. But I had this thing about challenging myself personally—like standing here right now. And so I thought, "You know, I can do this, so I'm gonna try to do it."

I didn't have to wait long for the first challenge. On my very first day walking out to the podium in the White House pressroom, simultaneously, to the moment, the House Judiciary Committee was gathering for the third presidential impeachment hearings in the history of the country. So, you know, I had a few things on my mind. And I would love to say that I got off to a good start. But I can't.

> "You don't know anxiety until you've woken up as the White House press secretary on your first foreign trip at 6:15 A.M., in Moscow, without a passport, knowing you've missed Air Force One."

Just after I was hired, we went on a trip. We went off to Russia, then we were going to Ireland. We were doing foreign policy stuff. The trip was going pretty well. The last night, in Moscow, I was coming into the hotel and I ran into an old friend of mine, the godfather to my daughter, who I hadn't seen in a couple of years. And he said, "Come on, we gotta go out." He convinced me, you know, so we go see the real Moscow. And we went to, I'll never forget, a place called The Hungry Duck. I ended up staying until five in the morning. Which was O.K., because we weren't leaving until six.

So I got back to my hotel and made one mistake, which was to sit down on the bed. And, obviously, I fell asleep. I'm telling you, you don't know anxiety until you've woken up as the White House press secretary on your first foreign trip at 6:15 A.M., in Moscow, without a passport, knowing you've missed Air Force One. Now, the only good thing that I could think of was, the day couldn't get worse. I was wrong . . .

READ "IMPEACHMENT DAY" IN ITS ENTIRETY AT WWW.THEMOTH.ORG/ARTOFTHESTORY.

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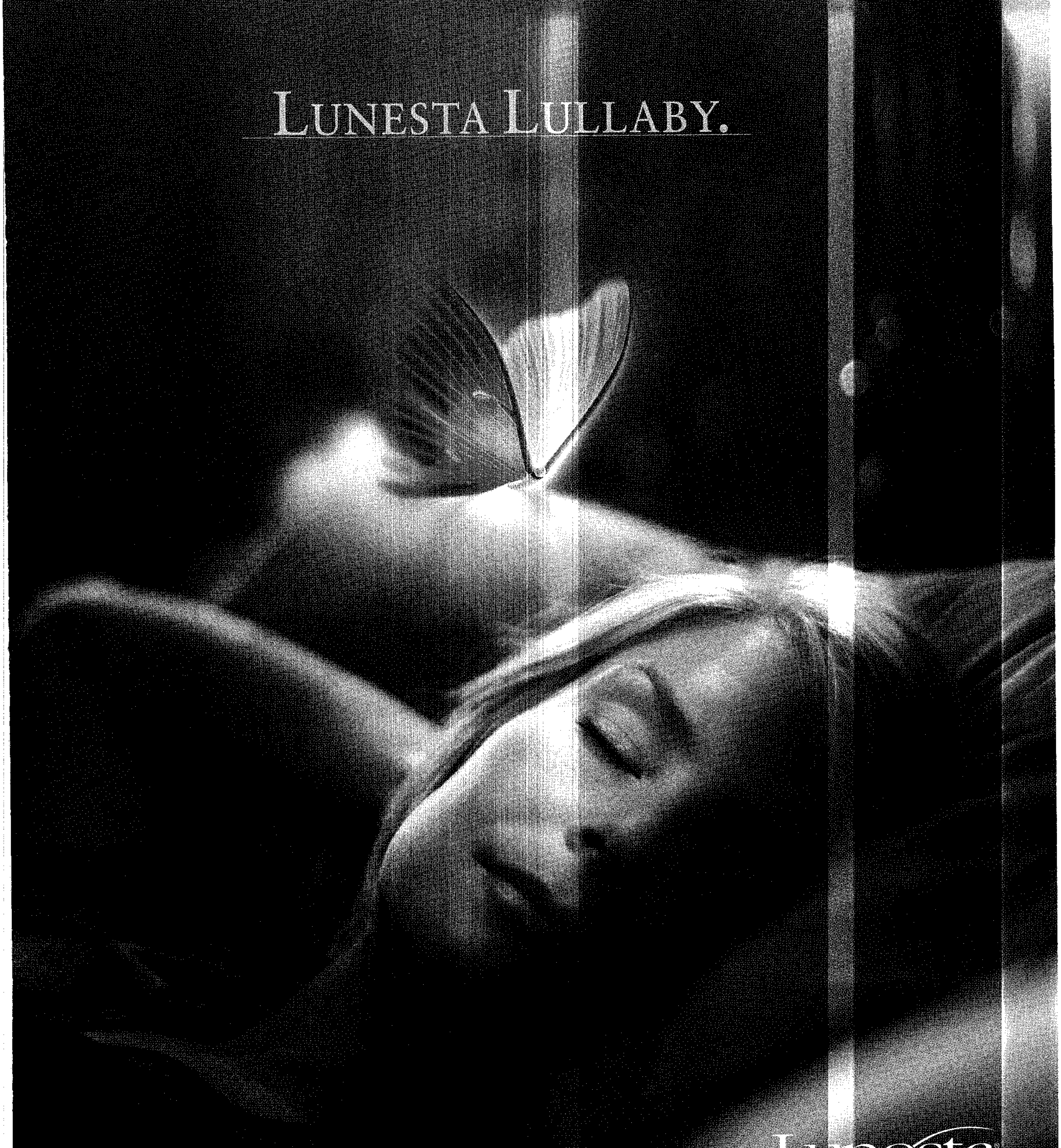
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IMPORTANT SAFETY INFORMATION: LUNESTA works quickly, and should be taken right before bed. Be sure you have at least eight hours to devote to sleep before becoming active. Until you know how you'll react to prescription LUNESTA, you should not drive or operate machinery. Do not use alcohol while taking LUNESTA. Most sleep medicines carry some risk of dependency. Side effects may include unpleasant taste, headache, drowsiness and dizziness. See important patient information on the next page.

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Lunesta™ (eszopiclone)CIV

1, 2 AND 3 MG TABLETS

Please read this summary of information about LUNESTA before you talk to your doctor or start using LUNESTA. It is not meant to take the place of your doctor's instructions. If you have any questions about LUNESTA tablets, be sure to ask your doctor or pharmacist.

LUNESTA is used to treat different types of sleep problems, such as difficulty in falling asleep, difficulty in maintaining sleep during the night, and waking up too early in the morning. Most people with insomnia have more than one of these problems. You should take LUNESTA immediately before going to bed because of the risk of falling.

LUNESTA belongs to a group of medicines known as "hypnotics" or, simply, sleep medicines. There are many different sleep medicines available to help people sleep better. Insomnia is often transient and intermittent. It usually requires treatment for only a short time, usually 7 to 10 days up to 2 weeks. If your insomnia does not improve after 7 to 10 days of treatment, see your doctor, because it may be a sign of an underlying condition. Some people have chronic sleep problems that may require more prolonged use of sleep medicine. However, you should not use these medicines for long periods without talking with your doctor about the risks and benefits of prolonged use.

Side Effects

All medicines have side effects. The most common side effects of sleep medicines are:

- Drowsiness
- Dizziness
- Lightheadedness
- Difficulty with coordination

Sleep medicines can make you sleepy during the day. How drowsy you feel depends upon how your body reacts to the medicine, which sleep medicine you are taking, and how large a dose your doctor has prescribed. Daytime drowsiness is best avoided by taking the lowest dose possible that will still help you sleep at night. Your doctor will work with you to find the dose of LUNESTA that is best for you. Some people taking LUNESTA have reported next-day sleepiness.

To manage these side effects while you are taking this medicine:

- When you first start taking LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine, until you know whether the medicine will still have some effect on you the next day, use extreme care while doing anything that requires complete alertness, such as driving a car, operating machinery, or piloting an aircraft.
- Do not drink alcohol when you are taking LUNESTA or any sleep medicine. Alcohol can increase the side effects of LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine.
- Do not take any other medicines without asking your doctor first. This includes medicines you can buy without a prescription. Some medicines can cause drowsiness and are best avoided while taking LUNESTA.
- Always take the exact dose of LUNESTA prescribed by your doctor. Never change your dose without talking to your doctor first.

Special Concerns

There are some special problems that may occur while taking sleep medicines.

Memory Problems

Sleep medicines may cause a special type of memory loss or "amnesia." When this occurs, a person may not remember what has happened for several hours after taking the medicine. This is usually not a problem since most people fall asleep after taking the medicine. Memory loss can be a problem, however, when sleep medicines are taken while traveling, such as during an airplane flight and the person wakes up before the effect of the medicine is gone. This has been called "traveler's amnesia." Memory problems have been reported rarely by patients taking LUNESTA in clinical studies. In most cases, memory problems can be avoided if you take LUNESTA only when you are able to get a full night of sleep before you need to be active again. Be sure to talk to your doctor if you think you are having memory problems.

Tolerance

When sleep medicines are used every night for more than a few weeks, they may lose their effectiveness in helping you sleep. This is known as "tolerance." Development of tolerance to LUNESTA was not observed in a clinical study of 6 months' duration. Insomnia is often transient and intermittent, and prolonged use of sleep medicines is generally not necessary. Some people, though, have chronic sleep problems that may require more prolonged use of sleep medicine. If your sleep problems continue, consult your doctor, who will determine whether other measures are needed to overcome your sleep problems.

Dependence

Sleep medicines can cause dependence in some people, especially when these medicines are used regularly for longer than a few weeks or at high doses. Dependence is the need to continue taking a medicine because stopping it is unpleasant.

When people develop dependence, stopping the medicine suddenly may cause unpleasant symptoms (see *Withdrawal* below). They may find they have to keep taking the medicine either at the prescribed dose or at increasing doses just to avoid withdrawal symptoms.

All people taking sleep medicines have some risk of becoming dependent on the medicine. However, people who have been dependent on alcohol or other drugs in the past may have a higher chance of becoming addicted to sleep medicines. This possibility must be considered before using these medicines for more than a few weeks. If you have been addicted to alcohol or drugs in the past, it is important to tell your doctor before starting LUNESTA or any sleep medicine.

Withdrawal

Withdrawal symptoms may occur when sleep medicines are stopped suddenly after being used daily for a long time. In some cases, these symptoms can occur even if the medicine has been used for only a week or two. In mild cases, withdrawal symptoms may include unpleasant feelings. In more severe cases, abdominal and muscle cramps, vomiting, sweating, shakiness, and, rarely, seizures may occur. These more severe withdrawal symptoms are very uncommon. Although withdrawal symptoms have not been observed in the relatively limited controlled trials experience with LUNESTA, there is, nevertheless, the risk of such events in association with the use of any sleep medicine.

Another problem that may occur when sleep medicines are stopped is known as "rebound insomnia." This means that a person may have more trouble sleeping the first few nights after the medicine is stopped than before starting the medicine. If you should experience rebound insomnia, do not get discouraged. This problem usually goes away on its own after 1 or 2 nights.

If you have been taking LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine for more than 1 or 2 weeks, do not stop taking it on your own. Always follow your doctor's directions.

Changes In Behavior And Thinking

Some people using sleep medicines have experienced unusual changes in their thinking and/or behavior. These effects are not common. However, they have included:

- More outgoing or aggressive behavior than normal
- Confusion
- Strange behavior
- Agitation
- Hallucinations
- Worsening of depression
- Suicidal thoughts

How often these effects occur depends on several factors, such as a person's general health, the use of other medicines, and which sleep medicine is being used. Clinical experience with LUNESTA suggests that it is rarely associated with these behavior changes.

It is also important to realize it is rarely clear whether these behavior changes are caused by the medicine, are caused by an illness, or have occurred on their own. In fact, sleep problems that do not improve may be due to illnesses that were present before the medicine was used. If you or your family notice any changes in your behavior, or if you have any unusual or disturbing thoughts, call your doctor immediately.

Pregnancy And Breastfeeding

Sleep medicines may cause sedation or other potential effects in the unborn baby when used during the last weeks of pregnancy. Be sure to tell your doctor if you are pregnant, if you are planning to become pregnant, or if you become pregnant while taking LUNESTA.

In addition, a very small amount of LUNESTA may be present in breast milk after use of the medication. The effects of very small amounts of LUNESTA on an infant are not known; therefore, as with all other prescription sleep medicines, it is recommended that you not take LUNESTA if you are breast-feeding a baby.

Safe Use Of Sleep Medicines

To ensure the safe and effective use of LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine, you should observe the following cautions:

1. LUNESTA is a prescription medicine and should be used ONLY as directed by your doctor. Follow your doctor's instructions about how to take, when to take, and how long to take LUNESTA.
2. Never use LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine for longer than directed by your doctor.
3. If you notice any unusual and/or disturbing thoughts or behavior during treatment with LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine, contact your doctor.
4. Tell your doctor about any medicines you may be taking, including medicines you may buy without a prescription and herbal preparations. You should also tell your doctor if you drink alcohol. DO NOT use alcohol while taking LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine.
5. Do not take LUNESTA unless you are able to get 8 or more hours of sleep before you must be active again.
6. Do not increase the prescribed dose of LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine unless instructed by your doctor.
7. When you first start taking LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine, until you know whether the medicine will still have some effect on you the next day, use extreme care while doing anything that requires complete alertness, such as driving a car, operating machinery, or piloting an aircraft.
8. Be aware that you may have more sleeping problems the first night or two after stopping any sleep medicine.
9. Be sure to tell your doctor if you are pregnant, if you are planning to become pregnant, if you become pregnant, or if you are breastfeeding a baby while taking LUNESTA.
10. As with all prescription medicines, never share LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine with anyone else. Always store LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine in the original container and out of reach of children.
11. Be sure to tell your doctor if you suffer from depression.
12. LUNESTA works very quickly. You should only take LUNESTA immediately before going to bed.
13. For LUNESTA to work best, you should not take it with or immediately after a high-fat, heavy meal.
14. Some people, such as older adults (i.e., ages 65 and over) and people with liver disease, should start with the lower dose (1 mg) of LUNESTA. Your doctor may choose to start therapy at 2 mg. In general, adults under age 65 should be treated with 2 or 3 mg.
15. Each tablet is a single dose; do not crush or break the tablet.

Note: This summary provides important information about LUNESTA. If you would like more information, ask your doctor or pharmacist to let you read the Prescribing Information and then discuss it with him or her.

Rx only

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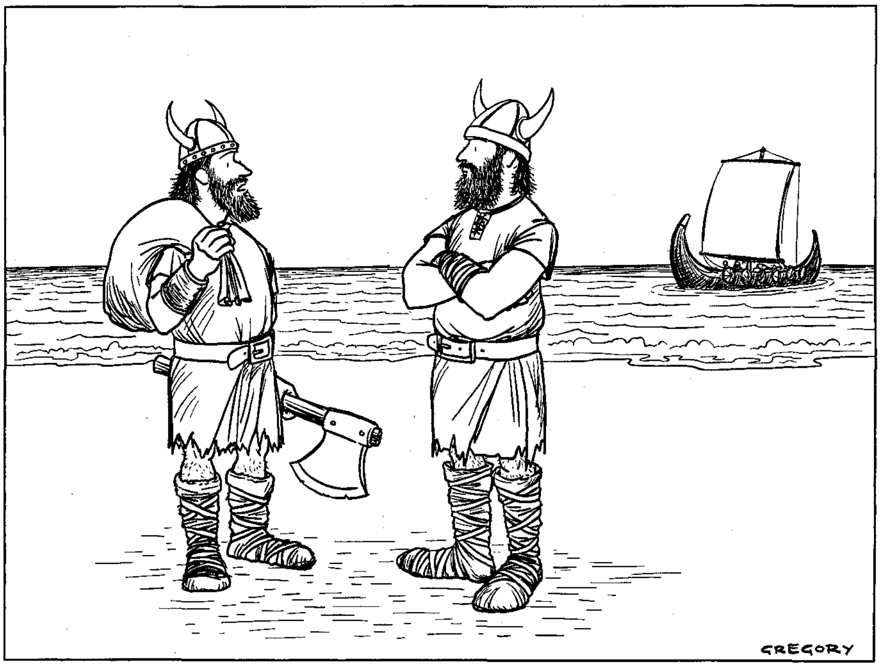
pointless. “They almost welcome torture,” he said. “They expect it. They *want* to be martyred.” A ticking time bomb, he pointed out, would make a suspect only more unwilling to talk. “They know if they can simply hold out several hours, all the more glory—the ticking time bomb will go off!”

The notion that physical coercion in interrogations is unreliable, although widespread among military intelligence officers and F.B.I. agents, has been firmly rejected by the Bush Administration. Last September, President Bush defended the C.I.A.’s use of “an alternative set of procedures.” In order to “save innocent lives,” he said, the agency needed to be able to use “enhanced” measures to extract “vital information” from “dangerous” detainees who were aware of “terrorist plans we could not get anywhere else.”

Although reports of abuses by U.S. troops in Iraq and Afghanistan and at Guantánamo Bay, Cuba, have angered much of the world, the response of Americans has been more tepid. Finnegan attributes the fact that “we are generally more comfortable and more accepting of this,” in part, to the popularity of “24,” which has a weekly audience of fifteen million viewers, and has reached millions more through DVD sales. The third expert at the meeting was Tony Lagouranis, a former Army interrogator in the war in Iraq. He told the show’s staff that DVDs of shows such as “24” circulate widely among soldiers stationed in Iraq. Lagouranis said to me, “People watch the shows, and then walk into the interrogation booths and do the same things they’ve just seen.” He recalled that some men he had worked with in Iraq watched a television program in which a suspect was forced to hear tortured screams from a neighboring cell; the men later tried to persuade their Iraqi translator to act the part of a torture “victim,” in a similar intimidation ploy. Lagouranis intervened: such scenarios constitute psychological torture.

“In Iraq, I never saw pain produce intelligence,” Lagouranis told me. “I worked with someone who used waterboarding”—an interrogation method involving the repeated near-drowning of a suspect. “I used severe hypothermia, dogs, and sleep deprivation. I saw suspects after soldiers had gone into their homes and broken their bones, or made them sit on a Humvee’s hot exhaust pipes until they got third-degree burns. Nothing happened.” Some people, he said, “gave confessions. But they just told us what we already knew. It never opened up a stream of new information.” If anything, he said, “physical pain can strengthen the resolve to clam up.”



“Not much in the way of loot, but we got a ton of store credit.”

• •

Last December, the Intelligence Science Board, an advisory panel to the U.S. intelligence community, released a report declaring that “most observers, even those within professional circles, have unfortunately been influenced by the media’s colorful (and artificial) view of interrogation as almost always involving hostility.” In a clear reference to “24,” the report noted:

> Prime-time television increasingly offers up plot lines involving the incineration of metropolitan Los Angeles by an atomic weapon or its depopulation by an aerosol nerve toxin. The characters do not have the time to reflect upon, much less to utilize, what real professionals know to be the “science and art” of “educing information.” They want results. Now. The public thinks the same way. They want, and rightly expect, precisely the kind of “protection” that only a skilled intelligence professional can provide. Unfortunately, they have no idea how such a person is supposed to act “in real life.”

Lagouranis told the “24” team what the U.S. military and the F.B.I. teach real intelligence professionals: “rapport-building,” the slow process of winning over informants, is the method that generally works best. There are also nonviolent ruses, he explained, and ways to take suspects by surprise. The “24” staff seemed interested in the narrative possibilities of such techniques; Lagouranis recalled, “They told us that they’d love to incorporate ruses and rapport-building.” At the same time, he said, Cochran and the others from “24” worried that such approaches would “take too much time” on an hour-long television show.

The delegation of interrogators left the meeting with the feeling that the story lines on “24” would be changed little, if at all. “It shows they have a social conscience that they’d even meet with us at all,” Navarro said. “They were receptive. But they have a format that works. They have won a lot of awards. Why would they want to play with a No. 1 show?” Lagouranis said of the “24” team, “They were a bit prickly. They have this money-making machine, and we were telling them it’s immoral.”

Afterward, Danzig and Finnegan had an on-set exchange with Kiefer Sutherland, who is reportedly paid ten million dollars a year to play Jack Bauer. Sutherland, the grandson of Tommy Douglas, a former socialist leader in Canada, has described his own political views as anti-torture, and “leaning toward the left.” According to Danzig, Sutherland was "really upset, really intense" and stressed that he tries to tell people that the show "is just entertainment." But Sutherland, who claimed to be bored with playing torture scenes, admitted that he worried about the "unintended consequences of the show." Danzig proposed that Sutherland participate in a panel at West Point or appear in a training film in which he made clear that the show's torture scenes are not to be emulated. (Surnow, when asked whether he would participate in the video, responded, "No way." Gordon, however, agreed to be filmed.) Sutherland declined to answer questions for this article, but, in a recent television interview with Charlie Rose, his ambivalence about his character's methods was palpable. He condemned the abuse of U.S.-held detainees at Abu Ghraib prison, in Iraq, as "absolutely criminal," particularly for a country that tells others that "democracy and freedom" are the "way to go." He also said, "You can torture someone and they'll basically tell you exactly what you want to hear. . . . Torture is not a way of procuring information." But things operate differently, he said, on television: "24," he said, is "a fantastical show. . . . Torture is a dramatic device."

The creators of "24" deny that the show presents only a conservative viewpoint. They mention its many prominent Democratic fans—including Barbra Streisand and Bill Clinton—and the diversity of political views among its writers and producers. Indeed, the story lines sometimes have a liberal tilt. The conspiracy plot of Season Five, for example, turns on oligarchic businessmen who go to despicable lengths to protect their oil interests; the same theme anchors liberal-paranoia thrillers such as "Syriana." This season, a White House directive that flags all federal employees of Middle Eastern descent as potential traitors has been presented as a gross overreaction, and a White House official who favors police-state tactics has come off as scheming and ignoble. Yet David Nevins, the former Fox Television network official who, in 2000, bought the pilot on the spot after hearing a pitch from Surnow and Cochran, and who maintains an executive role in "24," is candid about the show's core message. "There's definitely a political attitude of the show, which is that extreme measures are sometimes necessary for the greater good," he says. "The show doesn't have much patience for the niceties of civil liberties or due process. It's clearly coming from somewhere. Joel's politics suffuse the whole show."

Surnow, for his part, revels in his minority status inside the left-leaning entertainment industry. "Conservatives are the new oppressed class," he joked in his office. "Isn't it bizarre that in Hollywood it's easier to come out as gay than as conservative?" His success with "24," he said, has protected him from the more righteous elements of the Hollywood establishment. "Right now, they have to be nice to me," he said. "But if the show tanks I'm sure they'll kill me." He spoke of his new conservative comedy show as an even bigger risk than "24." "I'll be front and center on the new show," he said, then joked, "I'm ruining my chances of ever working again in Hollywood."

Although he was raised in Beverly Hills—he graduated in 1972 from Beverly Hills High—Surnow said that he has always felt like an outsider. His classmates were mostly wealthy, but his father was an itinerant carpet salesman who came to California from Detroit. He cold-called potential customers, most of whom lived in Compton and Watts. Surnow was much younger than his two brothers, and he grew up virtually as an only child, living in a one-bedroom apartment in an unfashionable area south of Olympic Boulevard, where he slept on a foldout cot. If his father made a sale, he'd come home and give him the thumbs-up. But Surnow said that nine out of ten nights ended in failure. "If he made three sales a month, we could stay where we lived," he recalled. His mother, who worked as a saleswoman in a clothing store, "fought depression her whole life." Surnow, who describes his parents as "wonderful people," said, "I was a latchkey kid. . . . I raised myself." He played tennis on his high-school team but gave it up after repeatedly losing to players who could afford private lessons.

Roger Director, a television producer and longtime friend, said that he "loves" Surnow. But, he went on, "He feels looked down upon by the world, and that kind of emotional dynamic underpins a lot of things. It's kind of 'Joel against the world.' It's as if he feels, I had to fight and claw for everything I got. It's a tough world, and no one's looking out for you." As a result, Director said, "Joel's not sentimental. He has a hard-hearted thing."

Surnow's parents were F.D.R. Democrats. He recalled, "It was just assumed, especially in the Jewish community"—to which his family belonged. "But when you grow up you start to challenge your parents' assumptions. 'Am I Jewish? Am I a Democrat?' " Many of his peers at the University of California at Berkeley, where he attended college, were liberals or radicals. "They were all socialists and Marxists, but living off their family money," he recalled. "It seemed to me there was some obvious hypocrisy here. It was absurd." Although he wasn't consciously political, he said, "I felt like I wasn't like these people." In 1985, he divorced his wife, a medical student, who was Jewish, and with whom he has two daughters. (His relationships with them are strained.) Four years later, he remarried. His wife, who used to work in film development, is Catholic; they have three daughters, whom they send to Catholic schools. He likes to bring his girls to the set and rushes home for his wife's pork-chop dinners. "I got to know who I was and who I wasn't," he said. "I wasn't the perfect Jewish kid who is married, with a Jewish family." Instead, he said, "I decided I like Catholics. They're so grounded. I sort of reoriented myself."

While studying at Berkeley, Surnow worked as an usher at the Pacific Film Archive, where he saw at least five hundred movies. A fan of crime dramas such as "Mean Streets" and "The Godfather," he discovered foreign films as well. "That was my awakening," he said. In 1975, Surnow enrolled at the U.C.L.A. film school. Soon after graduation, he began writing for film; he then switched to television. He was only modestly successful, and had many "lost years," when he considered giving up and taking over his father's carpet business. His breakthrough came when he began writing for "Miami Vice," in 1984. "It just clicked—I just got it!" he recalled. "It was just like when you don't know how to speak a language and suddenly you do. I knew how to tell a story." By the end of the year, Universal, which owned the show, put Surnow in charge of his own series, "The Equalizer," about a C.I.A. agent turned vigilante. The series was a success, but, Surnow told

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me, "I was way too arrogant. I sort of pissed off the network." Battles for creative control have followed Surnow to "24," where, Nevins said admiringly, he continues to push for "unconventional and dangerous choices."

Surnow's tough stretches in Hollywood, he said, taught him that there were "two kinds of people" in entertainment: "those who want to be geniuses, and those who want to work." At first, he said, "I wanted to be a genius. But at a certain point I realized I just desperately wanted to work." Brian Grazer, an executive producer of "24," who has primarily produced films, said that "TV guys either get broken by the system, or they get so tough that they have no warmth at all." Surnow, he said, is "a devoted family man" and "a really close friend." But when Grazer first met Surnow, he recalled, "I nearly walked out. He was really glib and insulting. I was shocked. He's a tough guy. He's a meat-eating alpha male. He's a monster!" He observed, "Maybe Jack Bauer has some parts of him."

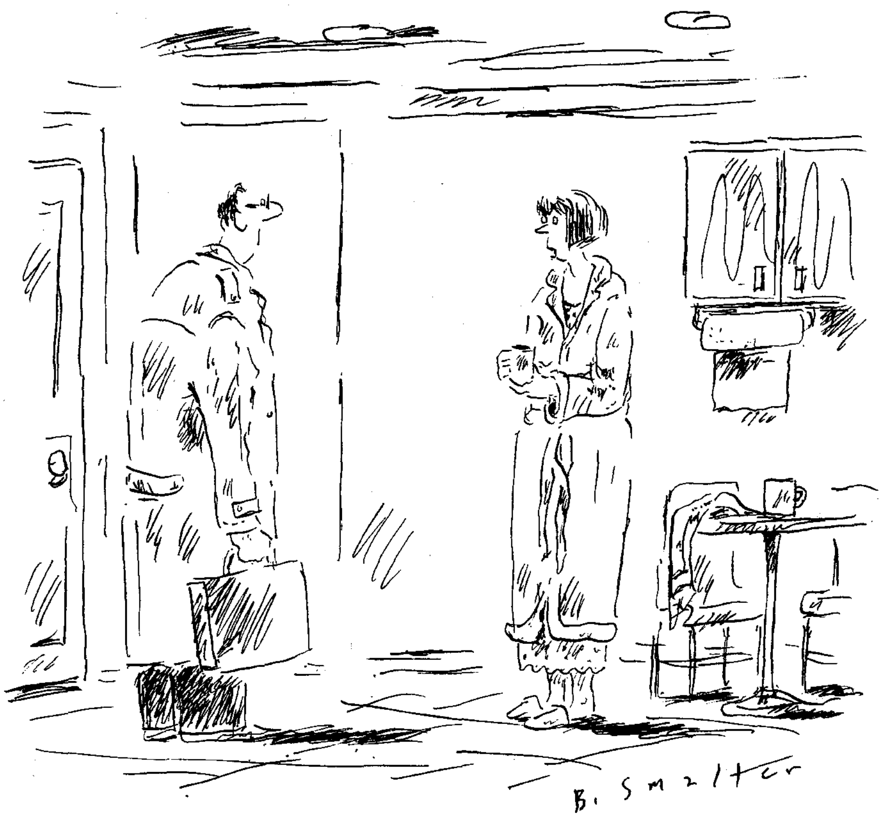
During three decades as a journeyman screenwriter, Surnow grew increasingly conservative. He "hated welfare," which he saw as government handouts. Liberal courts also angered him. He loved Ronald Reagan's "strength" and disdained Jimmy Carter's "belief that people would be nice to us just because we were humane. That never works." He said of Reagan, "I can hardly think of him without breaking into tears. I just felt Ronald Reagan was the father that this country needed. . . . He made me feel good that I was in his family."

Surnow said that he found the Clinton years obnoxious. "Hollywood under Clinton—it was like he was their guy," he said. "He was the yuppie, baby-boomer narcissist that all of Hollywood related to." During those years, Surnow recalled, he had countless arguments with liberal colleagues, some of whom stopped speaking to him. "My feeling is that the liberals' ideas are wrong," he said. "But they think I'm evil." Last year, he contributed two thousand dollars to the losing campaign of Pennsylvania's hard-line Republican senator Rick Santorum, because he "liked his position on immigration." His favorite bumper sticker, he said, is "Except for Ending Slavery, Fascism, Nazism & Communism, War Has Never Solved Anything."

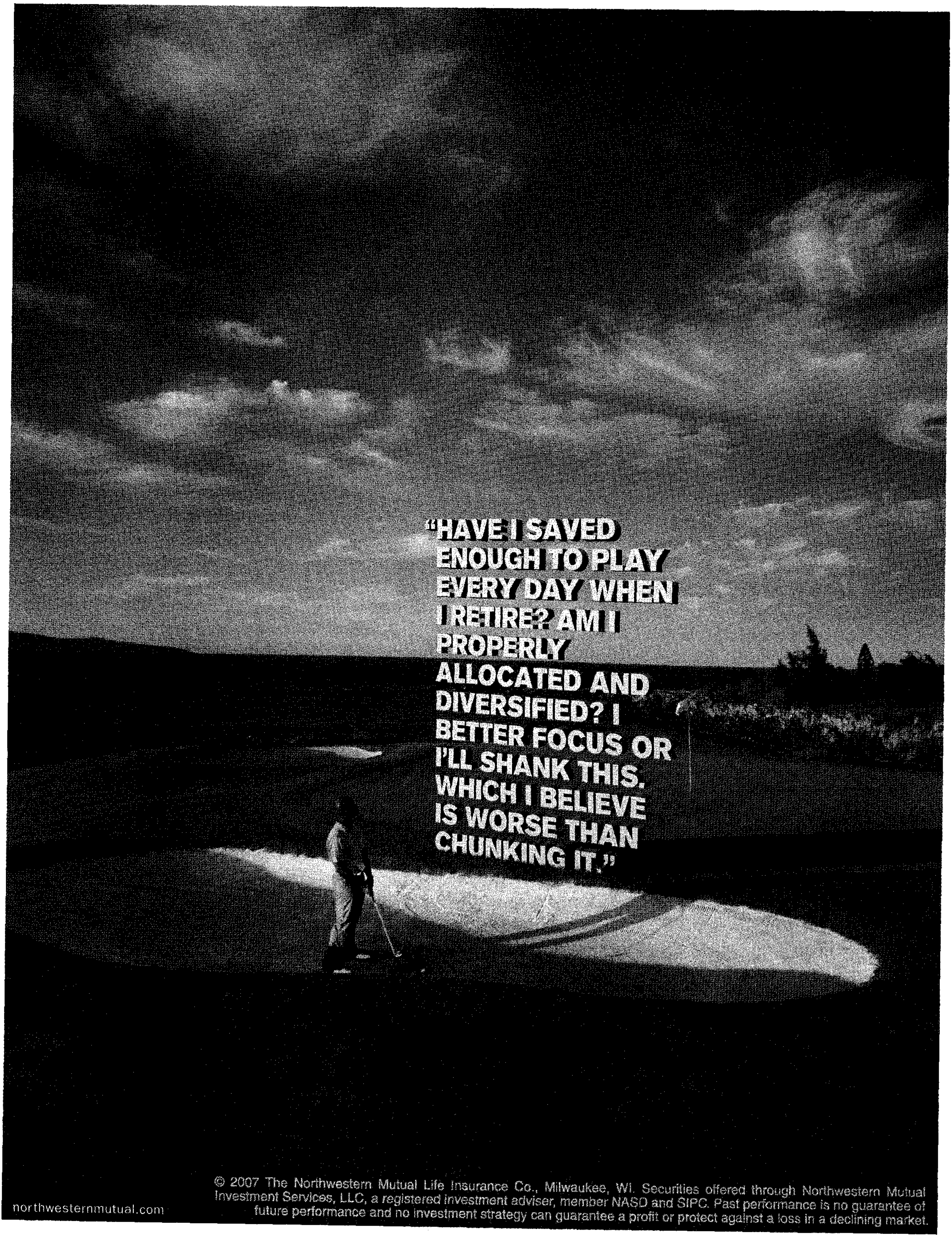
Although he is a supporter of President Bush—he told me that "America is in its glory days"—Surnow is critical of the way the war in Iraq has been conducted. An "isolationist" with "no faith in nation-building," he thinks that "we could have been out of this thing three years ago." After deposing Saddam Hussein, he argued, America should have "just handed it to the Baathists and . . . put in some other monster who's going to keep these people in line but who's not going to be aggressive to us." In his view, America "is sort of the parent of the world, so we have to be stern but fair to people who are rebellious to us. We don't spoil them. That's not to say you abuse them, either. But you have to know who the adult in the room is."

Surnow's rightward turn was encouraged by one of his best friends, Cyrus Nowrasteh, a hard-core conservative who, in 2006, wrote and produced "The Path to 9/11," a controversial ABC miniseries that presented President Clinton as having largely ignored the threat posed by Al Qaeda. (The show was denounced as defamatory by Democrats and by members of the 9/11 Commission; their complaints led ABC to call the program a "dramatization," not a "documentary.") Surnow and Nowrasteh met in 1985, when they worked together on "The Equalizer." Nowrasteh, the son of a deposed adviser to the Shah of Iran, grew up in Madison, Wisconsin, where, like Surnow, he was alienated by the radicalism around him. He told me that he and Surnow, in addition to sharing an admiration for Reagan, found "L.A. a stultifying, stifling place because everyone thinks alike." Nowrasteh said that he and Surnow regard "24" as a kind of wish fulfillment for America. "Every American wishes we had someone out there quietly taking care of business," he said. "It's a deep, dark ugly world out there. Maybe this is what Ollie North was trying to do. It would be nice to have a secret government that can get the answers and take care of business—even kill people. Jack Bauer fulfills that fantasy."

In recent years, Surnow and Nowrasteh have participated in the Liberty Film Festival, a group dedicated to promoting conservatism through mass entertainment. Surnow told me that he would like to counter the prevailing image of Senator Joseph McCarthy as a demagogue and a liar. Surnow and his friend Ann Coulter—the conservative pundit, and author of the pro-McCarthy book "Treason"—talked about cre-



"Don't judge me until you've walked a mile on my medication."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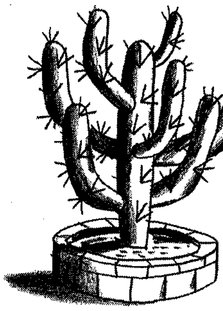
ating a conservative response to George Clooney's recent film "Good Night, and Good Luck." Surnow said, "I thought it would really provoke people to do a movie that depicted Joe McCarthy as an American hero or, maybe, someone with a good cause who maybe went too far." He likened the Communist sympathizers of the nineteen-fifties to terrorists: "The State Department in the fifties was infiltrated by people who were like Al Qaeda." But, he said, he shelved the project. "The blacklist is Hollywood's orthodoxy," he said. "It's not a movie I could get done now."



A year and a half ago, Surnow and Manny Coto, a "24" writer with similar political views, talked about starting a conservative television network. "There's a gay network, a black network—there should be a conservative network," Surnow told me. But as he and Coto explored the idea they realized that "we weren't distribution guys—we were content guys." Instead, the men developed "The Half Hour News Hour," the conservative satire show. " 'The Daily Show' tips left," Surnow said. "So we thought, Let's do one that tips right." Jon Stewart's program appears on Comedy Central, an entertainment channel. But, after Surnow got Rush Limbaugh to introduce him to Roger Ailes, Fox News agreed to air two episodes. The program, which will follow the fake-news format popularized by "Saturday Night Live," will be written by conservative humorists, including Sandy Frank and Ned Rice. Surnow said of the show, "There are so many targets, from global warming to banning tag on the playground. There's a lot of low-hanging fruit."

Last March, Supreme Court Justice Clarence Thomas and his wife, Virginia, joined Surnow and Howard Gordon for a private dinner at Rush Limbaugh's Florida home. The gathering inspired Virginia Thomas—who works at the Heritage Foundation, a conservative think tank—to organize a panel discussion on "24." The symposium, sponsored by the foundation and held in June, was entitled " '24' and America's Image in Fighting Terrorism: Fact, Fiction, or Does It Matter?" Homeland Security Secretary Michael Chertoff, who participated in the discussion, praised the show's depiction of the war on terrorism as "trying to make the best choice with a series of bad options." He went on, "Frankly, it reflects real life." Chertoff, who is a devoted viewer of "24," subsequently began an e-mail correspondence with Gordon, and the two have since socialized in Los Angeles. "It's been very heady," Gordon said of Washington's enthusiasm for the show. Roger Director, Surnow's friend, joked that the conservative writers at "24" have become "like a Hollywood television annex to the White House. It's like an auxiliary wing."

The same day as the Heritage Foundation event, a private luncheon was held in the Wardrobe Room of the White House for Surnow and several others from the show. (The event was not publicized.) Among the attendees were Karl Rove, the deputy chief of staff; Tony Snow, the White House spokesman; Mary Cheney, the Vice-President's daughter; and Lynn Cheney, the Vice-President's wife, who, Surnow said, is "an extreme '24' fan." After the meal, Surnow recalled, he and his colleagues spent more than an hour visiting with Rove in his office. "People have this image of him as this snake-oil-dirty, secretive guy, but in his soul he's a history professor," Surnow said. He was less impressed with the Situation Room, which, unlike the sleek high-tech version at C.T.U., "looked like some old tearoom in a Victorian house."

The Heritage Foundation panel was moderated by Limbaugh. At one point, he praised the show's creators, dropped his voice to a stage whisper, and added, to the audience's applause, "And most of them are conservative." When I spoke with Limbaugh, though, he reinforced the show's public posture of neutrality. "People think that they've got a bunch of right-wing writers and producers at '24,' and they're subtly sending out a message," he said. "I don't think that's happening. They're businessmen, and they don't have an agenda." Asked about the show's treatment of torture, he responded, "Torture? It's just a television show! Get a grip."

In fact, many prominent conservatives speak of "24" as if it were real. John Yoo, the former Justice Department lawyer who helped frame the Bush Administration's "torture memo"—which, in 2002, authorized the abusive treatment of detainees—invokes the show in his book "War by Other Means." He asks, "What if, as the popular Fox television program '24' recently portrayed, a high-level terrorist leader is caught who knows the location of a nuclear weapon?" Laura Ingraham, the talk-radio host, has cited the show's popularity as proof that Americans favor brutality. "They love Jack Bauer," she noted on Fox News. "In my mind, that's as close to a national referendum that it's O.K. to use tough tactics against high-level Al Qaeda operatives as we're going to get." Surnow once appeared as a guest on Ingraham's show; she told him that, while she was undergoing chemotherapy for breast cancer, "it was soothing to see Jack Bauer torture these terrorists, and I felt better." Surnow joked, "We love to torture terrorists—it's good for you!"

As a foe of political correctness, Surnow seems to be unburdened by the controversy his show has stirred. "24," he acknowledged, has been criticized as racially insensitive, because it frequently depicts Arab-Americans as terrorists. He said in response, "Our only politics are that terrorists are bad. In some circles, that's political." As he led me through the Situation Room set on the Real Time soundstage, I asked him if "24" has plans to use the waterboarding interrogation method, which has been defended by Vice-President Cheney but is considered torture by the U.S. military. Surnow laughed and said, "Yes! But only with bottled water—it's Hollywood!"

In a more sober tone, he said, "We've had all of these torture experts come by recently, and they say, 'You don't realize how many people are affected by this. Be careful.' They say torture doesn't work. But I don't believe that. I don't think it's honest to say that if someone you love was being held, and you had five minutes to save them, you wouldn't do it. Tell me, what would you do? If someone had one of my children, or my wife, I would *hope* I'd do it. There is nothing—nothing—I wouldn't do." He went on, "Young interrogators don't need our show. What the human mind can imagine is so much greater than what we show on TV. No one needs us to tell them what to do. It's not like somebody goes, 'Oh, look what they're doing, I'll do that.' Is it?" ♦

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REFLECTIONS

THE WAY WE ARE

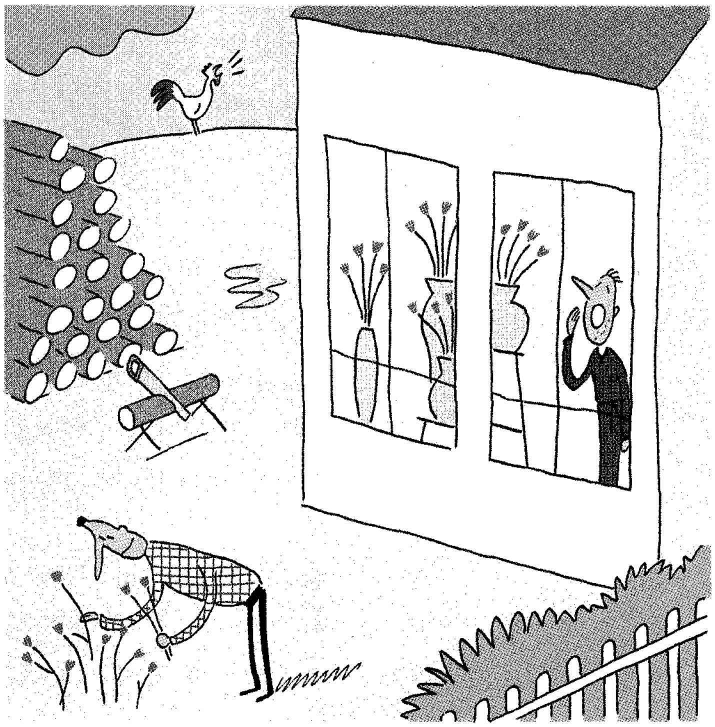
Of wildflowers and weed.

BY DAVID SEDARIS

In Paris they warn you before cutting off the water, but out in Normandy you're just supposed to know. You're also supposed to be prepared, and it's this last part that gets me every time. Still, though, I try to make do. A saucepan of chicken broth will do for shaving, and in a pinch I can always find something to pour into the toilet tank: orange juice, milk, a lesser champagne. If I really got hard up, I suppose I could hike through the woods and bathe in the river, though it's never quite come to that.

Most often, our water is shut off because of some reconstruction project, either in our village or in the next one over. A hole is dug, a pipe is replaced, and within a few hours things are back to normal. The mystery is that it's so perfectly timed to my schedule. This is to say that the tap dries up at the exact moment I roll out of bed, which is usually between ten and ten-thirty. For me this is early, but for Hugh and most of our neighbors it's something closer to midday. What they do at 6 A.M. is anyone's guess. I only know that they're incredibly self-righteous about it, and talk about the dawn as if it's a personal reward, bestowed on account of their great virtue.

The last time our water went off, it was early summer. I got up at my regular hour, and saw that Hugh was off somewhere, doing whatever it is he does. This left me alone to solve the coffee problem—a sort of Catch-22, as in order to think straight I needed caffeine, and in order to make that happen I needed to think straight. Once, in a half-sleep, I made it with Perrier, which sounds plausible but really isn't. On another occasion, I heated up some leftover tea and poured that over the grounds. Had the tea been black rather than green, the coffee might have worked out, but, as it was, the result was vile. It wasn't the sort of thing you'd try more than once, so this time I skipped the teapot and headed straight for a vase of wildflowers sitting by the phone on one of the living-room tables.



PHILIPPE PETIT-ROULET

Hugh had picked them the previous day, and it broke my heart to think of him marching across a muddy field with a bouquet in his hand. He does these things that are somehow *beyond* faggy and seem better suited to some hardscrabble pioneer wife: making jam, say, or sewing bedroom curtains out of burlap. Once, I caught him down on the riverbank, beating our dirty clothes against a rock. This was before we got a washing machine, but, still, he could have laundered things in the tub. "Who *are* you?" I'd said, and, as he turned, I half-expected to see a baby at his breast, not nestled in one of those comfortable supports but hanging, red-faced, by its gums.

When Hugh beats underpants against river rocks or decides that it might be fun to grind his own flour, I think of a couple I once met. This was years ago, in the early nineties. I was living in New York, and had returned to North Carolina for Christmas, my first priority being to get high and stay that way. My brother Paul knew of a guy who possibly had some pot to sell, so a phone call was made, and, in the way that these things happen, we found ourselves in a trailer twenty-odd miles outside of Raleigh.

The dealer was named Little Mike, and he addressed Paul as "Bromine." He looked like a high-school student, or, closer still, one of those kids who dropped out and then spent all day hanging around the parking lot: tracksuit, rattail, a wisp of thread looped through his freshly pierced ear. After a few words regarding my brother's car, Little Mike ushered us inside and introduced us to his wife, who was sitting on the sofa watching a Christmas special. The girl's stockinged feet were resting on the coffee table, and settled between her legs, just south of her lap, sat a flat-faced Persian. Both she and the cat had wide-set eyes, and ginger-colored hair, though hers was partially hidden beneath a woollen cap. The wife remained seated as my brother and I entered the room. I guess you couldn't blame her for being inhospitable. Here you are, trying to watch a little TV with your cat, and these two guys show up—people you don't even know.

"Don't mind Beth," Little Mike said, and he smacked the underside of the girl's foot.

"Owww, asshole."

He advanced upon the other foot, and I pretended to admire the Christmas tree, which was miniature and artificial, and stood on a barstool beside the front door. "This is nice," I announced, and Beth shot me a withering look. *Liar*, it said. *You're just saying that because my stupid husband sells reefer.*

She really wanted us out of there, but Little Mike seemed to welcome our company. "Sit down," he told me. "Have a libation." He and Paul went to the refrigerator to get us some beers, and the girl called after them to bring her a rum-and-Coke. Then she turned back to the TV and glared at the screen, saying, "This show's boring. Hand me the nigger."

I smiled at the cat, as if this would somehow fix things, and when Beth pointed to the far end of the coffee table I saw that she was referring to the remote control. Under different circumstances, I might have listed the various differences between black people, who had been forced to work for no money, and black, battery-operated channel changers, which had neither thoughts nor feelings and didn't mind doing stuff for free. But the deal hadn't started yet, and, more than anything, I wanted my drugs. Thus the remote was handed over, and I watched as the pot dealer's wife flicked from one station to the next, looking for something that might satisfy her.

She had just settled upon a situation comedy when Paul and Little Mike returned with the drinks. Beth was unsatisfied with her ice-cube count, and, after suggesting that she could just go fuck herself, our host reached into the waistband of his track pants and pulled out a bag of marijuana. It was the size of a small cushion, eight ounces at least, and as I feasted my eyes upon it Little Mike pushed his wife's feet off the coffee table, saying, "Bitch, go get me my scales."

"I'm watching TV—get it your own self."

"Whore," he said.

"Asshole."

"See the kind of shit I have to live with?" Little Mike sighed and retreated to the rear of the trailer—the bedroom, I guessed—returning a minute later with a scale and some rolling papers. The pot was sticky with lots of buds, and its smell reminded me of a Christmas tree, though not the one perched atop the barstool. After weighing my ounce and counting out my money, Little Mike rolled a joint, which he lit, drew upon, and handed to my brother. It then went to me, and, just as I was passing it back to our host, his wife piped up, saying, "Hey, don't I count?"

"Now look who wants to play," her husband said. "Women. They'll suck the fucking paper off a joint, but when old Papa Bear needs a little b.j. action they've always got a sore throat."

Beth tried to speak and hold in the smoke at the same time: *"Hut hup, basshole."*

"Either of you guys married?" Little Mike asked, and Paul shook his head no. "I got preëngaged one time, but David here hasn't never come close, his being a faggot and all."

Little Mike laughed, and then he looked at me. "For real?" he said. "Is Bromine telling me the truth?"

"Oh, he's all up inside that shit," Paul said. "Has hisself a cocksucker—I mean a boyfriend—and everything."

I could have done my own talking, but it was sort of nice listening to my brother, who sounded almost boastful, as if I were a pet that had learned to do math.

"Well, what do you know," Little Mike said.

His wife stirred to action then, and became almost sociable. "So this boyfriend," she said. "Let me ask, which one of you is the woman?"

"Well, neither of us," I told her. "That's what makes us a homosexual couple. We're both guys."

"But no," she said. "I mean, like, in prison or whatnot. One of you has to be in for murder and the other for child molesting or something like that, right? I mean, one is more like a normal man."

I wanted to ask if that would be the murderer or the child molester, but instead I just accepted the joint, saying, "Oh, we live in New York," as if that answered the question.

We stayed in the trailer for another half hour, and during the ride back to Raleigh I thought of what the drug dealer's wife had said. Her examples were a little skewed, but I knew what she was getting at. People I know, people who live in houses and don't call their remote control "the nigger," have often asked

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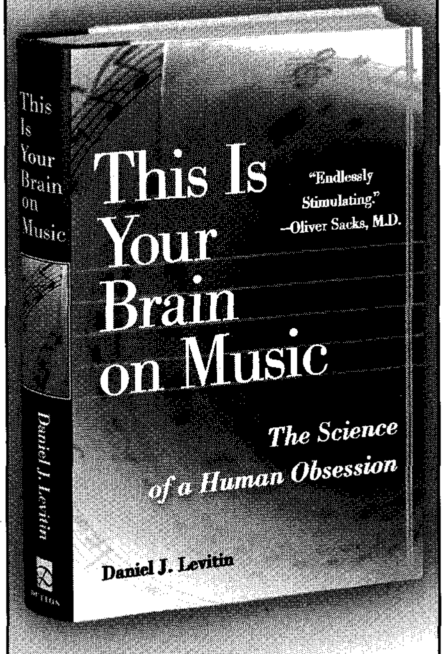
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none of them ours; our plane down,
but still not listed for unloading;
one last black bag alone, vanishing
ten times into the rough black curtains
unclaimed. We thought of our dear friend
Fernando, disappearing into heavy
crematory drapes last year while we
raised up our toasts: "Fare thee well,
Stinky!"—echoing his own soft gibe
if you left a party, going home
too soon. Their faces distorted in
distress, two older women rushed past;
then, grim-jawed, our cop reëntered
from the locked bag-handling area,
muttering his report: "Your stuff
will be out soon. They've got this short
ceremony—military." Think back again:
just before our takeoff one marine,
in full parade dress,
had quietly been slipped on board.
(Last Sunday's news: *22, a roadside
bomb blast; his third tour there.*)

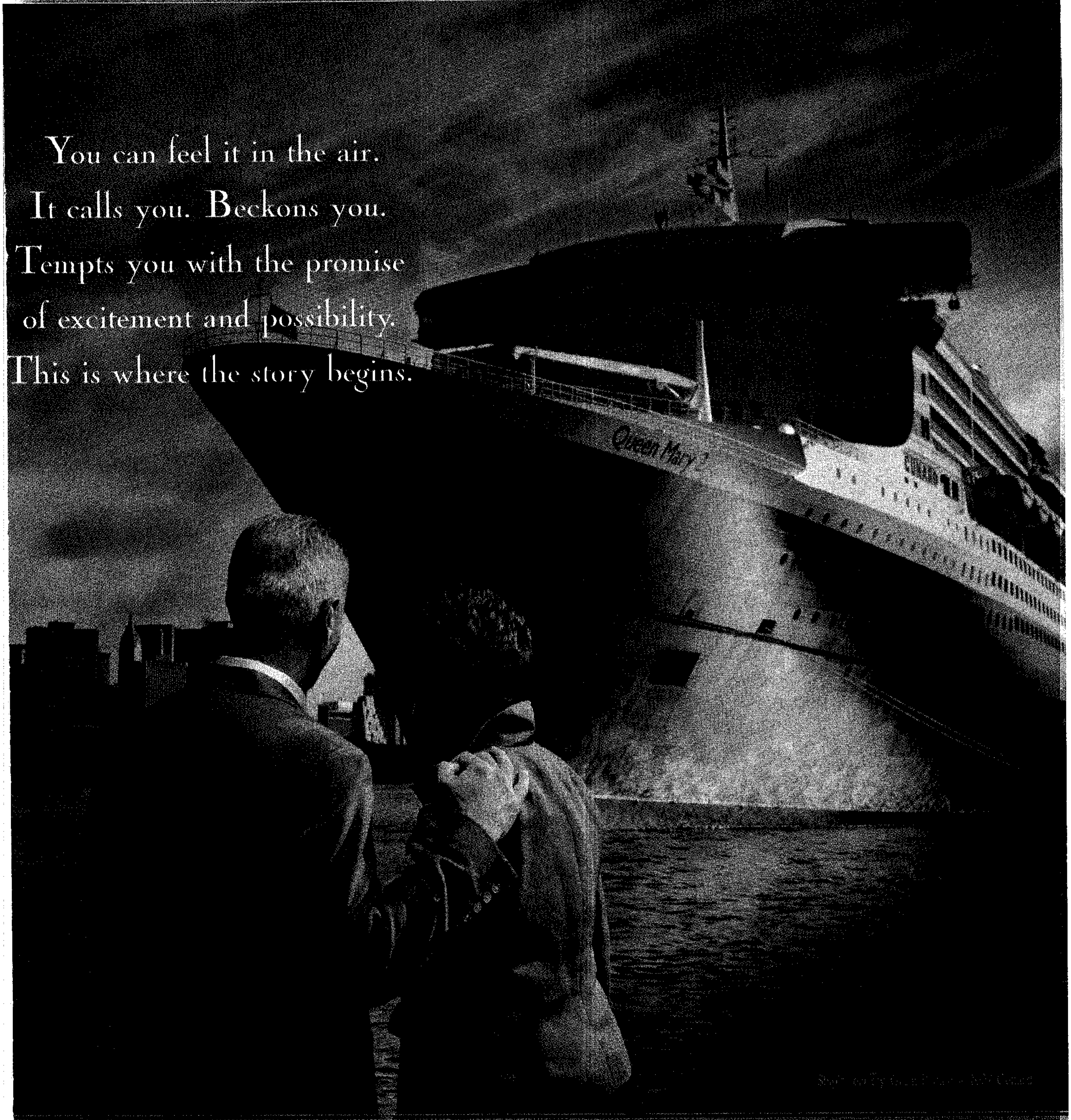
Bag after bag now crawled past to be
accepted, then hauled off as our own.

—*W. D. Snodgrass*

the same question, though usually in regard to lesbians, who are always either absent or safely out of earshot. "Which one's the man?"

It's astonishing the amount of time that certain straight people devote to gay sex—trying to determine what goes where, and how often. They can't imagine any system outside their own, and seem obsessed with the idea of roles, both in bed and out of it. Who calls whom a bitch? Who cries harder when the cat dies? Which one spends the most time in the bathroom? I guess they think that it's that cut and dried, though of course it's not. Hugh might do the cooking, and actually wear an apron while he's at it, but he also chops the firewood, repairs the hot-water heater, and could tear off my arm with no more effort than it takes to uproot a dandelion. Does that make him the murderer, or do the homemade curtains reduce him to the level of the child molester?

I considered these things as I looked at the wildflowers he'd collected the day before the water went out. Some were the color I associate with yield signs, and others a sort of muted lavender, their stems as thin as wire. I pictured Hugh stooping, or maybe even kneeling, as he went about picking them, and then I grabbed the entire bunch and tossed it out the window. That done, I carried the vase into the kitchen, and emptied the yellow water into a pan, which I then boiled and used to make coffee. There'd be hell to pay when my man got home, but at least by then I would be awake and able to argue, perhaps convincingly, that I am all the beauty he will ever need. ♦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ANNALS OF RELIGION

THE DELIVERER

A pizza mogul funds a moral crusade.

BY PETER J. BOYER

Tom Monaghan has said, "I want to die broke." Photograph by Martin Schoeller.

Tom Monaghan always believed that someday he would be rich, and when that day finally came, courtesy of a Domino's Pizza empire, he knew just how to proceed. In the nineteen-eighties, as Monaghan attained a place on lists of the wealthiest Americans, he went on a wish-fulfillment spree. He wanted to fly, so he bought a Gulfstream jet and a Sikorsky S-76 helicopter. He was a college dropout who had longed to study architecture; instead, he became the world's leading collector of the decorative works of his hero, Frank Lloyd Wright. (For a Wright dining suite he spent $1.6 million.) In his teens, Monaghan had been a penniless car buff; now he acquired a fleet of automobiles, including a handmade Bugatti Royale, and the Packard that conveyed F.D.R. to his second inauguration. As a child in Michigan, Monaghan had found consolation in fanatically following the exploits of the Detroit Tigers; in the autumn of 1983, he bought the team.

The sale of the Tigers came as a surprise to Detroiters. The team was one of the game's great old franchises, but it had gone fifteen seasons without a title. John Fetzer, a baseball patrician who had owned the Tigers since the nineteen-fifties, didn't believe in the new economics of free agency and had refused to enter the bidding wars over ballplayers. But the team had glaring needs, notably at first base and on the left side of the plate. By Christmas, two months after Monaghan's purchase, the Tigers had signed the veteran free-agent slugger Darrell Evans—a left-handed hitter who could play first base.

The following April, in the first Opening Day game of the Tom Monaghan era, Evans hit a three-run home run. Detroit won that game, and the next, and prevailed in thirty-five of its first forty games—an unprecedented streak that also featured a no-hitter by Jack Morris. Detroit fans watched, amazed, as the team compiled a hundred and four victories before sweeping the playoffs, and then winning the World Series. After the final out of the Series, the fans' exuberance overflowed into the streets, and cars were overturned and burned. Hundreds of sportswriters and other stragglers were stranded inside Tiger Stadium when they suddenly heard the sound of a helicopter overhead. It descended toward the field and settled on the dirt behind second base. It was Monaghan's Sikorsky S-76, delivering several hundred pizzas from Domino's.

Buying the Tigers made Monaghan, who was forty-six, a celebrity. Journalists streamed to his office at Domino's Farms, in Ann Arbor, a low-slung headquarters building in the Frank Lloyd Wright style, framed in a picture-book pastoral setting complete with a herd of buffalo. The visitors noted the rosewood décor and other such trappings, as well as Monaghan's apparent humility, his clean life style, and his endearing physical aspect. "His eyes are sincere and alert," one wrote. "Unlined skin and thick brown hair make him appear 10 years younger than he is." The source of Monaghan's wealth—a fast-food chain—was not especially glamorous, but reporters wrote that he lacked the bluster and imperiousness of such peers as the broadcaster Ted Turner and the shipping magnate George Steinbrenner.

"Everything was positive," Monaghan recently reflected, a bit wistfully. "A lot of Horatio Alger stuff. Nothing controversial."

That was before Monaghan decided that his real purpose in life was not baseball, or even the pizza business, but to get as many people as possible into

Heaven, starting with himself. He resolved to use his wealth ("God's money," he said) to somehow rescue the Catholic Church from what he saw as its slide toward apostasy. Monaghan set out on a course that brought him into the upper circles of the conservative Catholic movement, allied him with anti-Sandinista churchmen in Nicaragua, led to the founding of a law school, and drew Domino's into the fight over abortion in America. Finally, it led him to the edge of the Corkscrew Swamp, in southwest Florida. There, Monaghan means to build a university that will be more Catholic than the University of Notre Dame, surrounded by a new town that will reflect traditional Catholic values. He has committed the bulk of his fortune to the undertaking. In Monaghan's vision, Ave Maria—the name of the school, and the town—will be capable, he said, of "changing the world."

I met Monaghan last autumn, in Florida, toward the end of what had been a difficult year for his Ave Maria project. His face is no longer unlined, and his hair has grayed; he wears rimless spectacles, like those of Donald Rumsfeld, and a hearing aid in each ear. His eyes remain intent. He acknowledged that there had been problems in Florida, partly of his own making. The groundbreaking ceremony had been delayed by storms, and although construction was well under way, rising costs had forced a scaling back of the cathedral at the center of the new town, and of the first phase of the university. It had been harder to attract donors than Monaghan had hoped. There had been terrible publicity after Monaghan said, in a speech to a Catholic men's group, "We're going to control the cable television that comes in the area. There is not going to be any pornographic television in Ave Maria Town. If you go to the drugstore and you want to buy the pill or the condoms or contraception, you won't be able to get that." The A.C.L.U. forecast lawsuits, and on *Today* Katie Couric asked whether "this is really infringing on civil liberties and freedom of speech and right to privacy and all sorts of basic tenets this country was founded on." Monaghan spent weeks denying that he was building what critics called a "Catholic Jonestown."

In a series of conversations, Monaghan seemed to betray a hint of despair, once describing the project as "nothing but a hole for money," and again as "a short-term disaster." But he said he remained resolute.

"I was taught—and I bought it—that if I live a certain way I'm going to go to Heaven, and if I live a certain way I was going to go to Hell," he said. "And that's for eternity. And Hell was worse than anything you can imagine here. Heaven was better than anything you can imagine. So, to me, it's all that simple. I get it, and I want other people to get it, too, for their own benefit. Is that illogical? Is that insanity? I don't know. I don't want to go to Hell."

A few days later, when I was visiting Monaghan in Ann Arbor, he showed me a black-and-white snapshot of his parents, Francis and Anna, taken in the nineteen-thirties. They were a handsome young couple, but bore that vaguely doubtful air commonly seen in Depression-era photographs. Monaghan's religious formation did not come from his family life at home; very little did.

Tom, the older of two boys, idolized his father. Francis drove a truck for a living, and built their small home himself. Monaghan remembers following like a puppy as his father worked on the house, and sneaking off after him when Francis left the house on an errand. "This guy was a handsome guy," he told me. "He looked like Robert Stack." It is striking that Monaghan remembers his father so vividly. Francis Monaghan suffered from severe ulcers, and on Christmas Eve, 1941, he became desperately ill, and died from internal bleeding. Tom was not yet five.

Anna Monaghan was earning $27.50 a week as a domestic worker. She wanted to return to school, for nurse's training, and decided that she could not care for Tom and his younger brother, Jim, by herself. She sent the boys to a series of foster homes, where they'd stay for a few weeks at a time. And then one day, when Tom was six, his mother delivered her sons to an orphanage.

The St. Joseph's Home for Boys, in Jackson, Michigan, was a high-Victorian

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mansion, its stairways always in need of sweeping, and its bannisters in need of polishing—work done by the boys. Tom got into a fight on his first day, and spent every day thereafter longing for his mother to come and take him back. The orphanage was run by Felician nuns, a community of Polish women, who kept the boys on a strict regimen. The third floor of the old house had been converted into a dormitory, with rows of small beds with metal-tube frames, each separated by a wooden chair, upon which the boys laid their clothes at night. The boys attended a local Catholic school along with children from the town. "We saw how all the other kids were, and what they had," Monaghan said. "We were not allowed to have money, and we had to have very plain clothes." The nuns served surplus food from local restaurants and groceries, which included a seemingly bottomless supply of turnips. Discipline was maintained with a strap, administered by a feared nun named Sister Ladislaus.

When the boys weren't occupied at school or work there was daily Mass, long morning and evening prayers, and regular confession, in addition to the religious instruction at school. This compulsory religion might have become another of the miseries of the place if it hadn't been for the influence of one nun, Sister Mary Berarda. In Monaghan's memory, Sister Berarda was beatific, with a kind manner and a soft Polish accent, and brought to her vocation something like genuine love. "She was very kind," he said. "She was everything. She was our mother, and our father." Sister Berarda was his schoolteacher, too, and although Tom was a good student he tended to daydream, and was often caught short in class. When Tom announced to the class that he would someday become a priest, or a ballplayer, or an architect—or maybe all three—Sister Berarda smiled and told him, "Tom, if anyone can do it, it's you." The one thing she asked him to promise her, he said, was that he would be good.

"If I didn't have those couple of years with Sister Berarda, I don't even know if I'd be in the Church," Monaghan said. "I got my foundation, my formation, right there. I have no doubt that she was really a holy person who was always in the presence of God. She made it believable to me." Years later, after he became a famous success, Sister Berarda told a newspaper reporter that she remembered Tom as "an unusual child . . . when he came to chapel, he really prayed."

In 1949, Anna Monaghan returned to fetch her sons, six years after dropping them off. She had found a nursing job in Traverse City, on Lake Michigan. Tom was twelve, and he remembers the joy he felt at her arrival. "But that didn't work out too well," he said. Tom was too full of adolescent spirit, and Anna was too long removed from parenting. They argued bitterly, and within a year she'd put the boys back into foster care.

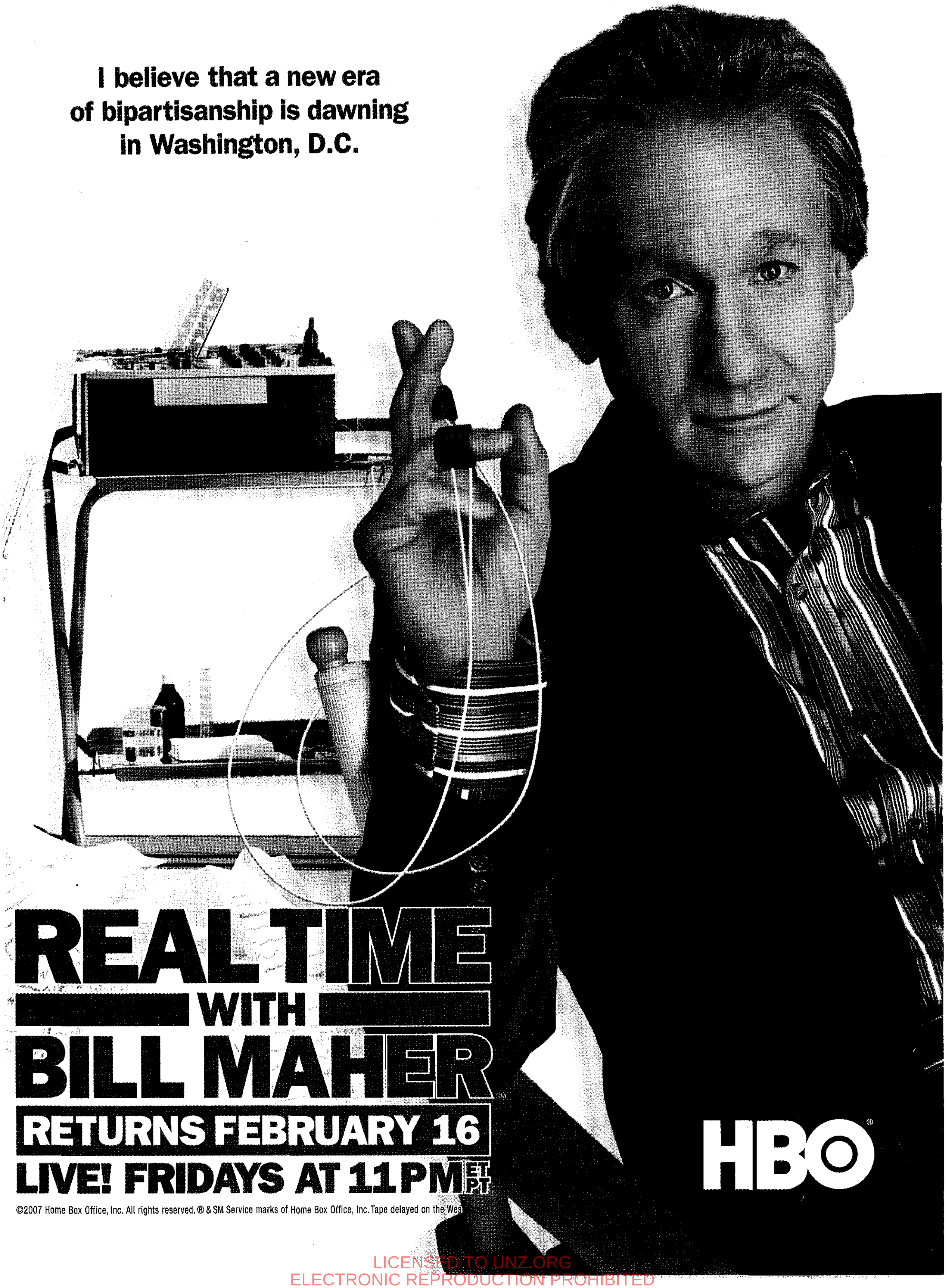
Some of the homes were better than others (a stay with a farm family inspired Domino's Farms), and from time to time Anna took the boys home for another try, always with the same unhappy result. Finally, she signed papers committing Tom to a juvenile-detention home. His father's sister rescued him after a few months and brought him to Ann Arbor, where he finished high school. Monaghan ranked last in his graduating class, but he was finally free.

Monaghan's childhood stimulated a prodigious inner life. He was given to reveries in which he constructed detailed scenes from the life of a rich and successful Tom Monaghan. He spent hours designing imaginary homes, furnishing them to the last corner with items he'd seen in department-store catalogues—always the best. This activity led to his obsession with Frank Lloyd Wright, and a determination to study architecture at the University of Michigan.

But college—if he could get in—required money, so Monaghan looked for work in Ann Arbor, Detroit, and Chicago, without success. He was walking past the post office in Harvey, Illinois, when he noticed an armed-forces recruiting station. He told the recruiter that he was interested in the Army, and, with his encouragement, he enlisted. Once he had signed the papers and taken his physical examination, another enlistee informed him that he'd just joined the U.S. Marines.

Monaghan had a relatively uneventful tour with the corps. In his fantasy life, meanwhile, he became fixated on Bemidji, Minnesota, a small community in the Northwoods country, a town where he had never been, but where he was convinced his destiny lay. He subscribed to the Bemidji newspapers and read them cover to cover; he wrote to the Bemidji Chamber of Commerce; he got in touch with real-estate agents, and came close to purchasing a forty-acre spread. He determined to visit Bemidji

Why are we walking? Why are we walking? They're getting away! THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!!!
Patience, son - you can't fight crime on an empty stomach.
Shanahan
GULLBOY AND PIGEONMAN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on his next furlough, but his plane was diverted to Detroit, and that ended his Bemidji phase.

As it turned out, Detroit was much closer to Monaghan's destiny than Bemidji. After his discharge from the Marines, in 1959, he lost all his savings in an oil-well scheme. He was twenty-two years old, and pretty much where he'd been before he joined the corps. Then his brother, Jim, who had become a mailman, told him about a business opportunity that he'd learned about on his route. A man in Ypsilanti wanted to sell his pizzeria, cheap. Jim had worked briefly in a pizza parlor, and could get a loan from a local credit union. Monaghan figured that he and Jim could split shifts at the pizza shop, leaving Tom enough time to study. They borrowed nine hundred dollars and bought DomiNick's Pizza.

Jim soon went back to the post office full time, giving Tom his share of DomiNick's in exchange for the Volkswagen that they'd been using for deliveries. And Monaghan realized that he wasn't going to become an architect. "I was stuck," he said. "I kind of reconciled myself to it by saying, O.K., so I'm going to be a successful businessman."

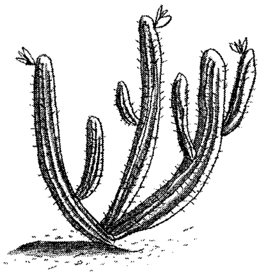
Monaghan's obsessive nature proved to be an asset that outweighed his ignorance of the pizza business. He worked hundred-hour weeks, often sleeping in the shop. He never sat down once he arrived at work, and standing shifts became the rule for all of his employees. When Monaghan got married, in 1962—to Marjorie Zybach, whom he met on a pizza delivery to a college dorm—they moved into a trailer so that he could put money back into the business. When they went on trips, Tom would drive, choosing routes that allowed him to survey pizza operations in other locales.

Now his reveries focussed on fast delivery and "handling the rush"—maximizing output during peak hours. (Monaghan was once timed making a twelve-inch pepperoni pie in eleven seconds.) As the Ypsilanti store flourished—according to Monaghan, it was the busiest pizzeria in the country—he opened other stores, which he now called Domino's. Over time, he perfected his franchising system. He charged new store owners no franchising fee; instead, he required a potential franchisee to manage an existing Domino's successfully for a year. When it was time for the opening, a semi-tractor-trailer would arrive, containing everything needed to run the shop, from pizza ovens to the pens used to write down orders. He also pressed manufacturers to design a better pizza box, made of corrugated cardboard to retain heat, which became the industry standard. By 1985, Domino's was opening nearly three new stores a day, more than any restaurant chain in history.

"I was captain of that ship," Monaghan said. "I worked my people real hard, and they responded. And that first store was something really special. Every single guy that got married, that worked for me in that era, asked me to be his best man. I worked their tail off, I was tough on them. But I was tougher on myself. That was really exciting, and it was fun."

Monaghan had become truly rich. "I thought about how I started in business, how I worked so long and hard, went without things, lived in a little tiny mobile home when we first got married," he recalled. "And then we got pregnant, and we moved into a little bigger mobile home. And then we finally moved into a house, and we didn't buy any furniture, except the bed and the necessities. I drove home in delivery cars, as much as I loved cars. Wore old, battered clothes. All because I thought, If I make these sacrifices now, I can have more later." Monaghan was ready to fulfill the deferred promises he'd made to himself—the plane, the cars, the baseball team, a private island. But he was also determined to become the kind of Catholic that would make Sister Berarda proud.

Monaghan had never really felt any doubt about his faith, and had rarely missed Sunday Mass even during his troubled teen-age years in Traverse City. Back then, there had been moments when he was nostalgic for the orphanage, with its ordered routines centered on the comforting rhythms of the ancient worship rituals. And the Heaven-or-Hell formulation seemed essential to him. He had spent much of his young life after the orphanage on the streets, avoiding his mother, and he always believed that if it weren't for his faith he might have crossed a line from which there was no easy return.

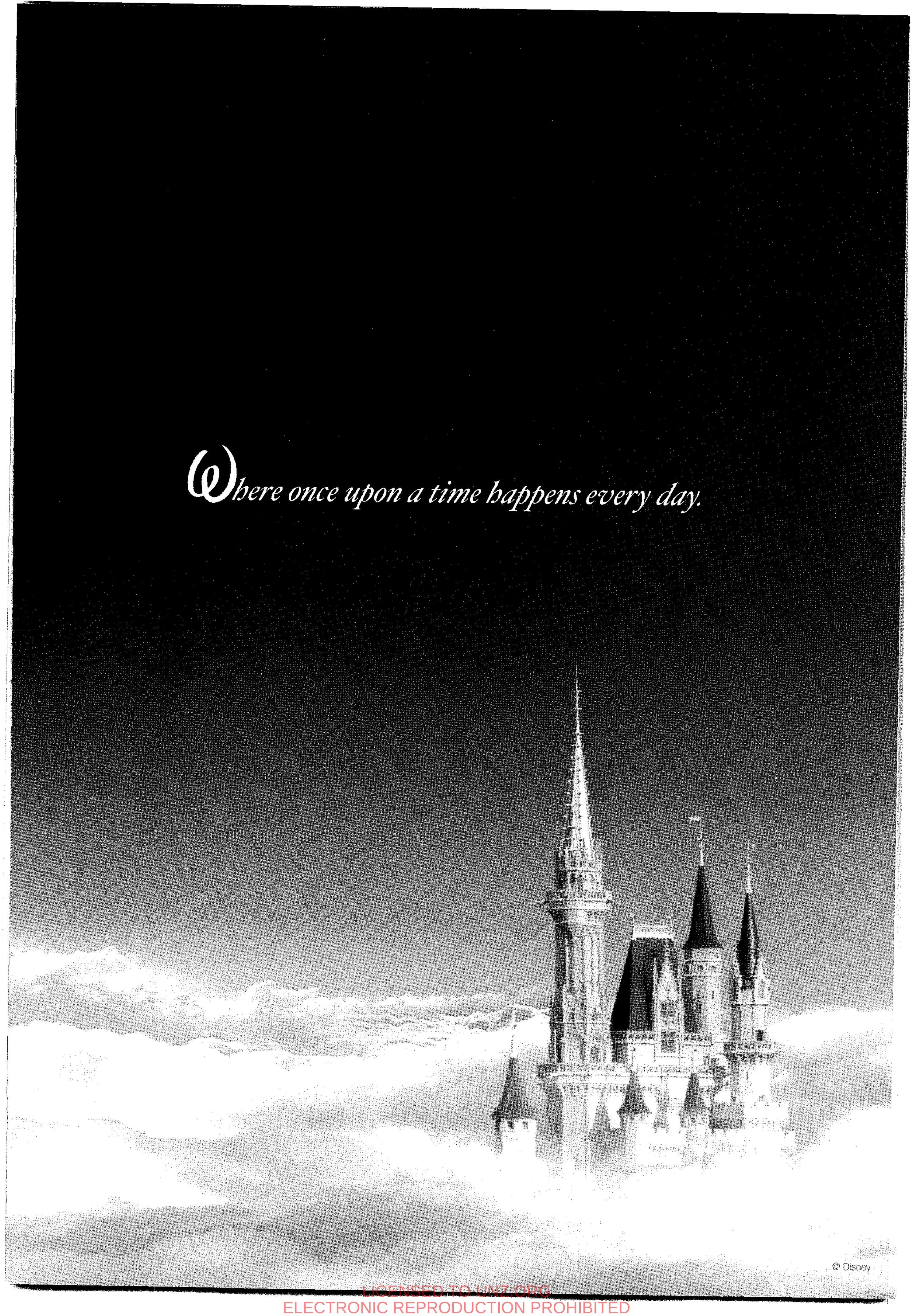


But during the years when he was building Domino's Monaghan had lapsed into a nominal practice of his religion. He attended church on Sundays, but he arrived late, and got to confession only two or three times a year. When he read that Don Shula, then the coach of the Miami Dolphins, attended Mass every day, Monaghan told himself that if Shula could find the time so could he. He has rarely missed a Mass since.

One day, the priest gave a homily on Marian apparitions, and on how the Virgin Mary at Fátima had urged the praying of the Rosary. Monaghan thought about this, he said, and asked himself, "If she goes to all that trouble, the apparition, and that's her message, who am I to ignore it?" He was training for a marathon, and began praying the Rosary (a hundred and fifty Hail Marys, punctuated by fifteen Our Fathers, all while contemplating the mysteries of redemption) during a daily run.

In 1983, the year that he bought the Tigers, he established a foundation. Its purpose was to support the Catholic Church; Monaghan believed that there was no greater good he could do. He invited a fellow-parishioner, the Catholic writer Ralph Martin, to Domino's Farms, where he eagerly told him about his plans. Monaghan expected Martin to be thrilled, but he seemed troubled. "You know, Tom, just because it's Catholic doesn't mean it's correct," Martin said. "You can give to things that are Catholic and do the Church more harm than good."

"He explained it to me," Monaghan said. He remembers Martin telling him about dissidents at Notre Dame, who didn't accept some of the Church's fundamental beliefs, such as the bodily resurrection of Christ. "And then he told me about this priest, who was at the school, and he died and they went into his room and they found all kinds of ho-


Where once upon a time happens every day.
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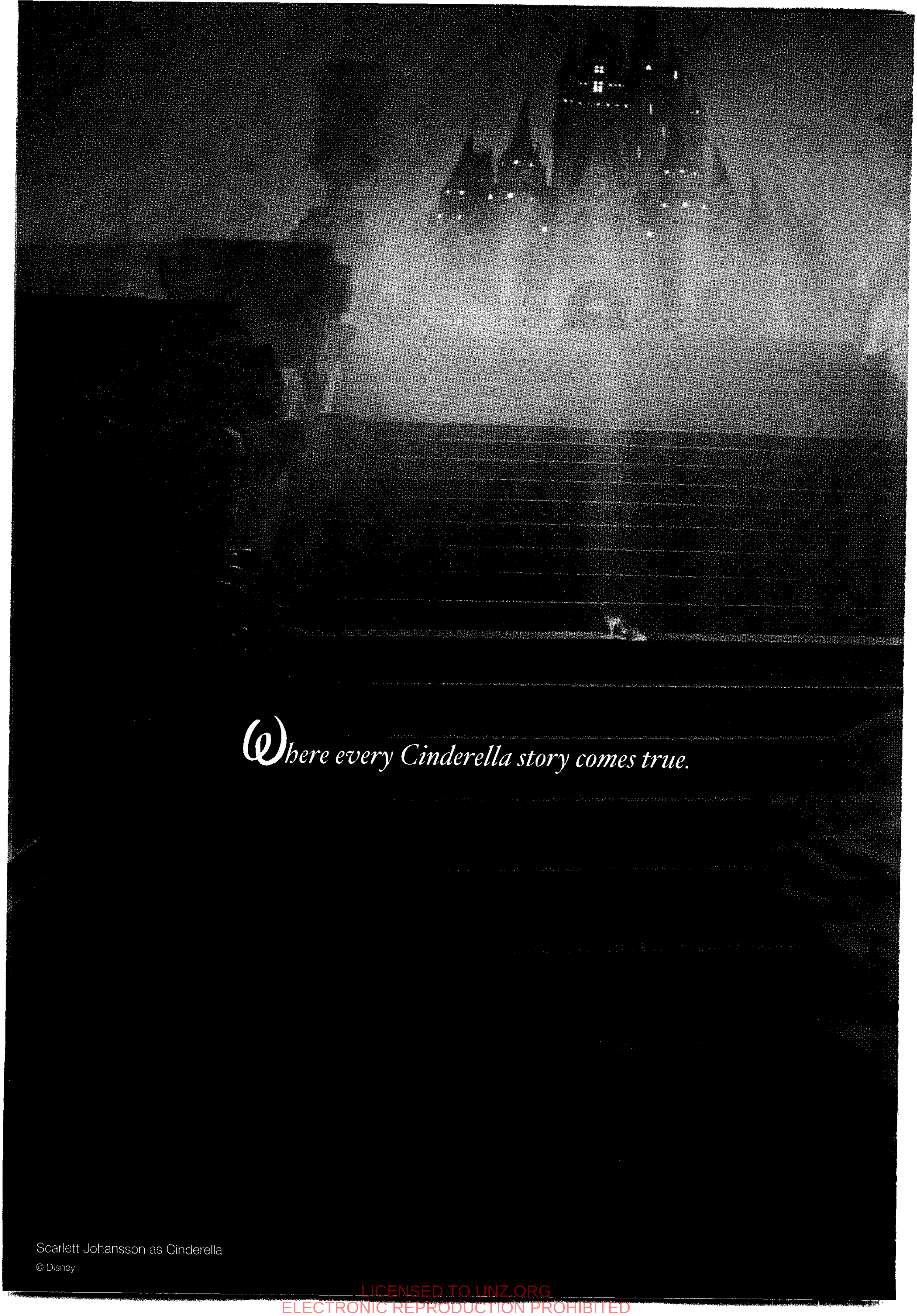
Where every Cinderella story comes true.
Scarlett Johansson as Cinderella
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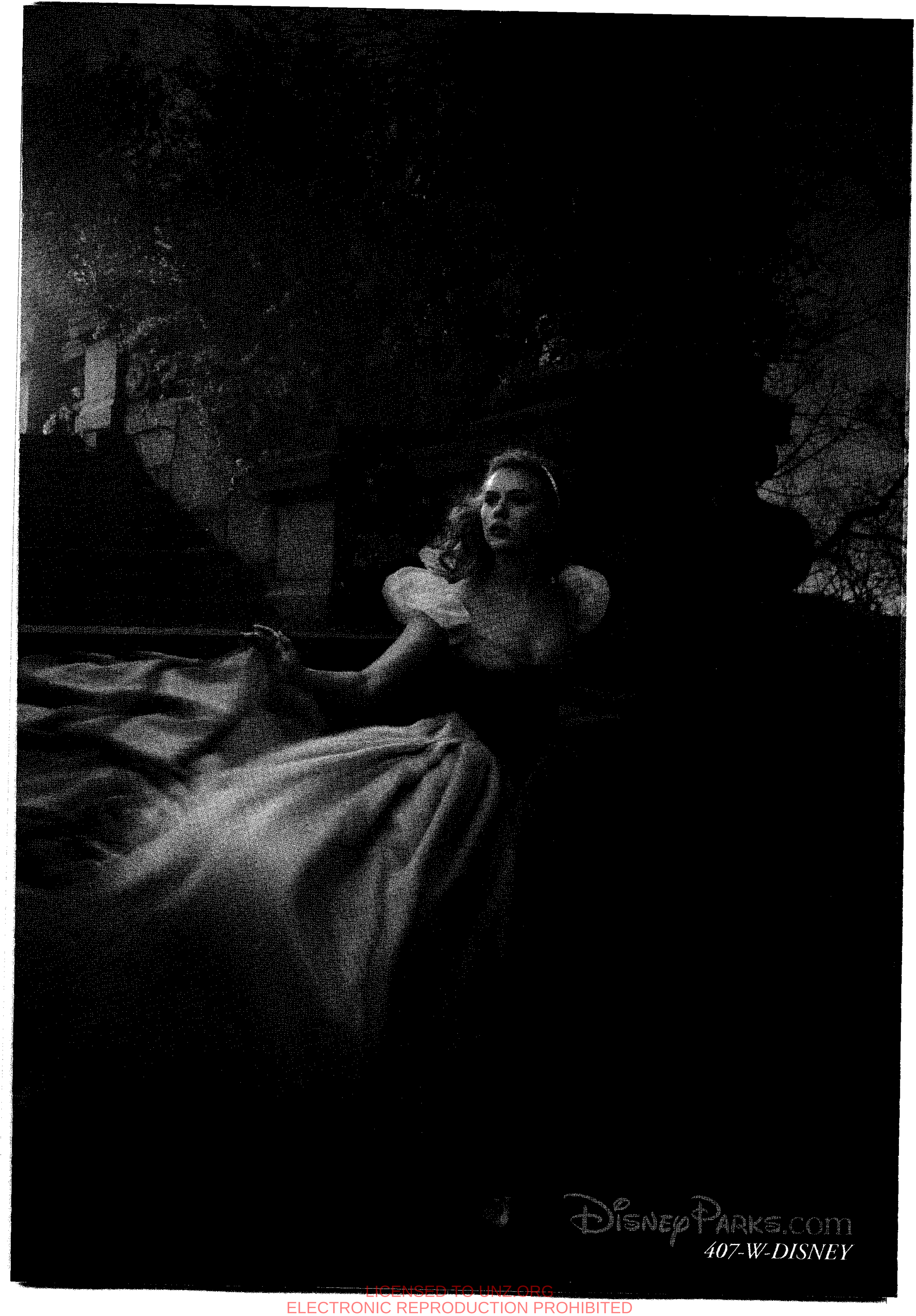

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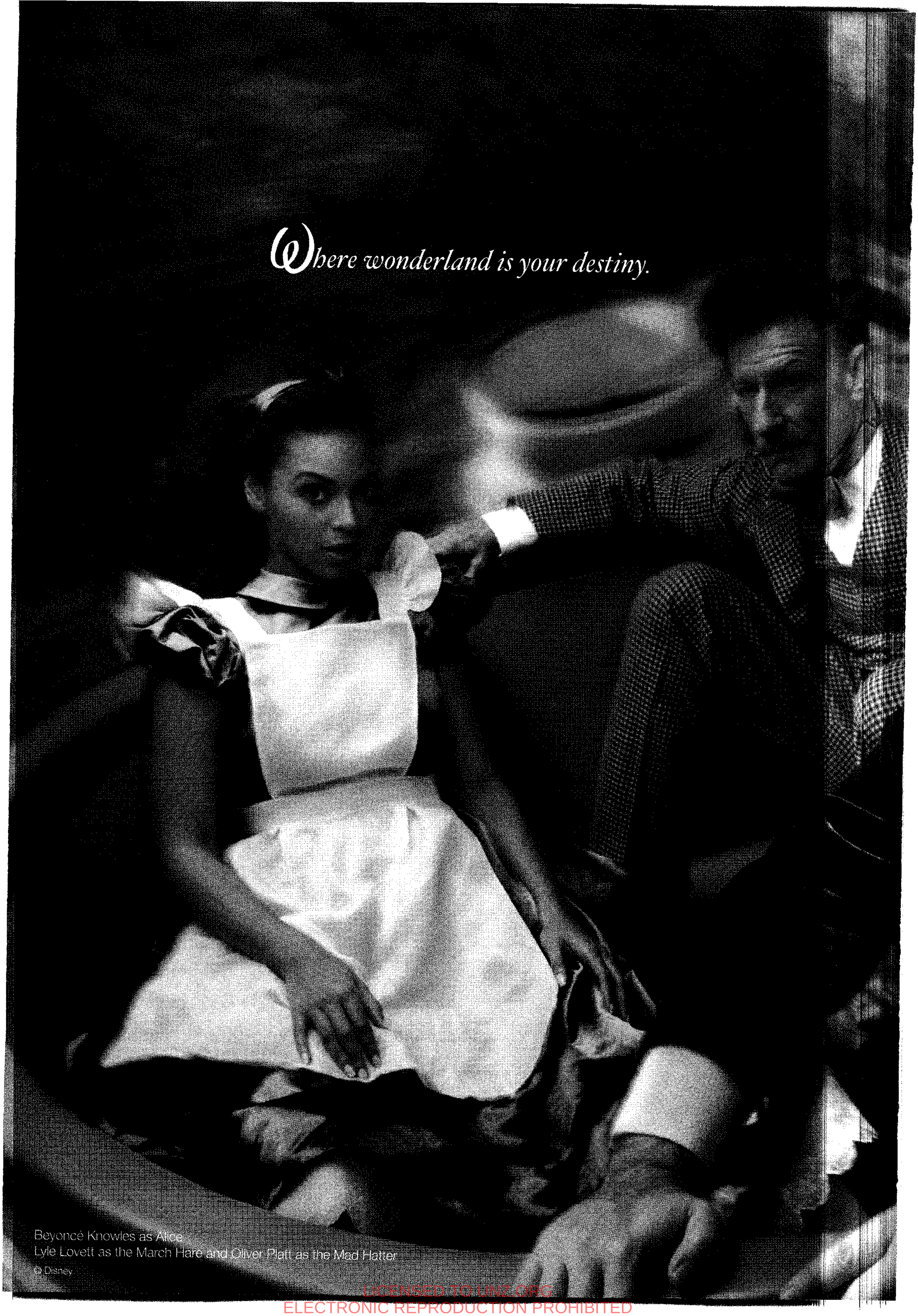
Where wonderland is your destiny.
Beyoncé Knowles as Alice
Lyle Lovett as the March Hare and Oliver Platt as the Mad Hatter
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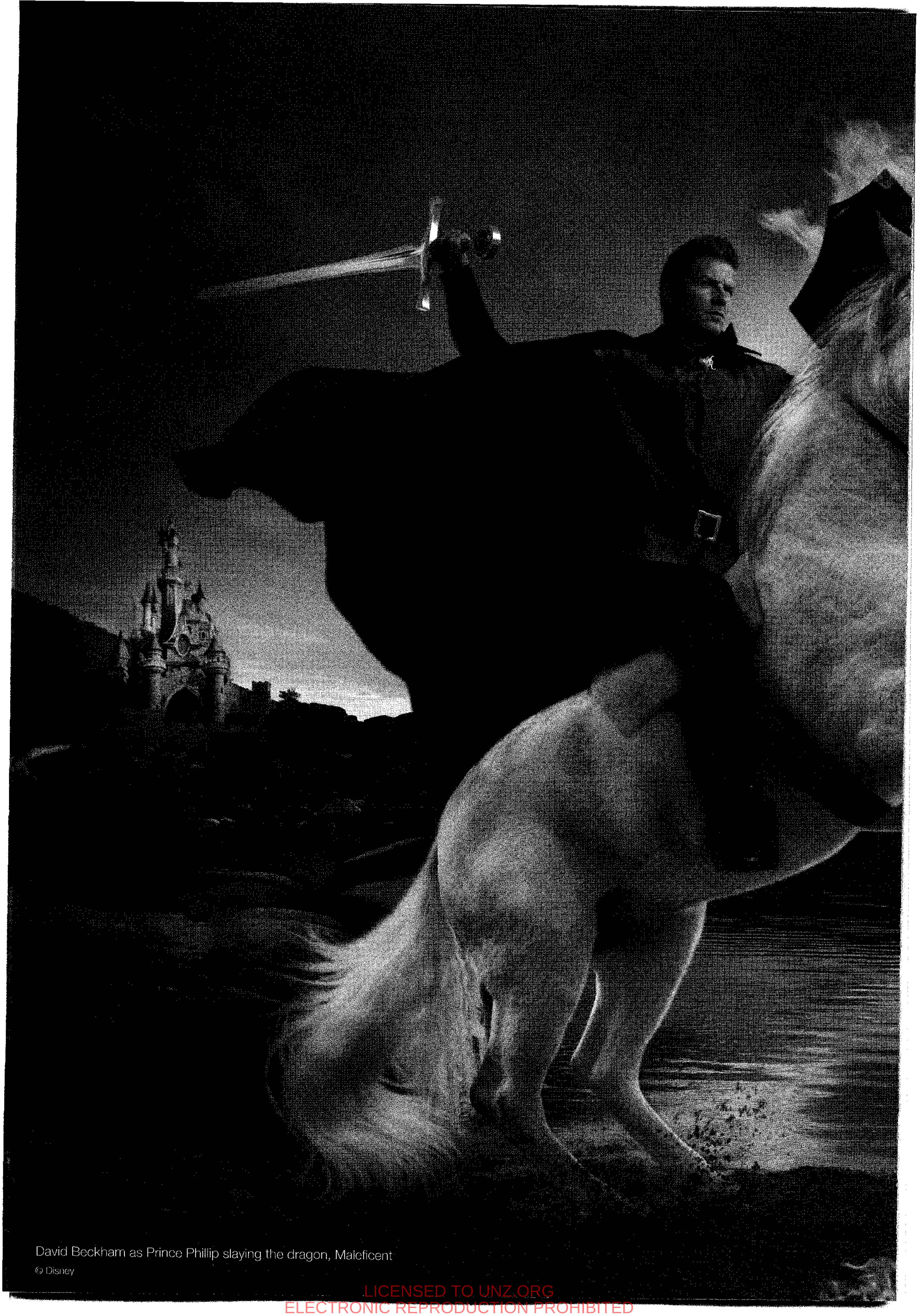

David Beckham as Prince Phillip slaying the dragon, Maleficent

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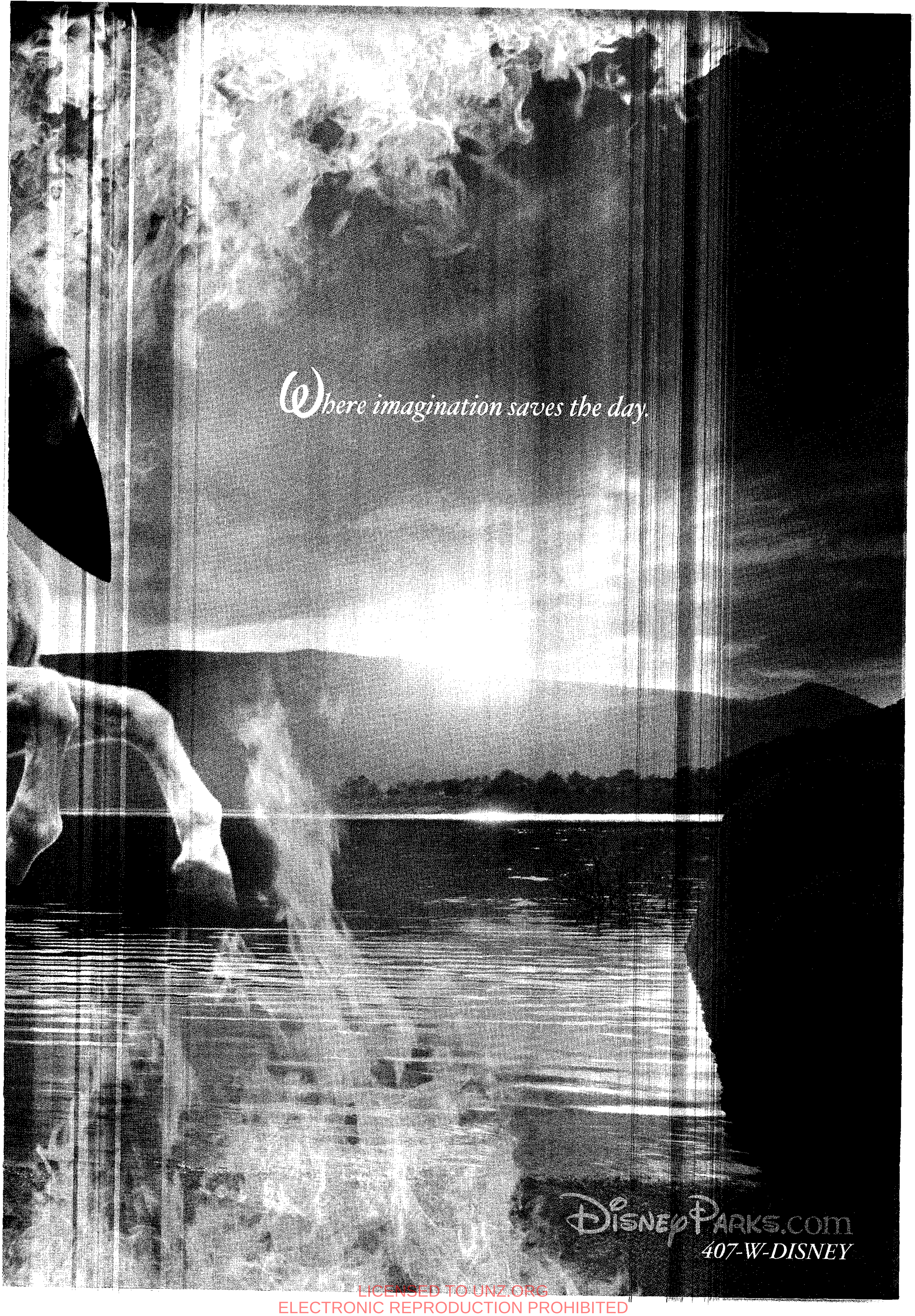
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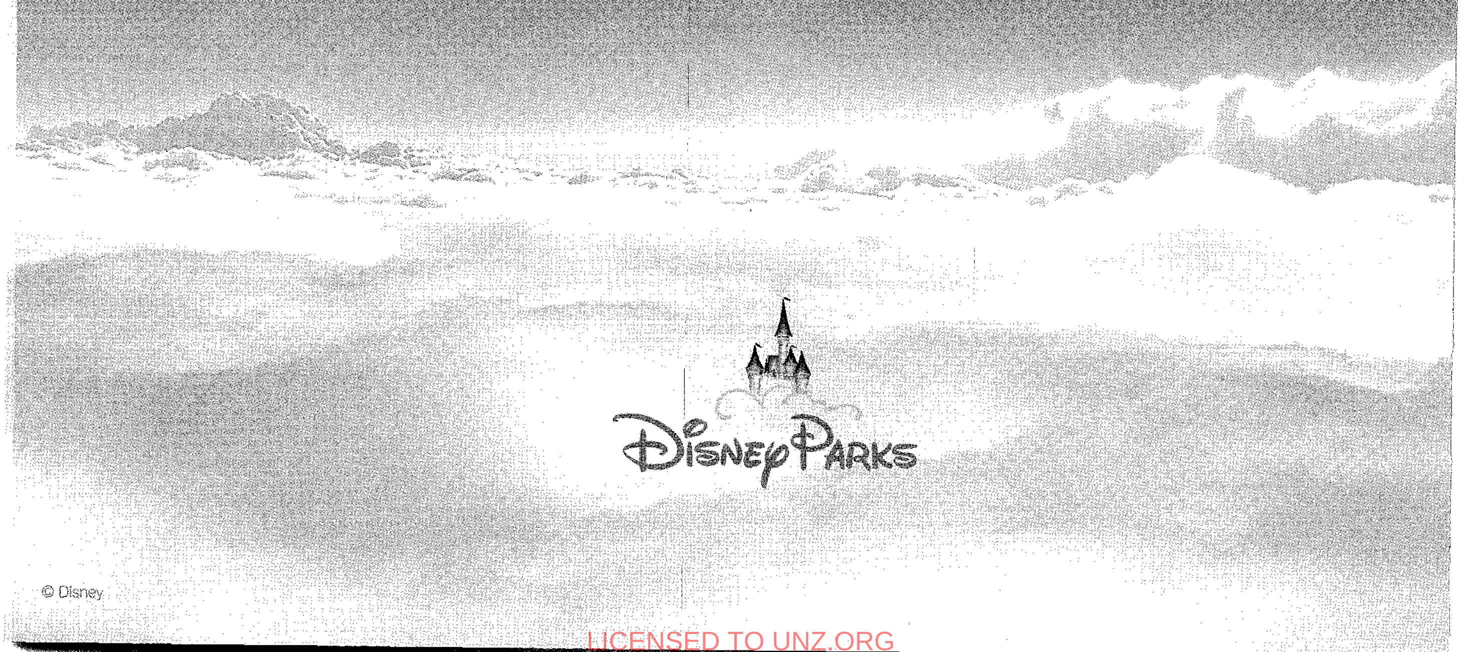

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mosexual literature and paraphernalia. And I said, 'You've gotta be kidding! At Notre Dame? That's the highest level, the most visible side of our faith in the country!' And then he told me about other things in the Church. It was a rude awakening."

Ralph Martin, as it happened, was the author of an influential 1982 book called "Crisis of Truth," in which he warned that clergymen and theologians within the Church were working against the true faith, and that the Church's embrace of trendy ideologies was corrupting an unsuspecting flock. It was an alarm being sounded with increasing urgency by conservative Catholics who believed that the liberalizing reforms of the second Vatican Council, convened in 1962, had mutated into an assault on Church teaching and scriptural authority. There was, at the time, a widening gap in the Western Church between two fundamentally different views of the Christian faith, one oriented to a judgmental God and the promise of redemption, the other seeing God's will at work in the pursuit of social justice. This divergence reflected the broader antagonisms that came to be known as "the culture war."

"I just told him, 'Hey, there's a lot of different stuff going on in the Church these days,' " Martin recalled. "And some of it really is in harmony with two thousand years of Catholic tradition, and some of it isn't."

Until then, Monaghan had had an unambiguous sense of what it meant to be Catholic: "Whatever the Vatican says. That's what it is. That's the Tom Monaghan version. I'm with the magisterium. I'm with the Pope." He had always assumed that this orthodoxy was shared by all professed Catholics. Otherwise, what was the point of being Catholic? Now that he understood that there was a struggle over the direction of the Church, and over his faith itself, he saw no option but to join in.

"Mother, please! I can spoil my own child."

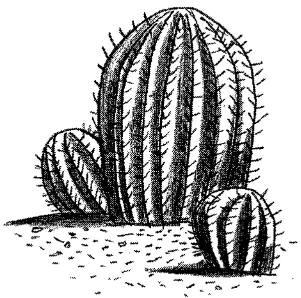
The divide that Martin described to Monaghan was nowhere more evident at the time than in Nicaragua, where the Church was at war with itself. Many local priests and laity had supported the Sandinista insurgency, and when the revolution succeeded, in 1979, some joined Daniel Ortega's government. It was the zenith of liberation theology, which depicted Christ as a revolutionary and offered the mantle of Christianity to various leftist movements. Pope John Paul II firmly opposed liberation theology for its Marxist inclinations, as did the Church hierarchy in Nicaragua. Through much of his tenure, Ortega blamed the Church for encouraging the Contras, who were trying to overthrow his government; the Church, in turn, claimed that it was being persecuted by the Sandinistas. The struggle became a kind of proxy war between Catholic liberals and Catholic conservatives outside Nicaragua.

Ralph Martin considered liberation theology a peril to the Church. He had built a network in Central America, and one of its members, Father Enrique Silvestre, persuaded Monaghan to visit his mission in a squalid Honduran village called El Mochito. Monaghan was so moved by the priest's work with the poor that he purchased a pickup truck to replace Silvestre's old mule and bought a generator for the hydroelectric plant that the priest was trying to build. It was his first significant foray into philanthropy. Other trips followed; travelling on the Domino's jet, Monaghan found that Honduras was as close to Ann Arbor as Los Angeles was. He studied Spanish and started a sewing factory.

Honduras was also a staging ground for Nicaraguan Contras. Monaghan wholly endorsed their cause, although he says that he provided no direct, material support for their effort. "I was very aware of the situation in Nicaragua, the Sandinistas, and how different it was from what the papers here were saying it was, and how the Church was persecuted," he said. "And a lot of people I was working with in Honduras were Nicaraguans who'd crossed the border during that period."

In 1990, a peace settlement was reached in Nicaragua, and in the elections that followed Ortega was defeated. Around that time, Monaghan received a call from Cardinal Bernard Law, of Boston, asking if he would donate to the construction of a new cathedral in Managua; it would replace the one that had been ruined by an earthquake in 1972, and would also be a visible symbol of the Church's endurance. Monaghan agreed, but when he saw the design he found it lacking. "If you're going to build a cathedral, build a cathedral," he recalls saying. The existing plans were dropped, and Monaghan brought in a Mexican architect, Ricardo Legorreta, who designed a $4.5-million cathedral, much of it funded by Monaghan. (He also gave a million dollars to a foundation connected to the Pope.) Monaghan was pleased with the result, a multi-domed concrete structure, but he notes that the design was controversial: "Some have said it looks like a woman's breast."

Monaghan was discovering that politics could be an effective, if sometimes controversial, means of advancing his religious agenda. He is a single-issue political partisan, and that issue is abortion. "All the others—whether we're going to have a minimum wage, high taxes or low taxes—don't matter," he told me. "We've got to stop killing babies."



In 1988, Michigan voters were considering a referendum that would have preserved state funding of abortion, which the state legislature had voted to end the year before. For pro-choice forces, it was an early attempt to use the referendum process to guarantee women's access to abortion. Monaghan donated fifty thousand dollars to help fight the measure, and it lost by a considerable margin. The National Organization for Women called for a nationwide boycott of Domino's, but Monaghan shrugged it off; although NOW maintains that it hurt the company, Monaghan told me that he thought the publicity might even have helped sales. (Monaghan's fixedness on abortion prompted him, in December, to join the exploratory committee for what would be the long-shot Presidential campaign of Senator Sam Brownback, who is steadfastly pro-life.)

As Monaghan became more consumed by his work for the Church, he felt less driven in his job at Domino's. By the end of the eighties, Domino's had five thousand stores worldwide, and dominated the competition in deliveries. In 1989, Monaghan decided to step down as president and C.E.O., and to devote himself full time to his new calling.

By then, Monaghan was moving in élite orthodox Catholic circles, among men like George Weigel and Michael Novak, who were far more grounded than he was in the Catholic intellectual tradition; they knew Aquinas from Augustine, scholasticism from modernism, where Monaghan had a boys'-home catechism. But Monaghan was the ultimate autodidact. "If I get interested in a subject, I just smother it—I read everything I can read, I talk to the experts, I'm just obsessed," he said. "That's kind of the way I'm educated. I became, that way, probably more knowledgeable about the pizza business than anybody in the world."

After meeting the young conservative scholar Dinesh D'Souza, Monaghan decided to read "The Catholic Classics," two volumes of essays D'Souza had written on the great Catholic thinkers, from Bede to Pascal. One day, Monaghan was arrested by a passage from the work of the only Protestant writer whom D'Souza had included, C. S. Lewis. Lewis proposed that, in the scheme of Christian morality, pride—the sin of self-regard—was "the great sin." He wrote that pride was "the essential vice, the utmost evil. . . . It was through Pride that the devil became the devil; Pride leads to every other vice: it is the complete anti-God state of mind." A rich man's striving for greater wealth, Lewis contended, was not greed but pride.

"That hit me right between the eyes," Monaghan said. "C. S. Lewis told me that it was pure pride. You wanted to impress other people—impress them with a spectacular play, or you wanted to impress them with all your worldly goods and accomplishments."

As he lay in bed that night, Monaghan said, he swore a "millionaire's vow of poverty." The next day, he began to dispossess himself of the earthly treasures he'd accumulated, beginning with his dream house, which was under construction in Ann Arbor. The house, designed by Fay Jones, a Wright protégé, had cost seven million dollars already; it sits unfinished in a field of weeds. Monaghan sold almost all of his Wright collection, some of it at a staggering loss. He had put thirty-five million dollars into building an island resort; he sold it for three million dollars. He gave up the helicopter, the Gulfstream, and the Bugatti. In 1992, he sold the Tigers to his pizza rival, Mike Ilitch, of Little Caesars.

"I had to get rich to see that being rich isn't important," he told me. "I was brought up poor, and I was embarrassed by my threadbare clothes and shoes. I had to get that out of my system. . . . It was a relief. I was getting too sidetracked by the quest for that stuff. I mean, it was a game. It was fun. You know, which new Gulfstream do you like? How much is it gonna cost? What do I have to do to get one?"

It helped that Monaghan's wife, Marge, was resolutely unassuming; she'd never been particularly interested in the ostentatious adornments that her husband seemed compelled to acquire. Nor, for that matter, did she share his zeal for the faith. She was a Lutheran when she met Monaghan, and remains one still, despite receiving instruction from the Church before their marriage. ("It didn't take," Monaghan said.)

At the time, Domino's was undergoing a financial crisis. It was burdened by debt, and had been overtaken by Pizza Hut, even in the delivery business. Monaghan believed that whenever Domino's had faltered in its early years it was because he had ceded authority, and he was certain that was the problem now. He returned to the company in 1992, restructured its debt, and slashed jobs. By the end of the decade, Domino's had rebounded.

In 1998, Monaghan sold the company for a billion dollars, and shortly thereafter he announced that he would

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PARAMOUNT VANTAGE

devote the rest of his life, and his resources—after providing for his family—to the Church. "I want to die broke," he declared.

Twenty miles northeast of Naples, Florida, heading inland and away from the Gulf of Mexico, is the Corkscrew Swamp, home to black bears, alligators, water moccasins, cuckoos, nesting storks, blue frogs, and the occasional Florida panther. Rising from a clearing near one leg of the swamp are the rolled-steel arches for the frame of a hundred-foot-tall cathedral. This is Ave Maria Oratory. Monaghan designed the cathedral, set on a plaza intended to evoke the piazzas of Padua. When it is finished, it will seat eleven hundred people and be the centerpiece of Ave Maria Town, the future home of Ave Maria University. If Monaghan goes broke before he dies, Ave Maria will likely be the reason.

Monaghan hadn't meant to stake everything in Florida. After selling Domino's, he placed two hundred and fifty million dollars in his foundation, which he had renamed the Ave Maria Foundation. In the mid-nineteen-nineties, he had funded a pair of startup elementary schools in Ann Arbor, but that approach was too small-bore for what he had in mind. A university could train young people who would, in turn, train the next generation of priests, teachers, nuns, and school principals. "You've got to create a sort of critical mass," he said. "If we can get priests who are turned on to the faith, then you have a good congregation. It's a multiplication. If you have a good principal, you have a good school. If you have a good catechism teacher, you have a good child. So you're not catechizing one person, you're catechizing thousands and thousands. And not just in one locality but all over the world. That's why the university is such an efficient thing—a tool to change the world."

There are already more than two hundred Catholic colleges and universities in the United States, but, in Monaghan's view, though some are great universities, none are great Catholic universities. Notre Dame has become the sort of institution that stages "The Vagina Monologues." The Jesuit-run University of San Francisco offers students a minor in gender and sexuality studies. Some schools, like Manhattanville College and Marist College, have surrendered their Catholic identity. Other Catholic schools, such as Franciscan University, in Steubenville, Ohio (of which Monaghan was the principal benefactor), and Thomas Aquinas College, in Santa Paula, California, were resolutely orthodox but had no ambitions to become first-tier research institutions. Monaghan was looking for a high-level academic institution that was also, as he puts it, "seriously Catholic."

"What I wanted was something that wasn't there," he said. "And if it wasn't there that means that I have to start it. That's why we're doing the university."

Monaghan founded Ave Maria College in 1998, in Ypsilanti, near Ann Arbor, using a former elementary school as its first campus. Not long after, he encountered a group of young law professors from the University of Detroit Mercy who were interested in building a new Catholic law school that would be wholly faithful to the teachings of the Church. Monaghan loved the idea; he had raised the possibility of doing something similar at Steubenville, but he found it hard to get things done there. He believed that sending devout Catholics into the world to practice law could only benefit the system; if some of them chose to take on the A.C.L.U. in First Amendment cases, or the pro-choice lobby on abortion, so much the better.

Monaghan called Bernard Dobranski, the dean of the Columbus School of Law at Catholic University, in Washington, D.C., with a proposal: Would he consider running such a law school? Dobranski had reason to decline. He'd been dean for three years, he had tenure and the promise of long sabbaticals, and he and his wife considered Washington to be home. He told Monaghan he'd consider it. The next day, Dobranski asked a friend, Supreme Court Justice Antonin Scalia, to lunch. Dobranski remembers Scalia urging him to consider taking the job. The two men talked about how the new law school would need to get noticed, perhaps by making some high-profile hire. Dobranski

"Uh, Trudy, how's the coffee coming?"

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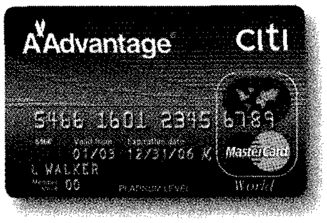

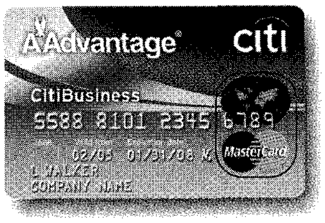

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named a few prominent scholars. “Ah, they’re just law professors,” Scalia replied. “You need somebody bigger than that.” Scalia suggested Robert Bork. Bork is an iconic figure to religious conservatives, who remember his bruising confirmation defeat as a Supreme Court nominee largely over the issue of abortion. After a call from Scalia, and a few meetings with Dobranski, Bork accepted a position as a professor.

Ave Maria School of Law opened in the fall of 2000, in a renovated laboratory facility in Ann Arbor, a couple of miles from Domino’s Farms. There was a crucifix in every classroom. When Monaghan addressed the first-year students, he urged them to attend Mass and to pray the Rosary daily. Those students graduated in 2003, and passed the Michigan bar at a rate of ninety-three per cent—the best in Michigan (prompting the *National Review* to congratulate the University of Michigan for having the second-best law school in Ann Arbor). Two Ave Maria graduates landed clerkships with prominent conservative judges, Samuel Alito and William Pryor. In 2005, the school received full accreditation from the American Bar Association, the fastest such clearance possible. Conservative Catholics suddenly had their own élite law school.

Monaghan wanted to make sure that neither the college nor the law school would lose its way ideologically, so he decided that they would not answer to a religious order, or to outside governors, but to a board that would be under his influence. He assumed the chairmanship of both schools’ boards, and he appointed the other members; his years in the business world had taught him that an agreeable board was vital. Members at the law school have included Cardinal John O’Connor of New York, Kate W. O’Beirne, the Washington editor of *National Review*, and former Representative Henry Hyde.

Monaghan hoped to move the college and the law school to the vast grounds at Domino’s Farms, an action that had to be approved by the Ann Arbor township. Approval was hardly a given; some of his earlier projects, such as a subdivision featuring homes designed by the thirty best architects in the world (chosen by a panel), had been stalled by the town. Now there was much local grumbling about a plan to erect a two-hundred-and-fifty-foot-tall crucifix, bearing a forty-foot-tall Jesus, at the site of his proposed university. In April, 2002, the town denied Monaghan permission to build his university in Ann Arbor.

Monaghan began searching for another location, and while vacationing near Naples he decided that he had found it. That corner of Florida was at the height of a boom, and Monaghan was delighted to discover that the area was heavily Catholic. In addition, there was no major Catholic university like the one he proposed in the South; the closest élite universities were Duke, in Durham, North Carolina, and Emory, in Atlanta. He surveyed the region for a suitable property and made a hundred-million-dollar offer for a section of land in east Naples. The deal fell through, but something far more compelling presented itself. The Barron Collier Company, the major land-development company in the area, proposed to give Monaghan the land to build his university; the company would then develop the property surrounding the university, selling home and commercial sites whose values would be enhanced by proximity to the school. Monaghan offered a hundred million dollars to be a partner in the development of the town, and a deal was struck.

The arrangement had a potentially spectacular bonus for the university. Monaghan has pledged his share of the profits to the school and, with real-estate values in Naples rising wildly, Ave Maria could very quickly become one of the best-endowed Catholic colleges in the country.

It wasn’t Bemidji, but Ave Maria Town represented something close to Monaghan’s ideal. He thought that such a place would become at least ninety per cent Catholic—who else would be interested in moving there? He also assumed that, since he and his partner, Barron Collier, controlled all of the commercial properties, they could make sure that the town’s businesses were in keeping with the character he wanted it to have.

Monaghan was surprised, last year,

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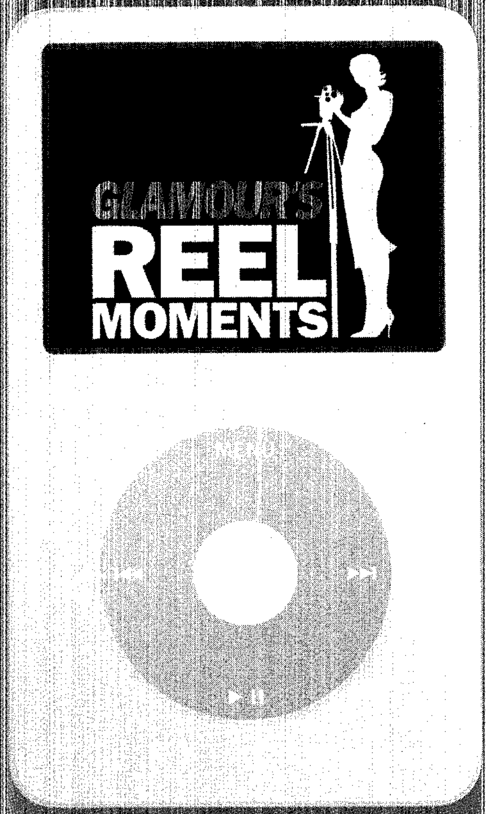
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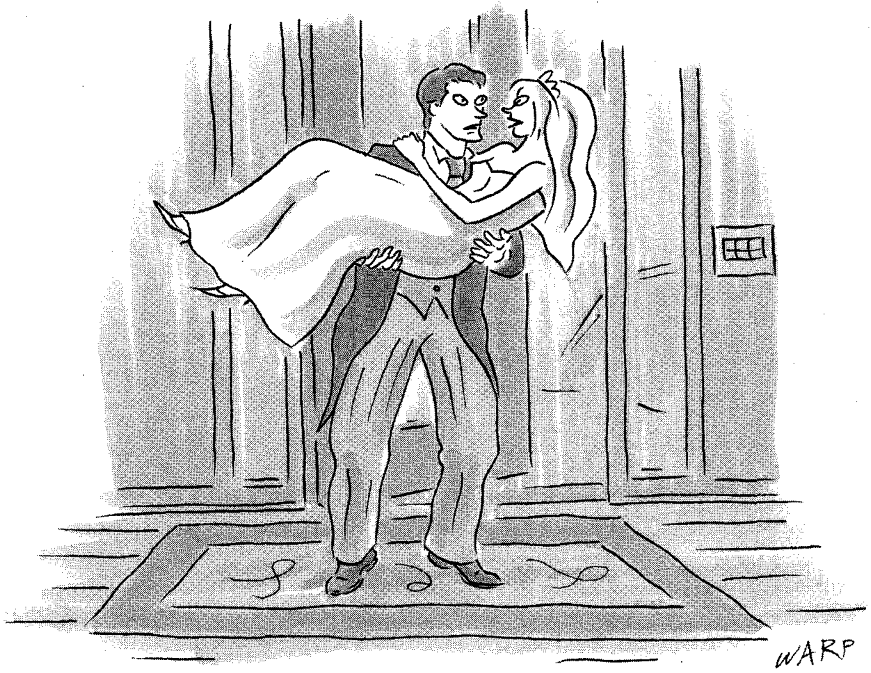


"Could you put me down now? I really don't like to be touched."

when his comments about keeping pornography and contraceptives out of his "Catholic town" caused such a fuss. Barron Collier was surprised, too. The company quickly offered assurances that all faiths would be welcome in the town. "It was never intended to be a restricted or Catholic-only community," Paul Marinelli, Barron Collier's president, said. "And we are not restricting the contraceptives. In deference to Tom's request, and to the Catholic university, we're *requesting* that contraceptives not be sold, but we're not restricting. There's a big difference."

"I'm not going to break the law," Monaghan told me. "We want to be a family town. But if there's an openly gay couple living next door to some family, and those kids would have to be subjected to that, I don't know. In the first place, I don't know how many gay couples are going to want to come live in the town. And if we can't prevent it, well, we'll tolerate it."

But that controversy was a passing annoyance compared with the strife that the Florida project caused between Monaghan and his school communities in Michigan. At Ave Maria College, in Ypsilanti, students and faculty were outraged by the news that they would all be moving to Florida. From Monaghan's perspective, the move posed an inconvenient, but certainly bearable, disruption; after all, Domino's franchisees had often been obliged to relocate. That was not the view in Ypsilanti; lawsuits were filed, fraud was alleged, and Monaghan found himself being assailed in the journals and Web logs of the conservative Catholic wing—his own base.

He said that he would move those students and employees who were willing to go, and keep the Ypsilanti school operating until the last student currently enrolled had graduated. In the fall of 2003, Monaghan opened Ave Maria University at an interim campus in Naples, and there are now about four hundred undergraduates enrolled. The Ypsilanti college is in its final year, with an enrollment of three students.

The law school's resistance has been more vexing. Its board of governors, chaired by Monaghan and filled with his appointees, has not yet voted to relocate the school. Among the dissidents are members of the founding faculty. Partly, this reflects a reluctance to uproot their successful, but fragile, institution, so carefully planted in cosmopolitan Ann Arbor. But the greater cause of disaffection is a sudden awakening to the level of control that Monaghan expects to have over the school (which has included setting a faculty dress code). "The board and Tom would like to make us irrelevant," one law-school professor told me. "They would like to treat us as pieces of pizza, or pieces of equipment."

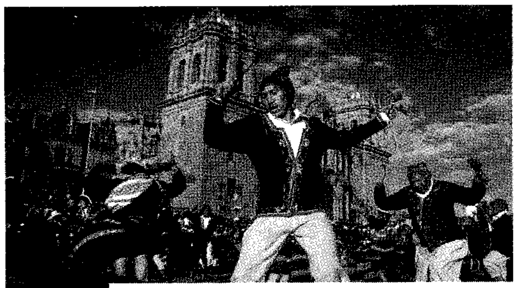
Father Richard John Neuhaus, who serves on the Ave Maria University board of regents, is not certain that the conflict can be easily settled. "To build a great university, you need a great faculty, and academics do not want to be viewed simply as employees," Neuhaus told me. "I don't know how that's going to be resolved. I think Tom is inclined to say, 'This is my business. It's called Ave Maria University, and they're working for me.' And that has some very powerful built-in tensions."

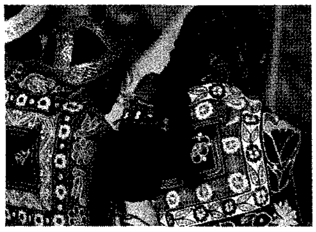
What many Catholics have wanted from Monaghan is philanthropy of the Warren Buffett sort—that he give his money and then walk away, wishing his beneficiaries the best. Monaghan counters that the lessons he has learned as an entrepreneur are critical to the chances of a startup school like Ave Maria. "A lot of academicians will scoff at that thought, because they feel that academia is something unique unto itself," he said. "They feel that business is something that's much less noble."

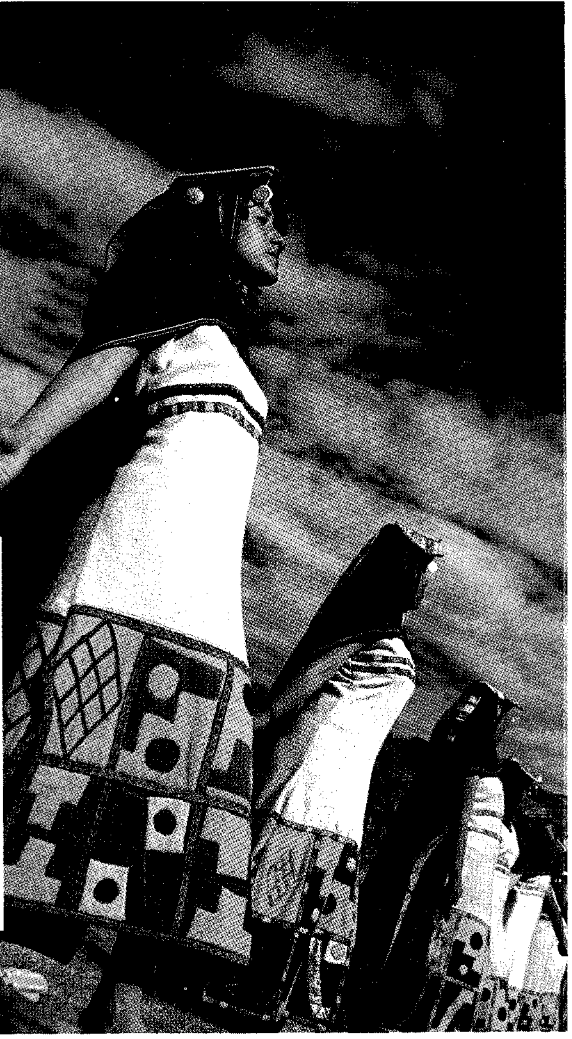
Monaghan had entered the field of higher education with his usual zeal, taking up the reading of *The Chronicle of Higher Education* and talking to university presidents around the country. They told him that the biggest problem in running a university is faculty tenure, which, among other things, insulates the professoriat from market forces. That confirmed Monaghan's belief that a model based on the discipline of business was the right one for the Ave Maria schools. He has made it clear that the law school can move to Florida, where it will enjoy new facilities and a healthy endowment, or it can stay in Michigan, without his money.

"We've got high-powered people preparing briefs," Father Joseph Fessio, the provost of the university and a member of the board of governors at the law school, said. "This is going to be bad, bad publicity."

Given the uncertainty about its fu-







Join the Celebration in Peru

Every year, nearly three thousand celebrations are held throughout Peru. These colorful festivals connect travelers with the rich complexity of Peruvian culture—the haunting flutes of Andean music, the insistent beat of folkloric dancing, the woven rainbow of a town's costumes—and bring centuries of history and art into focus.

Most towns celebrate the anniversary of their founding, patron saints' days, major Catholic holidays, and Peruvian independence (July 28th) at events layered with pre-Columbian, religious, and historic traditions. In **Lima**, dates to circle include January 18th, when Francisco Pizarro founded the city in 1535. On October 18th, the largest religious gathering in South America honors **El Señor de los Milagros**, a black Christ painted by a freed African slave during the colonial era. The image inspired devotion when the wall it was painted on miraculously withstood an earthquake.

Coastal Wine Country

In late February, high summer in Peru, the town of **Chincha Alta** in the coastal region of Ica celebrates Afro-Peruvian culture at **Verano Negro**, the Black Summer Festival. The *peñas*, or folkloric bars, thrum with Afro-Peruvian music and dances, and the vibrant sounds continue the first two weeks of March during the **Fiesta Internacional de la Vendimia**, the lively wine festival held in the city of **Ica**. This is Peru's major grape-growing region, and the festival is the ideal time to visit vineyards and bodegas to taste wines and *pisco*, the Peruvian grape brandy. Craft fairs, food stalls, concerts, and parades are all part of the festivities.

At the **Ica Regional Museum**, the textiles of the ancient Paracas are a reminder that this coastal desert was irrigated to grow cotton thousands of years ago. The Spanish adapted this agro-technology for the grapes they planted, brought African slaves from the Caribbean to cultivate the crops, and drew on the flask-making legacy of the Paracas for bottling.

Andean Easter

Ayacucho, a town in the central highlands, was a nexus of travel and communication between Lima and Cusco when it was established by Pizarro in 1539. Today this landmark of colonial architecture is renowned for its **Holy Week festivities**, when processions fill the streets from the Friday before Palm Sunday (March 30th) through Easter (April 8th). Images of Christ, the Virgin Mary, and Saint John are

(continued on following page)

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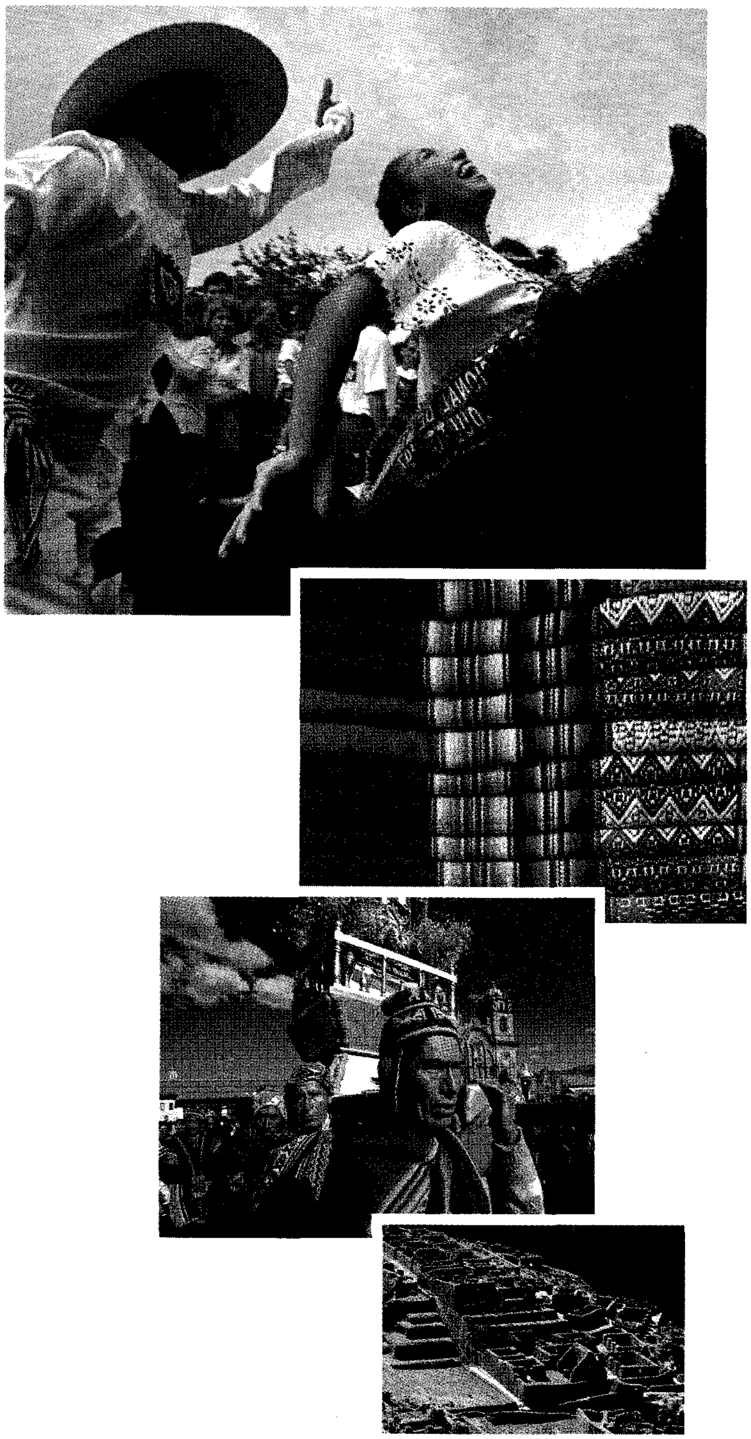

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paraded along routes blanketed with flower petals arranged in subtly hued patterns. You'll recognize the same fastidious geometry in the woven rugs and tapestries sold in local artisans shops. In the **Museo Hipólito Unanue**, explore the area's ancient arts—ceremonial bowls from the Wari culture, the tribe that dominated the region for hundreds of years before being conquered by the Incas in the fourteenth century. Northeast of town, you'll find the hilltop ruins of the Wari capital city, which was home to nearly fifty thousand people.

Inca Winter Solstice

In **Cusco**, the Inca capital for some seventy years before Pizarro conquered it in 1533, the Spanish used the virtually earthquake-proof stonemasonry of the Incas as the foundation for magnificent churches. A fine time to see the interiors of these is on the **Festival of Corpus Christi** (June 7th), when the cathedral fills with candles and Quechua hymns, and the sixteenth-century Santa Clara church, with its mirrored interior, is the destination of parish processions. At night, the lavishly decorated Plaza de Armas becomes a dance stage where everyone toasts the occasion with *chicha*, the ancient corn brew.

The fusion festival **Inti Raymi** originated as an Incan homage to the sun god. The Spanish moved the celebration date to June 24th to coincide with the feast day of Saint John the Baptist, and this is still the city's big ceremonial day. It begins with a procession that carries a symbolic Inca from the remains of Coricancha, the Incan Temple of the Sun, which became the base of Santo Domingo church. The vast crowd then makes its way to the Inca fortress of **Sacsayhuamán**, with dancers and musicians in elaborate costumes providing entertainment.

For most visitors, Cusco is the gateway to **Machu Picchu**. This Inca city high in the Andes was unknown to the Spanish conquerors and not discovered until 1911. Since then it has become cause for celebration year-round, as travelers from all over the world come to be awed by its majesty.

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LAND OF THE INCAS

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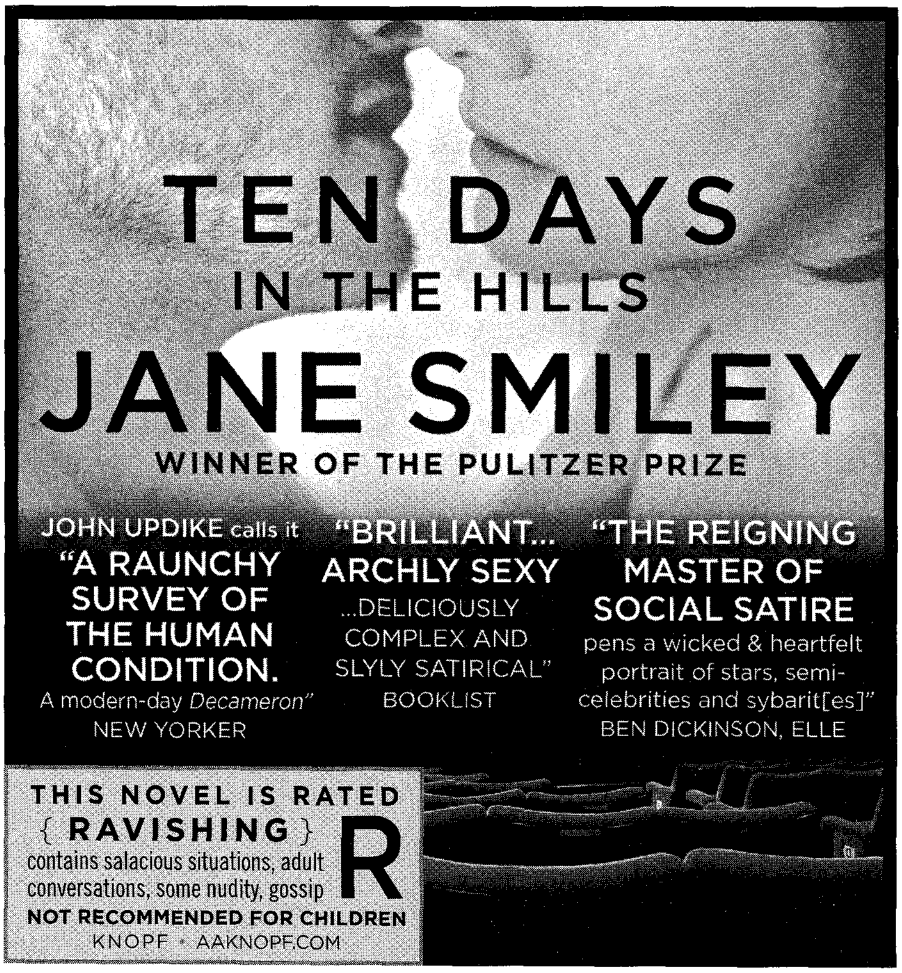
ture, some potential students are understandably hesitant to commit to the school. Late last year, property values in Naples fell, threatening the economic basis for the project. Meanwhile, rising construction costs—owing to a building boom in China and to post-Katrina reconstruction on the Gulf Coast—have made the project more expensive than Monaghan imagined. He told me that his foundation did not have an endlessly open spigot. "That's going to dry up," he said. "I've got a real tough period between now and when the dividends start coming in from the town. That's 2010. I've got a real squeeze between now and then."

Monaghan's undertaking in Florida, for all its entanglements, reflects the ambition of a man who is himself remarkably uncomplicated. It is difficult not to see Ave Maria as being of a piece with his purchase of the Detroit Tigers, or his Frank Lloyd Wright collection. Monaghan told me that his greatest ambition—"more than anything else in my life"—was to be "a good Catholic." Daily Mass, praying the Rosary, were not enough. When Monaghan, who once pored over department-store dream books, decided to build a Catholic university, it had to be the best. It would have not just a campus chapel but a cathedral, and its crucifix would be the tallest in the world. "He is, in an emphatically nonpejorative way, a very simple man," Neuhaus reflected. "Strikingly so. And sometimes you are almost taken aback by what appears to be a certain naïveté. But, you know, the saying of our Lord about being as 'wise as serpents, and innocent as doves' applies very nicely to Tom."

Toward the end of our visit in Florida, I asked Monaghan whether his vision might have been better served if he had assumed a more passive role in his philanthropy. "It's easy just to give your money and then continue to play golf, or whatever you do," he said. "But I'm working harder than I worked when I had Domino's. If people want to criticize that, fine. I'll just get the job done. And I have this undeserved confidence that I can get the job done. I may be blessed with ignorance—but maybe that's an advantage." ♦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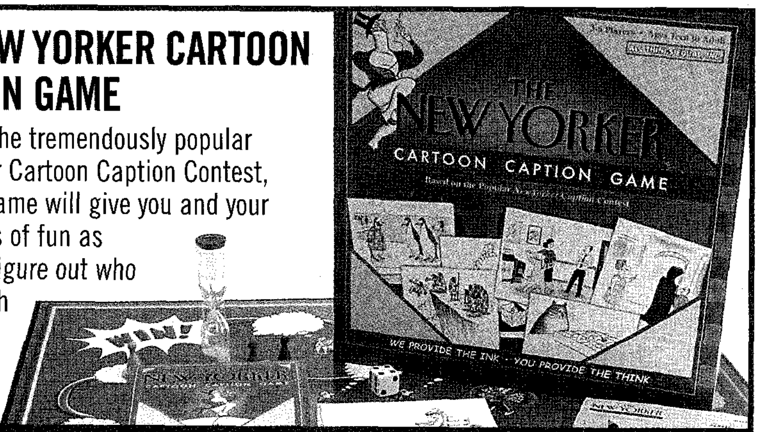

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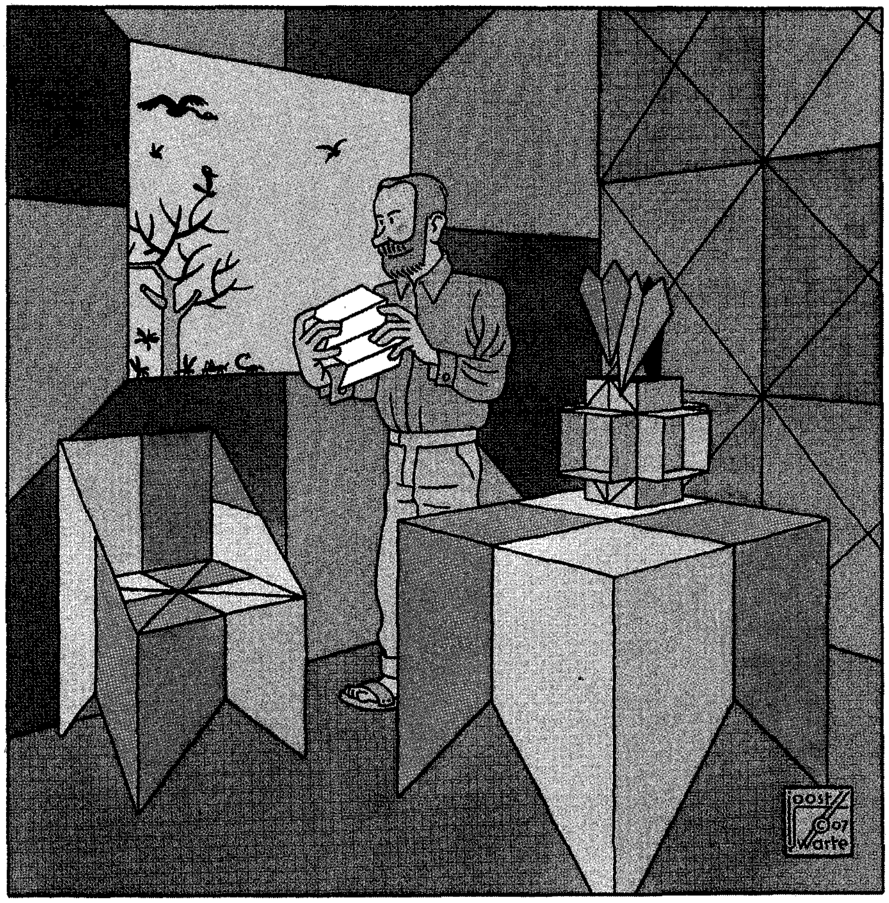
Why a physicist dropped everything for paper folding.

BY SUSAN ORLEAN

One of the few Americans to see action during the Bug Wars of the nineteen-nineties was Robert J. Lang, a lanky Californian who was on the front lines throughout, from the battle of the Kabutomushi Beetle to the battle of the Menacing Mantis and the battle of the Long-Legged Wasp. Most combatants in the Bug Wars—which were, in fact, origami contests—were members of the Origami Detectives, a group of artists in Japan who liked to try outdoing one another with extreme designs of assigned subjects. They engaged in the Bug Wars after one of the Detectives displayed what the group's Web site calls "an incredible secret weapon"—a horned beetle with outspread wings, which he had folded from a single sheet of paper. "Then the origami insect war got full-scale," the English translation of the Web site continues. "They compared their confident models with others at their monthly meetings, and losers left with chagrin." During the Bug Wars, Lang was not yet a professional origami artist; he was a research scientist at Spectra Diode Labs, in San Jose, who did some paper folding on the side. He was busy at work—in 1993, the year of the Menacing Mantis, for instance, he patented a self-collimated resonator laser and worked on fibre-optic networks for space satellites—so he usually wasn't able to travel to Japan to hand-deliver his bug of the month. Instead, he would e-mail his design to an ally in Tokyo, who would fold it and present it to the Detectives on Lang's behalf.



Robert Lang says of origami, "It's like math. It's just out there waiting to be discovered."

At the time, Lang was in his thirties. He had been doing origami—that is, shaping sheets of paper into figures, using no cutting and no glue—for twenty-five years and designing his own models for twenty. He has always considered himself very much a bug person, but his earliest designs were not insects; in the nineteen-seventies, he invented an origami Jimmy Carter, a Darth Vader, a nun, an inflatable bunny, and an Arnold the Pig. He would have liked to have folded insects, but, in those years, bugs, as well as crustaceans, were still an origami impossibility. This was because no one had yet solved the problem of how to fold paper into figures with fat bodies and skinny appendages, so that most origami figures, even television characters and heads of state, still had the same basic shape as the paper cranes of nineteenth-century Japan. Then a few people around the globe had the idea that paper folding, besides being a pleasant diversion, might also have properties that could be analyzed and codified. Some started to study paper folding mathematically; others, including Lang, began devising mathematical tools to help with designing, all of which enabled the development of increasingly complex folding techniques. In 1970, no one could figure out how to make a credible-looking origami spider, but soon folders could make not just spiders but spiders of any species, with any length of leg, and cicadas with wings, and sawyer beetles with horns. For centuries, origami patterns had at most thirty steps; now they could have hundreds. And as origami became more complex it also became more practical. Scientists began applying these folding techniques to anything—medical, electrical, optical, or nanotechnical devices, and even to strands of DNA—that had a fixed size and shape but needed to be packed tightly and in an orderly way. By the end of the Bug Wars, origami had completely changed, and so had Robert Lang. In 2001, he left his job—he was then at the fibre-optics company JDS Uniphase, in San Jose—to fold paper full time.

Lang is accustomed to being surprising. Some years ago, he was the mystery guest on the television game show "Naruhodo! Za Warudo"—the Japanese version of "What's My Line?"—and he

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amazed the audience and the contestants, because they couldn't believe that an American could be an origami expert. People who know him as a scientist are flabbergasted when they hear that he is one of the world's foremost paper-folding artists, and are often surprised that such a thing as a professional origami artist even exists. People expecting him to be kooky—or, at the very least, Japanese—find his academic accomplishments and his white male Americanness puzzling. Recently, he was commissioned by Lalique, the French crystal company, to demonstrate folding at a launch for its new collection of vases, which are rippled and creased in an origami-like way. The launch was at a Neiman Marcus in Troy, Michigan, on a cold night just before Christmas. It was intended for Neiman Marcus's favorite customers, and there was music playing and waiters offering hors d'œuvres and glasses of wine. Lang was set up in the china-and-crystal department, behind a Regency-style desk. On one side of the desk was a stack of thin, square sheets of Japanese origami paper, as brightly colored as a roll of Life Savers. He had with him a laptop computer, and during a break he showed me software that he was designing with his brother, a botany professor, which simulates the growth of cherry trees and will allow farmers to test pruning and fertilizing techniques on a computer, rather than in their orchards. Lang is now forty-five. He is tall, with slim, fine-looking hands, a tidy Silicon Valley-style beard, and the clean, comfortable good looks of a park ranger. That evening, he was wearing a Glen-plaid sports jacket, a tie, and slacks. He settled into his chair and began creasing a sheet of paper into what would become perhaps a bird or a dinosaur or a tarantula. A woman in a knee-length shearling coat wandered over to watch. She stared at Lang's hands and then took fuller stock of him. After a moment, she nudged her husband, who was standing beside her, slightly bent under the weight of four shopping bags.

"My God, look," she said, pointing to Lang. "He's in a suit!"

Lang stopped folding and looked up at her.

"It's just . . . to see an artist all clean and dressed, and in a suit," she sputtered.

Lang smiled and said, "Well, my kimono was at the cleaners." He resumed folding.

"You're good at the origami," the woman said. "Have you done other jobs?"

Lang said, "Yes, in fact, I have. For years, I was a physicist."

The woman grabbed her husband's arm again and gasped, "Oh, my God!" While she was recovering, two men ambled up. "Do people, like, pay you?" one of them asked. Before Lang could answer, the other guy, brandishing a baby lamb chop, asked if he knew how to make the Statue of Liberty.

"And when did you first realize you weren't like other precipitation?"

"Yes, I do," Lang said. "I'm not going to make it right now, but I do know how to do it." He put aside the piece he was working on, and took a new sheet of paper from the stack. He creased it, flipped the paper over, creased it again, lined up the edges, smoothed the sides together, pinched it here and there, and tugged on one edge. He did this with quick, meticulous movements, his hands crossing back and forth over the sheet as if they were tracing a melody. Suddenly, the sheet of paper crumpled and then opened into a shape—a tiny violinist, sawing away at a violin.

"That's just crazy, man," the guy holding the lamb chop said. "I mean, wow."

Lang grew up outside Atlanta. He was given an origami book when he was six by a teacher who had run out of ways to keep him entertained during math class. Lang took to origami immediately. He was fascinated by the infinite possibilities within the finite-seeming—the characters and the creatures that could almost magically come to life from an ordinary square of paper. He worked his way through the designs in one book and then another and another. He had many interests—stamps, coins, plants, bugs, mud—and he was, as his father, Jim Lang, says, "a super-duper math whiz," hooked on Martin Gardner's recreational math column in *Scientific American*. But paper folding engaged him most. He started designing his own origami patterns when he was in his early teens. He diagrammed them in detail on letterhead from the Chrysler Corporation Airtemp Division, where his father was in sales.

Lang went to college at Caltech, where he studied electrical engineering. "Caltech was very hard, very intense," he told me recently. "So I did more origami. It was a release from the pressure of school. I'd fold things, record the design, and then throw the model away." He had never met anyone else who did origami, and he didn't tell people about his pastime. His wife, Diane, whom he met at Caltech when they both had roles in a campus production of "The Music Man," remembers visiting his apartment in Pasadena for the first time and finding little paper ants lining the shelves. "I guess I thought it was a kid's pastime that I hadn't grown out of," Lang said. "I was

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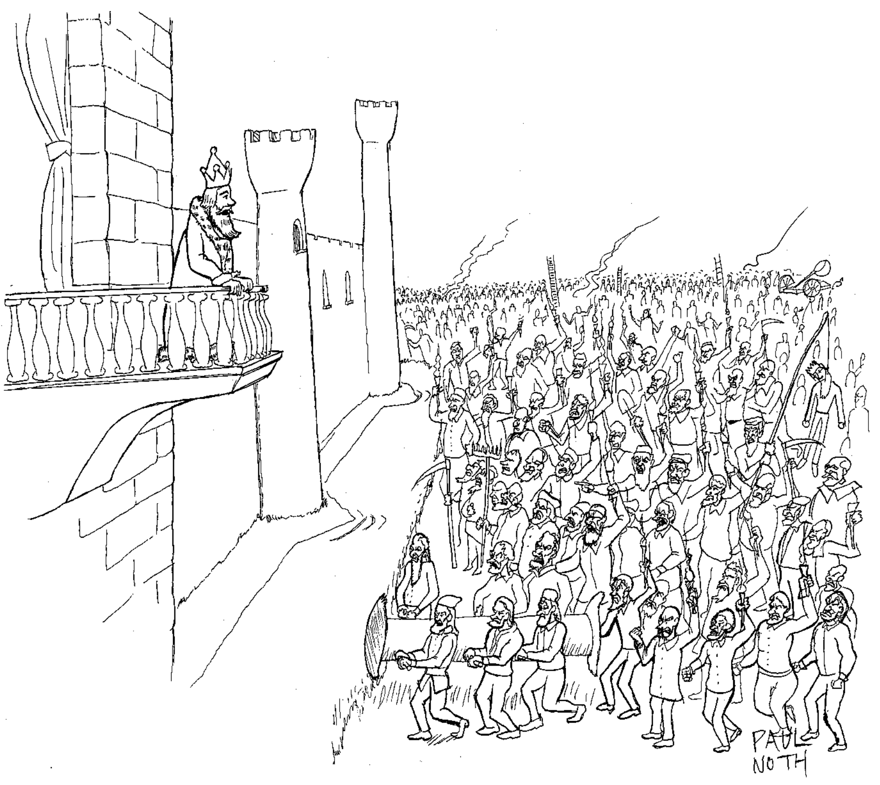


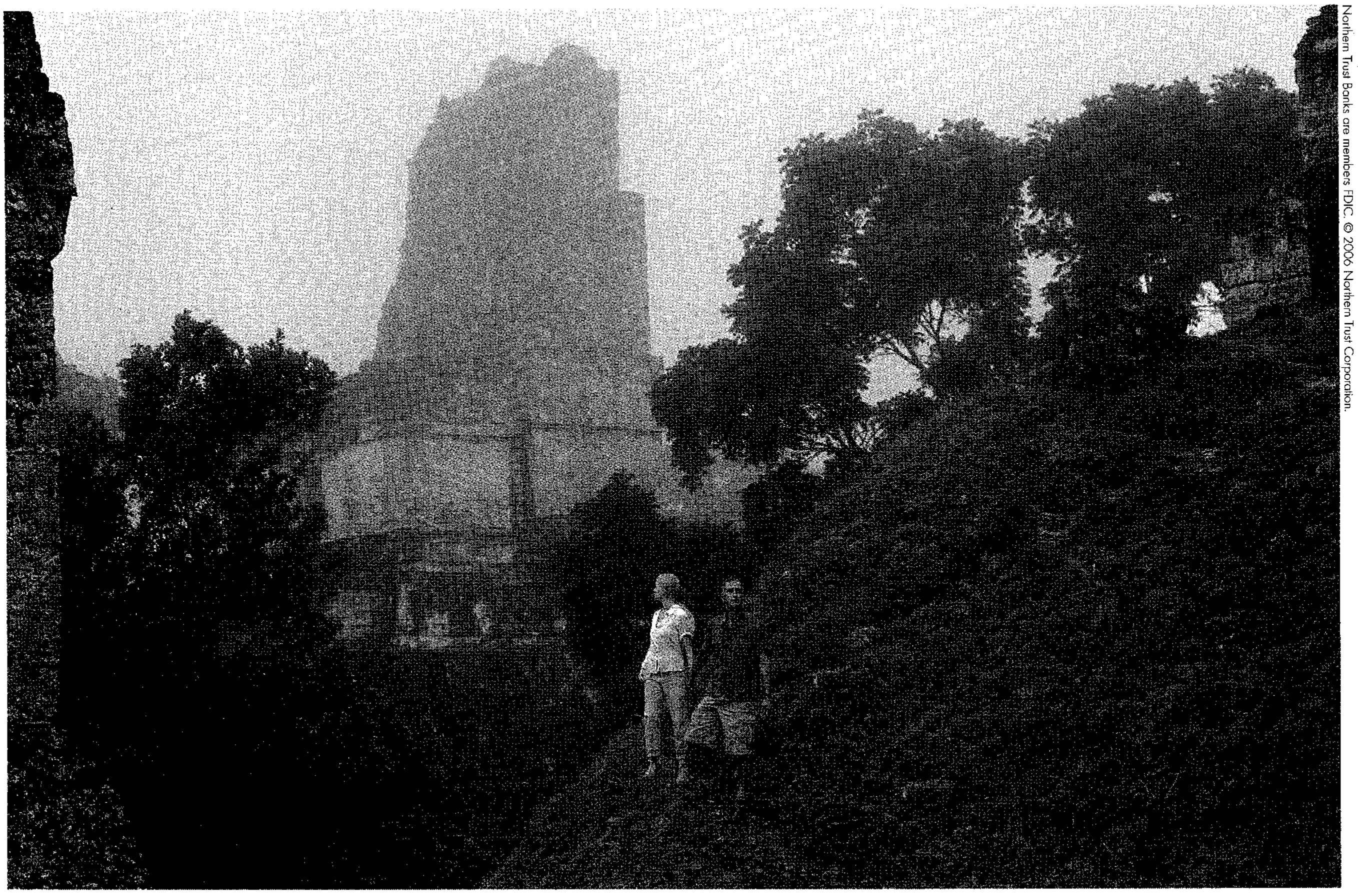
"I welcome the discussion."

a little embarrassed about it." In the back of one of his origami books, he noticed the name and address of the Origami Center of America, which was founded by Lillian Oppenheimer, and was the precursor to OrigamiUSA, the national organization for paper-folding enthusiasts. Through the group, which is based in New York and now has close to two thousand members, Lang met other recreational folders and also people known in the origami world as "masters," including Michael LaFosse, John Montroll, Joseph Wu, and Paul Jackson. LaFosse trained as a marine biologist but left his job in environmental management in 1994 to open the country's first origami-only gallery, in Haverhill, Massachusetts, and was getting as much as twenty thousand dollars for such commissions as a Pegasus for an Hermès window display on Madison Avenue. Wu was a commercial illustrator, in Canada, who did origami most of the time, and Jackson, now in Israel, was an artist working with folded paper. Montroll, the son of a well-known physicist, had quit his job as an electrical engineer and become an origami-book publisher to support his folding habit. Montroll, in particular, inspired Lang: his animals were elegant and meticulous and his approach to design was totally original. He also made origami models of complex polyhedra that no one had thought possible. "John has done models in origami of all the Archimedean solids! All the Platonic solids! All the Johnson solids!" Lang said excitedly. "He did all the polyhedra!"

Lang kept folding while earning a master's in electrical engineering at Stanford and a Ph.D. in applied physics at Caltech. As he worked on his dissertation—"Semiconductor Lasers: New Geometries and Spectral Properties"—he designed an origami hermit crab, a mouse in a mousetrap, an ant, a skunk, and more than fifty other pieces. They were dense and crisp and precise but also full of character: his mouse conveys something fundamentally mouse-ish, his ant has an essential ant-ness. His insects were especially beautiful. While in Germany for postdoctoral work, he and Diane were taken with Black Forest cuckoo clocks; the carved casings, pinecone-shaped weights, pendulums, and pop-out birds wouldn't seem to be a natural for origami, but Lang thought otherwise. He started a job at NASA's Jet Propulsion Laboratory, in Pasadena, in 1988, shortly after he had finished folding a life-sized cuckoo clock. It had taken him three months to design, and six hours to fold, and it made Lang a sensation in the origami world.

The Japanese have been folding paper recreationally for at least four hundred years. For the first two hundred of those years, designs were limited to a few basic shapes: boxes, boats, hats, cranes. Folding a thousand cranes—all of white paper, which was the only kind then used—was thought to bring good luck. The principle was simple. The sheet of paper was the essence: no matter what shape it became, there was never more paper and never less; it remained the same sheet. Japanese folding probably didn't spread directly to the West. There is no definitive history, although David Lister, a retired solicitor in Grimsby, England, and the author of more than a hundred essays on the subject, suggests that paper folding developed independently in countries all over the world. In the nineteenth century, schoolchildren in Germany, France, and England made paper horses with riders, and boxes to trap flies, and it is reported that paper folding flourished in Spanish villages and prisons.

In 1837, a German educator, Friedrich Fröbel, introduced the radical idea of early-childhood education—kindergarten. The curriculum included three kinds of paper folding—"The Folds of Truth," "The Folds of Life," and "The Folds of Beauty"—to teach children principles of math and art. The kindergarten movement was embraced around the world, including in Japan, where Fröbel's simple folds merged with traditional origami. Japanese magicians of the time also began doing paper tricks as part of their conjuring. By the eighteen-sixties, Japan's isolationism was ending, and in the following decades those magicians travelled to Europe and the United States to perform. Suddenly, the kindergarten exercise appeared mysterious and wonderful. A square of ordinary paper creased and crinkled could come to life as a flapping gull; a sheet of parchment could take shape as a lion or a swallowtail. Professional magicians in Europe and the United States loved origami, and a number of them wrote books about it. In 1922, Harry Houdini published "Houdini's Paper Magic: The Whole Art of Per-



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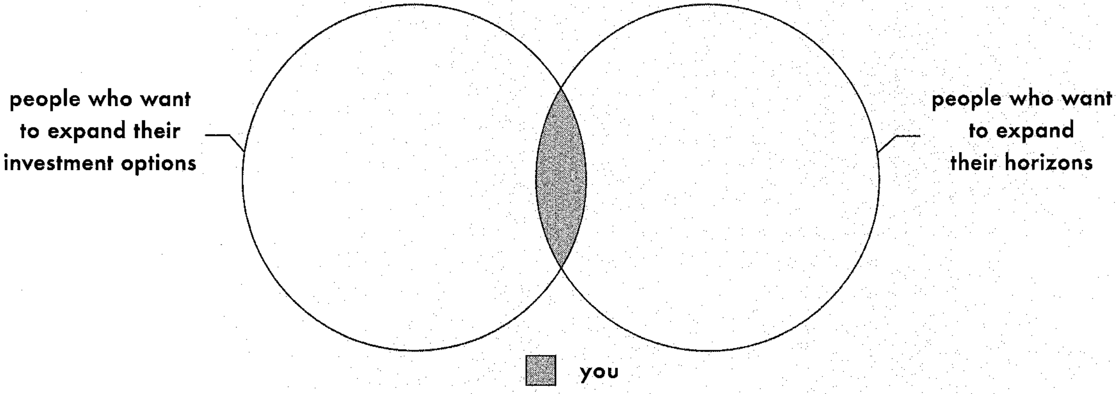
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forming with Paper, Including Paper Tearing, Paper Folding and Paper Puzzles." (He regularly did a trick known as "the troublewit," turning a piece of paper into an endless number of different shapes without any cuts.) In 1928, the stage magicians William Murray and Francis Rigney published "Fun with Paperfolding," with chapters on square folding, diagonal folding, and a complete paper-folding stage routine titled "How Charlie Bought His Boat."

In the mid-nineteen-forties, the American folklorist Gershon Legman began studying origami. Legman was a man of diverse inclinations: he collected vulgar limericks, wrote a book about oral techniques in sexual gratification, and is credited with having invented the vibrating dildo when he was only twenty. After becoming interested in origami, he made contact with paper-folders around the world—most significantly, Akira Yoshizawa, a Japanese prodigy who, before being recognized as an extraordinary talent, made a meagre living by selling fish appetizers door-to-door in Tokyo. What made Yoshizawa extraordinary was that he presented the art for the first time as a medium that could be creative and expressive—he devised tens of thousands of models, and was particularly famous for his gorillas. In 1955, Legman organized an exhibition of Yoshizawa's work at the Stedelijk Museum, in Amsterdam. Yoshizawa got even more notice the following year, when Robert Harbin published his book "Paper Magic." Harbin was the preëminent British magician—he was the first to appear on television, and he developed the now classic "Zig-Zag Girl" illusion, in which the magician puts his assistant into a cabinet and saws her into thirds. His book, a best-seller, praised Yoshizawa, whose work was such a departure that it might have seemed that there was no further you could go with a single piece of paper and some folds.

One clear, chilly day not long ago, I met Lang at Squid Labs, a high-tech research-and-development company headquartered in an enormous concrete building that used to be part of the Alameda Naval Air Station, near Oakland. Lang and his wife and their teen-age son live about twenty miles east of Oakland, in a comfortable ranch-style house that has a separate studio building in the back yard, where Lang works amid a clutter of math books, seashell guides, computers, and a menagerie of paper animals. He was spending the day at Squid Labs to use its industrial laser cutter to help him crease paper for some complex folds. He said that he may be the first origami artist to use a laser cutter, which he dials down to a smidgen of its power, so that it scores the paper rather than slices it. Lang was working on paper prototypes for two commissions—one for an interior-design piece to be made of metal, another for a leather fashion accessory—and on a design he was making for himself, which he didn't want to describe, in case he jinxed it. All three of the designs were so intricate that it would have taken him hours just to crease the paper in preparation for the final folds. He was using large squares of tweedy-looking mauve Hanji paper from Korea, which is sturdy but still slightly translucent, like the flesh of a fish. It is one of his favorite papers; he buys it in bulk from an online supplier. Other papers he likes, which he gets from art stores in San Francisco and Japan, when he visits, are lokta, from Nepal; unryu, from Thailand; and kozo and gampi, from Japan. When he makes his most complex insects, he uses handmade paper from Michael LaFosse's studio. For a while, in fact, LaFosse had a paper in stock called Robert Lang Insect Paper.

Lang was, by all accounts, good at his science jobs: he wrote more than eighty technical papers and holds forty-six patents on lasers and optoelectronics. All the while, he was plotting how he would find time to write origami books. He published several while he was still in the laser world, starting with "The Complete Book of Origami," in 1989, but he knew that it would require all his time to write the one he had in mind, which, instead of providing patterns for folders to follow—the typical origami book—would teach them how to design their own.

The bad luck of the dot-com bust turned out to be good timing for him. Beginning in 2000, JDS Uniphase, which supplied components to computer companies, lost much of its business, so Lang's duties shifted from overseeing research and development to managing pay cuts and plant closings. "Laying people off was

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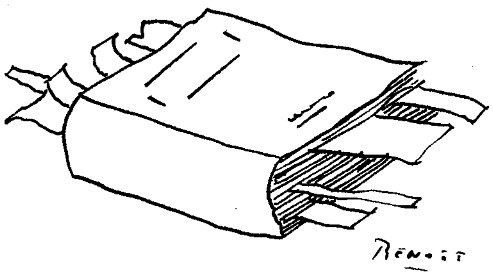

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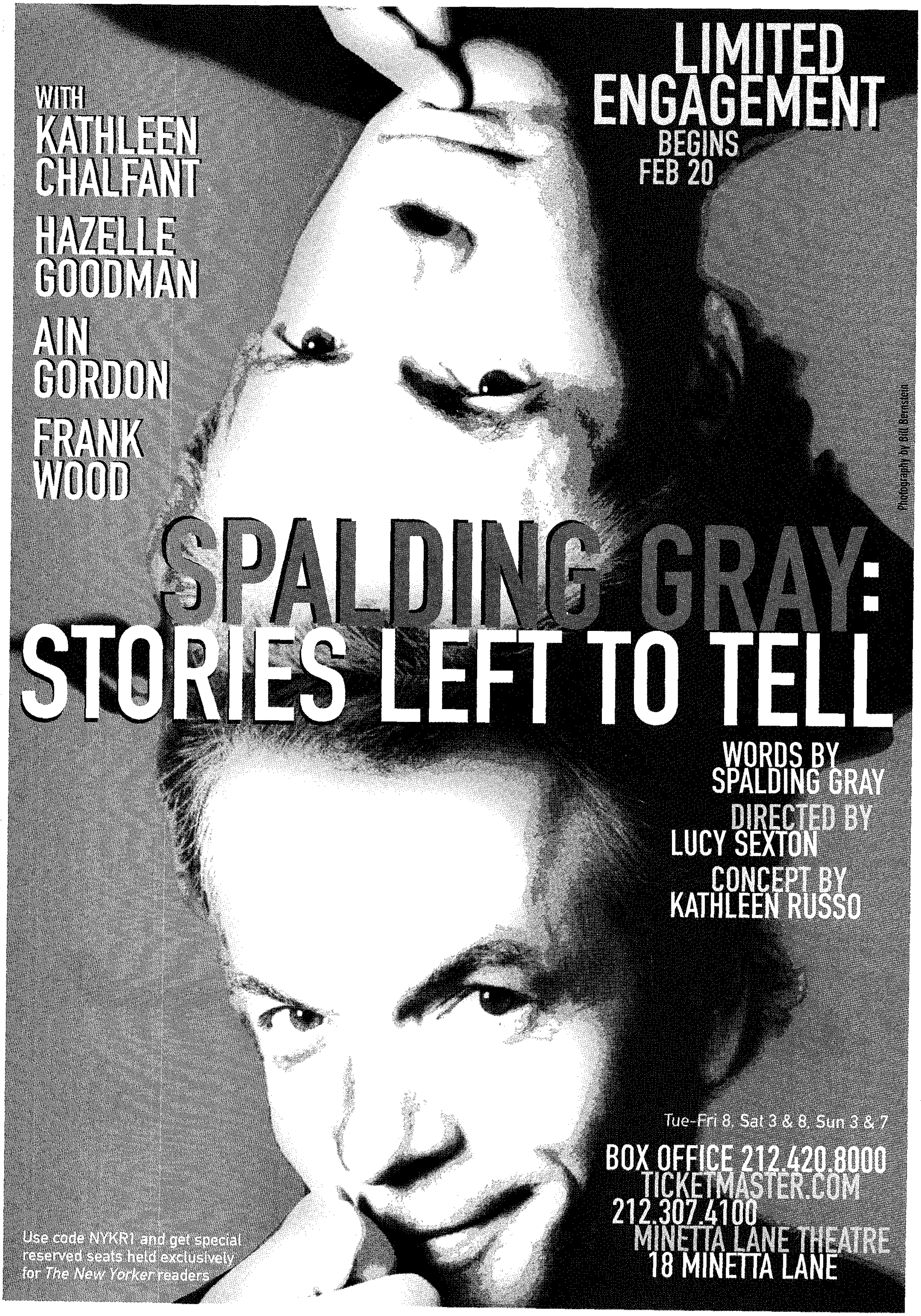

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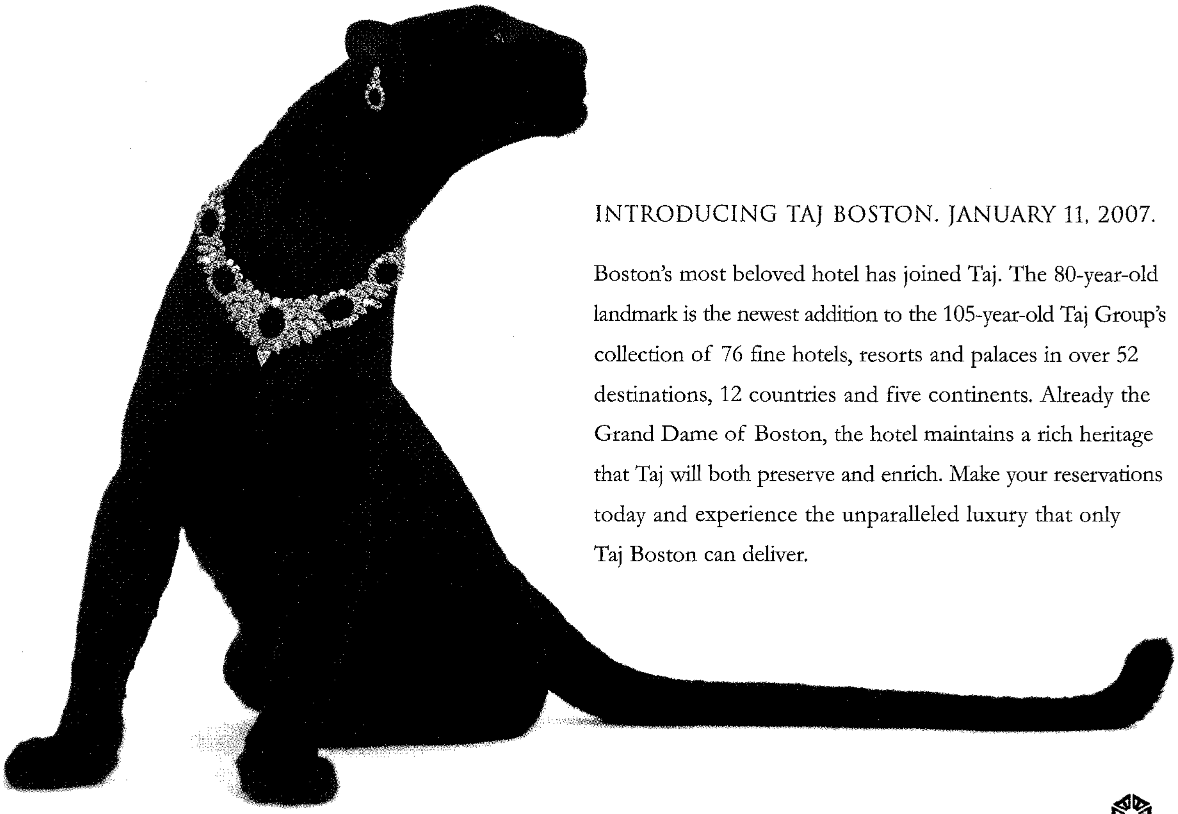

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a lot less fun than inventing things," he said. "There were plenty of people doing lasers. The things I could do in origami—if I didn't do them, they wouldn't get done. Deciding to leave was a convergence of what I wanted to do plus what was happening at my company." Given his personality—composed, moderate, painstaking—it seems like an unimaginably audacious move. A lot of people, throughout history, have walked away from respectable careers to become, say, poets or jazz musicians, but there are viable markets, albeit small and competitive, for those pursuits. Becoming a professional paper-folder is chancier, since there is still no established market for origami as a collectible art form, and, until recently, it was not much promoted as one: Yoshizawa published books of his designs but never sold any of his pieces. I wondered if Lang's family wanted to kill him when they heard of his career plans. What he did, after all, is analogous to, perhaps, quitting a job as a neurosurgeon to take a shot at becoming a professional knitter. Diane has said that even though the transition seems as if it should have been scary, it wasn't. His parents were also sanguine. They'd had a somewhat similar experience when Lang's sister, who had been studying for a master's in microbiology, left her field to become an interior designer. Lang's mother, Carolyn, recalls, "I think I jokingly said, 'Are you going to be able to feed your family?' But I know Robert, and I knew he would have had it all planned."

The first part of his plan was to write the book he'd been contemplating while still at JDS Uniphase—"Origami Design Secrets," which was published in 2003 and lays out the underlying principles of origami and design techniques. He then set to work full time on designing new models and refining his old ones. In truth, Lang is not entirely out of the science world: he was just named the editor-in-chief of the *Journal of Quantum Electronics*, published by the Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers, and he does part-time laser consulting for Cypress Semiconductor. He has also had a number of origami assignments that are specifically scientific. Most are for products that need to fold and unfold in a predictable and compact way. He was commissioned to design a pouch for sterile medical instruments that could be opened without having a non-sterile surface touch any sterile surface, and a cell-phone antenna that had to fit inside the body of the phone. One medical manufacturing company hired him to figure out how to fold a heart implant—a mesh heart support designed for people with congestive heart failure—so that it was compact enough to be implanted via a skinny tube but, when released from the tube, would unfurl properly around the heart. Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory had him work on a similar folding problem, but this time the thing being folded was a telescope with a lens a hundred metres in diameter which had to be packed into a rocket so it could be sent into space.

Many of Lang's commissions are less technical. He recently designed toilet-paper origami animals for a Febreze commercial, which were folded by a fellow origami artist, Linda Mihara, and last year, again assisted by Mihara, he created an origami world—forest, fields, deer, Victorian houses, a dragon—for a thirty-second Mitsubishi spot. He was hired to make a life-size Drew Carey for "The Drew Carey Show" and some airplane seats for the cover of *Onboard*, an aircraft-seating magazine, and to fold dollar bills into any shape he wanted (a birthday gift for a well-known fashion designer). He sells quite a few pieces to origami lovers—his most popular piece is a Hanji-paper bull moose, which is about nine inches tall and is available through his Web site for eight hundred dollars. Lang's favorite commission was to fold an endangered Salt Creek tiger beetle for an entomologist who collects Salt Creek tiger beetle art. "For me, that commission was like manna from Heaven," he said. "I'll never be done with bugs."

The laser cutter was growling away, scoring one of Lang's Hanji sheets. He twiddled with his computer. On the screen was a lacy geometric pattern. Lang had designed it with software he started writing in 1990 called TreeMaker, which is well known in origami circles; it was the first software that would translate "tree" forms—that is, anything that sort of resembles a stick figure, such as people or bugs—into crease patterns. Another program he wrote, ReferenceFinder, converts the patterns into step-by-step folding instructions. This secured his position as the most technologically ambitious of the origami masters. In 2004, he was an artist-

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in-residence at M.I.T., and gave a now famous lecture about origami and its relationship to mathematical notions, like circle packing and tree theory. Brian Chan, a Ph.D. candidate in fluid dynamics at M.I.T., told me recently, "That was a huge lecture. It got everyone talking." It inspired Chan to put his hobby of blacksmithing on hold and take up origami; he and Lang are now regular participants in an annual competition that is a friendly continuation of the Bug Wars. Last year's theme was a sailing ship. Lang wasn't happy with his entry—a sailboat with its sails down, revealing its skeletal masts—but talks enthusiastically about Chan's. From a single sheet, Chan created a brig under full sail being attacked by a giant squid.

Something about origami's simplicity and its apparently endless possibilities appeals to people. In 2003, the Mingei International Museum, in San Diego, mounted an exhibition called "Origami Masterworks," which included several of Lang's pieces. It was supposed to run six months, but attendance was so robust that the show was extended for six months, then for eight more. In Japan, the "Survivor"-style show "TV Champion" has often featured contestants engaging in extreme origami—folding with their hands in a box, or while balanced on stools with the paper suspended above them, or while snorkelling in a fishtank. A surprising number of countries have origami organizations; the Origami Society of the Netherlands has more than fifteen hundred members—probably the highest per-capita membership in the world. There is a soothing element in the monotony of folding and unfolding. In fact, origami as therapy has its proponents: in 1991, at the Conference on Origami in Education and Therapy, a mental-health professional presented a paper detailing her origami work with prisoners. "The most rewarding of experiences," she wrote, "was that of observing the effect that Origami had on psychopathic killers."

A few months ago, I went to a meeting of the Orange County offshoot of the West Coast Origami Guild, which is one of several groups near Los Angeles. (Its motto is "We fold under pressure.") Lang was active in the group when he was at Caltech, and members talk about him in the most admiring tones, but with comfortable familiarity. One of the interesting things about origami is its egalitarianism—experts consort with hobbyists, and share the secrets of their work. The meeting was held in the craft room at the home of Carol Stevens, a tall, jolly woman who teaches paper arts in schools and senior centers; I had been sent directions to her house by a guild member who signed her e-mail "Merry Creasemas!" When I arrived, Carol was setting out refreshments. A few people were working from a book titled "Multimodular Origami Polyhedra: Archimedeans, Buckyballs, and Duality" ("We can fold them," one of the folders said to another, "but we don't know how to pronounce them"); another group was flipping through "Jewish Holiday Origami"; and a retired computer engineer named John Andrisan was creating a bra out of a dollar bill to illustrate a story he was telling about a lunch he once had at Hooters. At a back table, an older Japanese man was teaching four people how to make a twisted box. "Madam," he chided one of the students, "you may know how to handle men, but you don't know how to handle paper." During a break, I asked the instructor how long he had been doing origami, and he said, "In 1986, I lost my son, I got divorced, my life . . ." He stopped and winced. "Origami was my savior."

Lang believes that there is still much more to do in origami. "It's like math," he said to me one day, as we were having lunch at a burger joint near his studio. "It's just out there waiting to be discovered. The exciting stuff is the stuff where you don't even know how to begin." He wants to improve his human figures, work with curved folding, and keep refining his insects. He wants to fold a better mousetrap and a better mouse. His primary interest is in the art of origami, but he has great faith in its expanding practical potential—solar sails, air bags, containers, shelters, medical implants. He had a recent message on his voice mail from someone who wanted to discuss using origami in the manufacture of plastics. We were about to leave the restaurant and head back to his studio. Before we left, I couldn't help but ask him to do something pretty with his placemat. It was just a flimsy rectangle and had a few grease spots from his sandwich, but he flipped it and folded it and did some magic, and left the waitress with a perfect white boat. ◆

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What can two hundred million dollars do for poetry?

BY DANA GOODYEAR

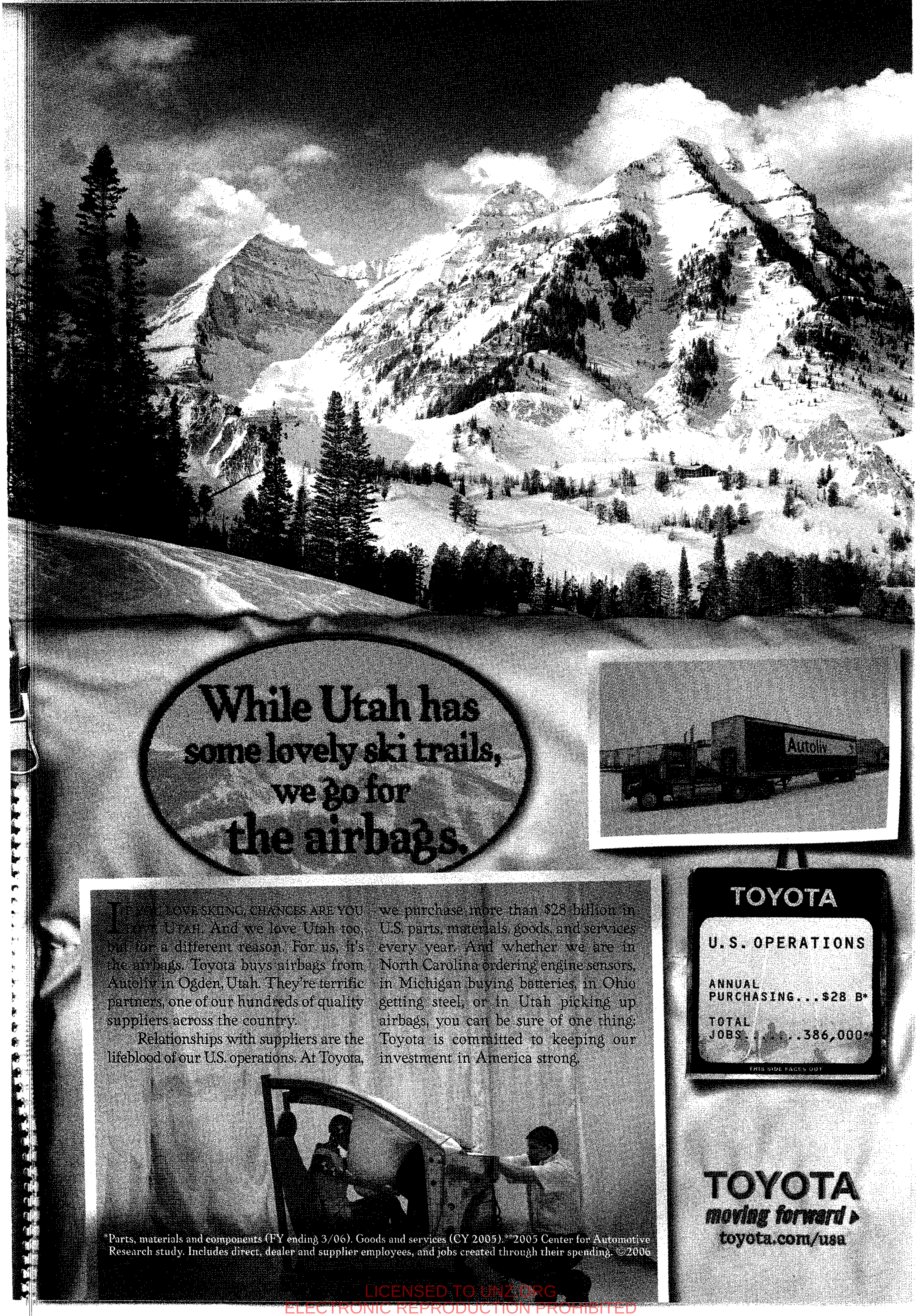
Michael Lewis, a journalist and the author of "Liar's Poker" and "Moneyball," appeared in the magazine *Poetry* for the first time in the summer of 2005, with a satirical piece called "How to Make a Killing from Poetry: A Six Point Plan of Attack." It offered its advice in bullet-point businessese: "1) *Think Positive.* Nobody likes a whiner. And poets always seem to be harping on the negative. . . . 2) *Take Your New Positive Attitude and Direct It Towards the Paying Customer.* The customer is your friend. Your typical poem really doesn't seem to pay much attention to the living retail customer. . . . 3) *Think About Your Core Message.* Your average reader might like a bit of fancy writing, but at the end of the day he will always ask himself: what's my takeaway?" So it was slightly odd, and unintentionally comical, when, last September, *Poetry* published a manifesto, "American Poetry in the New Century," recapitulating Lewis's lampoon as a serious position. The author was John Barr, a former Wall Street executive and the president of the Poetry Foundation, an entity created after the Indianapolis heiress Ruth Lilly gave some two hundred million dollars to *Poetry,* in 2002. The foundation, which "exists to discover and celebrate the best poetry and to place it before the largest possible audience," also publishes the magazine.

In the essay, Barr declared, "American poetry is ready for something new because our poets have been writing in the same way for a long time now. There is fatigue, something stagnant about the poetry being written today." Poetry, largely absent from public life—from classrooms, bookstores, newspapers, mainstream media—"has a morale problem," he said; it is in "a bad mood." Poems are written only with other poets in mind, and therefore do not sell. (Two thousand copies is the industry standard.) He argued that the effect of M.F.A. programs, increasingly prevalent since the nineteen-seventies, has been "to increase the abundance of poetry, but to limit its variety. The result is a poetry that is neither robust, resonant, nor—and I stress this quality—entertaining." In a section titled "Live Broadly, Write Boldly," he urged poets to do as Hemingway did, and seek experience outside the academy—take a safari, go marlin fishing, run with the bulls. "The human mind is a marketplace, especially when it comes to selecting one's entertainment," he wrote. "If you look at drama in Shakespeare's day, or the novel in the last century, or the movie today, it suggests that an art enters its golden age when it is addressed to and energized by the general audiences of its time."

Barr grew up outside Chicago and says that, as an outgoing Midwesterner, he "survived" Harvard, which he attended on a Navy scholarship. He is sixty-four, small and bluff, with a warm, chuckling affect. In 1985, he started an energy-marketing company now called Dynegy, and, after retiring from a managing directorship at Morgan Stanley, co-founded an investment-banking boutique, Barr Devlin; he is also the author of six books of poems, several of them published in limited editions by a letterpress printer. He commutes between Chicago, where he and his wife, Penny, live in a hotel condominium on Michigan Avenue with a Shih Tzu and a miniature Yorkie, and three other homes, including a twenty-five-acre estate in Greenwich, Connecticut, which serves as a weekend place. (The Barrs have three grown children.) He is a big-game hunter—slightly deaf in his right ear—and a sailor, with a tan in all seasons. For years, he avoided talking about his poetry with business colleagues. "I was afraid that they thought of poets as hippies, and might have viewed it slightly askance," he says. Barr's latest book, "Grace: An Epic Poem," is told in an invented Caribbean dialect inspired by family sailing trips around the Windwards and the British Virgin Islands. It is anything but shy. (The narrator, a gardener, describes seeing the mistress of the house caught by her husband in flagrante delicto—"De gentleman, he produce his próduce/like a corporate salami, and she hers,/like a surgery scar still

Among poets, Ruth Lilly's gift has been met with ambivalence.

ARNOLD ROTH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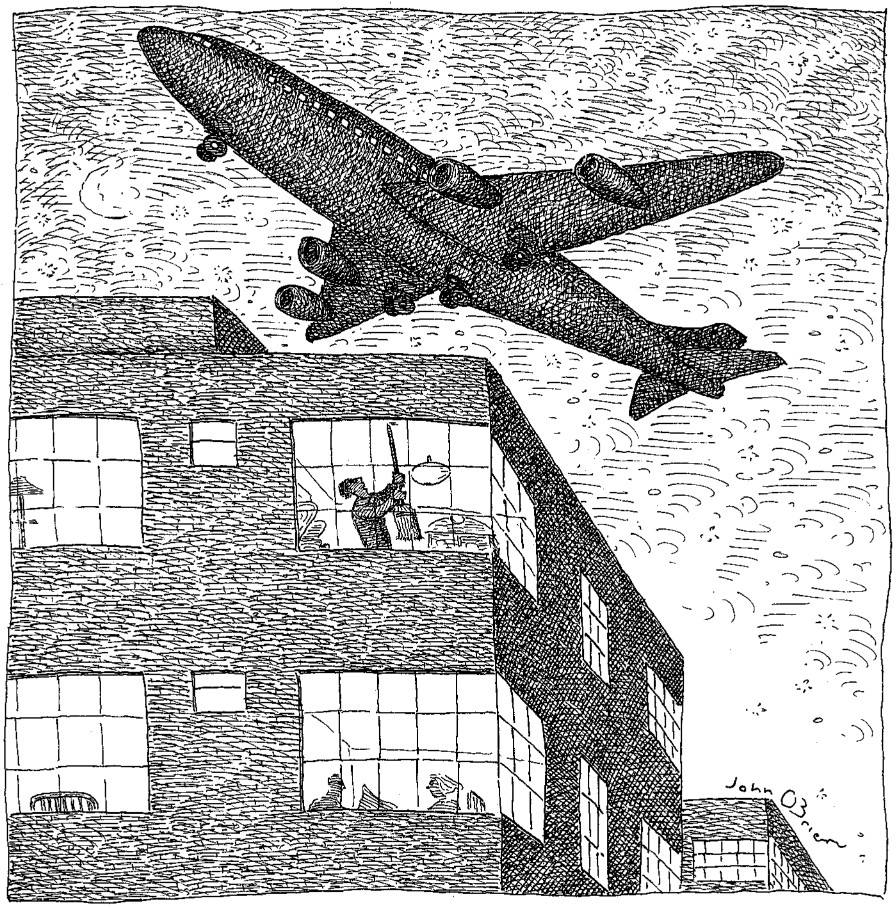
angry red wid healing./Den he settle his equipment in de lady’s outback/an’ he spud de well”—a predicament that leads to murder and nearly a hundred and fifty pages of poem.)

Barr’s call for something new was, in a narrow sense, consistent with the magazine’s radical origins. Harriet Monroe, who founded *Poetry* in Chicago in 1912, reflected in a memoir that at the turn of the century “the well of American poetry seemed to be thinning out and drying up, and the worst of it was that nobody seemed to care. It was this indifference that I started out to combat, this dry conservatism that I wished to refresh with living waters from a new spring.” But, whereas Barr aspires to reunite poetry with the current of popular entertainment, Monroe, herself a frustrated poet, was motivated by distaste for the mainstream. The circular she sent to poets offered “First, a chance to be heard in their own place, without the limitations imposed by the popular magazine. In other words, while the ordinary magazines must minister to a large public little interested in poetry, this magazine will appeal to, and it may be hoped, will develop, a public primarily interested in poetry as an art, as the highest, most complete expression of truth and beauty.” The earliest issues contained poems by Ezra Pound (living in London and from the start the magazine’s foreign correspondent), as well as H. D. and Wallace Stevens, both unknowns. In 1915, Monroe published a poem by T. S. Eliot, then in his mid-twenties: “The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock.” These poets, she wrote, “swept away Victorian excesses and weaknesses—all the overemphasis on trite sentiment with its repetitions and clichés, and on archaic formalities of diction and technique.” East Coast newspapers made fun of the idea of “Poetry in Porkopolis,” but nevertheless *Poetry* became an emblem of high modernism, and Monroe its chief propagandist.

“The histories of modern poetry in America and of *Poetry* in America are almost interchangeable, certainly inseparable,” the poet A. R. Ammons once said. (Among the magazine’s discoveries were Gwendolyn Brooks, James Merrill, and John Ashbery.) Barr understandably relishes this glamorous past, but he is openly hostile to its legacy in poetry today. “For all its schools and experiments, contemporary poetry is still written in the rain shadow thrown by Modernism,” he wrote. “It is the engine that drives what is written today. And it is a tired engine.” Barr envisions a poetry more engaged, public-minded, and audience-beloved than modernism—intellectual, personal, and sometimes even willfully obscure—could ever be. “American poetry has yet to produce its Mark Twain,” he wrote. As an incentive, he has established a new foundation prize, with a twenty-five-thousand-dollar purse: the Mark Twain Award for humor. The inaugural winner was Billy Collins, an affable, self-deprecating former Poet Laureate who has demonstrated a remarkable ability to connect with an audience (according to his publisher, he has sold more than five hundred thousand books), and who in many ways embodies Barr’s ideal.



The most recent photograph I have seen of Ruth Lilly shows an elderly woman with pretty, heavy-lidded blue eyes, a blond bouffant, and red lipstick, wearing big pearl earrings and a pink suit with zebra trim, and sitting before a red poinsettia. The picture is reproduced in “A Little Book: The Poems and Selected Writings of Ruth Lilly,” a gray cloth hardcover with gold embossed lettering, edited by Penny Barr and privately printed by the Poetry Foundation. It was presented to Mrs. Lilly in August, 2005, on her ninetieth birthday. The poems are formal, sighing, adorned with exclamation points, and often poignant in their wish for simple things (a little cottage, an erstwhile companion). Some appear under the pseudonym Joan March; others, including one published in the *Times* in the late nineteen-thirties, are signed “R. Lyly.”

Ruth, the last surviving great-grandchild of Colonel Eli Lilly, who started the pharmaceutical company, and one of the two children of J. K. Lilly, Jr., and Ruth Brinkmeyer Lilly, was a delicate girl born into a famous family in a small town. According to the Indianapolis *Star*, depression, which ran in the family, caused her to miss part of high school. Already sheltered—she was driven around by armed Pinkerton guards, who changed their routes from day to day—she receded further after the Lindbergh kidnapping and a

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threat against her cousin. When Ruth was seventeen, the family moved into Oldfields, a twenty-two-room French-château-style mansion, where the meals were nonetheless, in the words of one visitor, “Hoosier homebody”: French onion soup, lamb chops, strawberries and cream. Her bedroom overlooked a ravine designed by the Olmsted brothers’s firm. Ruth’s father, a major collector of rare books, added a library, and in 1954 founded the Lilly Library, at Indiana University, when he donated his twenty thousand volumes and seventeen thousand manuscripts. (He also collected toy soldiers, wooden ships, and stamps, and had a six-thousand-piece gold-coin collection, which now belongs to the Smithsonian.) According to the audio tour at Oldfields, which Ruth and her brother, Joe, gave to the Indianapolis Museum of Art, the thick curtains in the loggia were often drawn, for privacy.

At twenty-five, Ruth married Guernsey van Riper, Jr., who became an editor at Bobbs-Merrill, the publishing house, and the author of several biographies for children (Babe Ruth, Knute Rockne), though they had none. Ruth spent the forty years they were together in and out of hospitals, undergoing psychiatric treatment. She is so reclusive that sightings have occasioned newspaper stories. One tale, possibly apocryphal, holds that department-store owners in Indianapolis dressed the mannequins in outfits they thought she would like, and left the display lights on, so that Ruth, driven past the windows by her chauffeur late at night, could pick out new clothes. For many years, she was afraid to fly, and didn’t leave the country until after she was eighty. An article in the *Star* credits Prozac, a Lilly drug, with improving her condition. She now travels once or twice a year, with an entourage of several dozen doctors, nurses, relatives, attendants, and, sometimes, a chef. Her house, Twin Oaks, which belonged to her father, is in a prosperous neighborhood, a few miles from Oldfields. It is protected by a screen of tall pine trees and a thread of wire fence. Through the bare woods, you can glimpse a whitewashed brick house with blue shutters, and an attending squad car.

In the absence of real information about Lilly’s motivation for giving such a fortune to *Poetry*, a myth took hold. When it came out that Lilly, as Mrs. Guernsey van Riper, Jr., had submitted poems to *Poetry* in the seventies and that the poems had been turned down with a personal note, that colorful detail became a substitute for narrative logic. In the exuberant newspaper stories at the time, Lilly emerged as an almost fantastical benefactor—a Greek deity, disguised as a common traveller, who rewards kindness with riches and immortality. What did not emerge was that Lilly may not have intended to be so generous.

In 1981, Ruth and Guernsey were divorced and her brother, Joe, placed her under the supervision of the court, which named Merchants National Bank, later acquired by National City, as the conservator of her estate. At that point, the estate was worth about fifty million dollars—almost entirely in the form of Lilly stock—and her will stipulated that, after providing for her six nieces and nephews, the money would be divided among *Poetry*, a Washington-based arts-education and lobbying group that is now called Americans for the Arts, and the Lilly Endowment, a foundation whose resources are mostly directed toward Indianapolis. In the next twenty years, Lilly stock did well, and Mrs. Lilly’s estate grew to be worth roughly a billion dollars. In the late nineties, her lawyer drafted a series of wills, codicils, and testamentary documents that shifted the bulk of the estate to a new entity, over which the lawyer, along with Lilly’s nieces and nephews, would preside, to benefit Indianapolis in her name. Lilly’s health was precarious, and the bank, when it learned of the alterations, worried that if she died the “old charities,” as they came to be called, might sue.

The bank, with permission from the court, drew up a plan restoring the money to the old charities, only now the pot was much richer. *Poetry* learned of its stake in the fall of 2001, but waited a year before announcing the gift. In the meantime, the old board of *Poetry*—Chicago arts patrons, mostly, whose role was fundraising—began to be reconfigured into the Poetry Foundation. During that year, Lilly stock dropped from around

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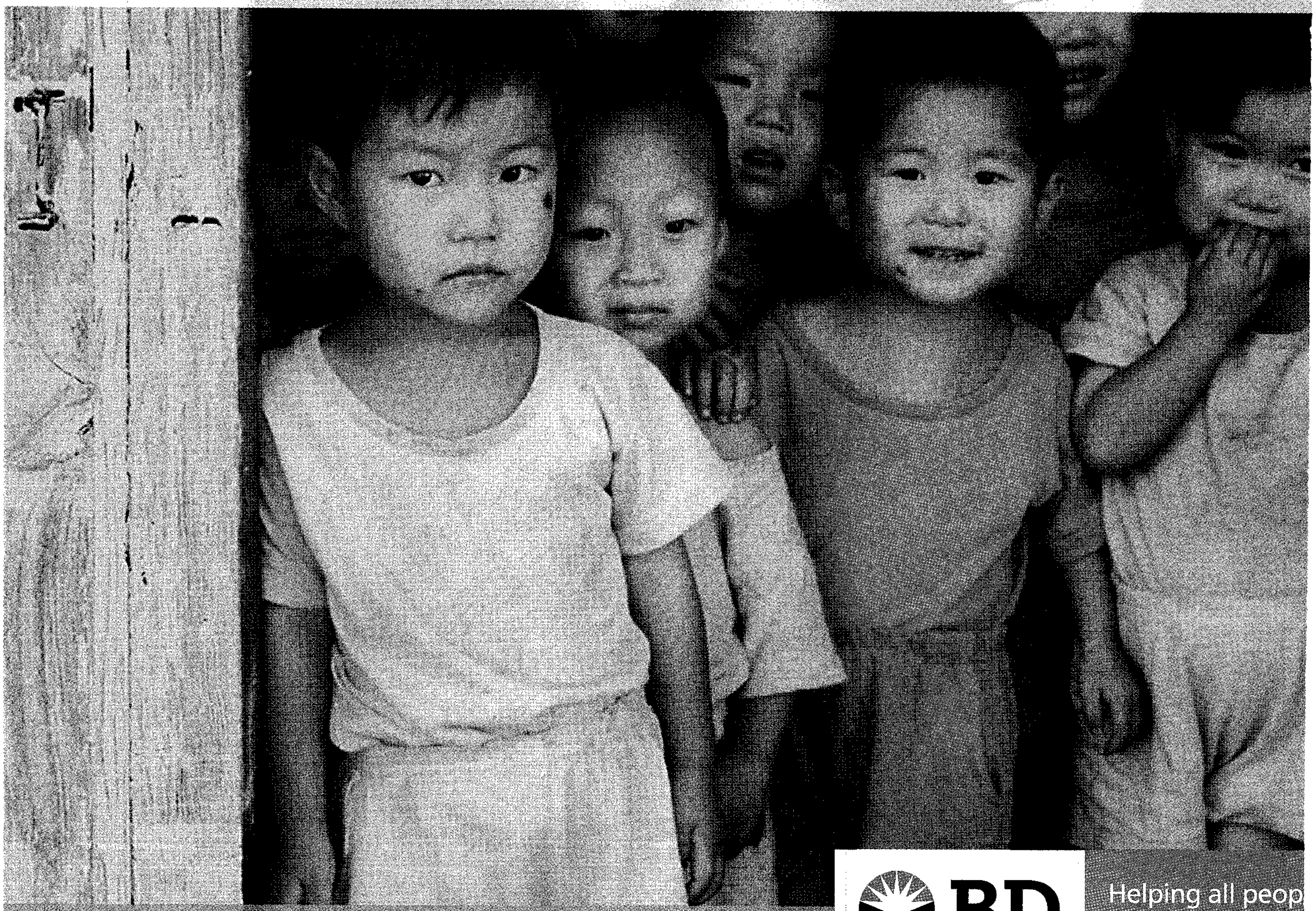

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[2] "America's Most Admired Companies" annual survey, 2005; *FORTUNE* magazine, March 7, 2005.

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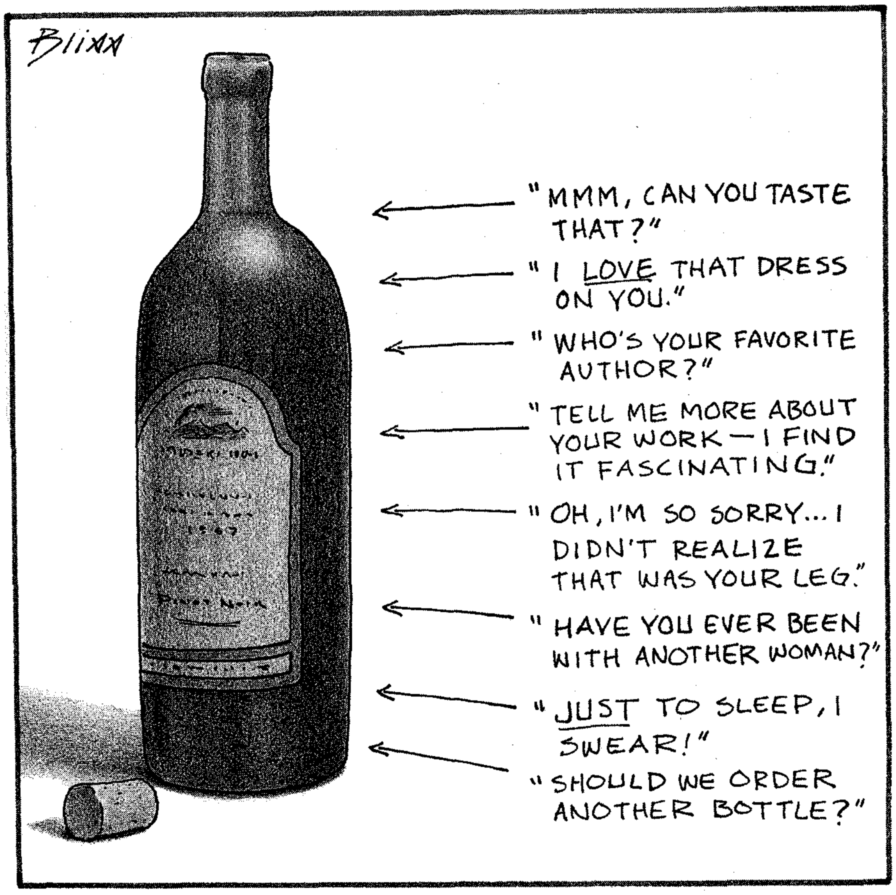
seventy-five dollars a share to as low as forty-eight—significantly reducing the value of the Poetry Foundation's portion—and the foundation, along with Americans for the Arts, sued the bank for failing to diversify the holdings in spite of what it says was an obligation to do so. In a summary judgment, the court ruled against the foundation; this past October, an appeals court, after warning the charities, "If you have a gift horse, keep your mouth shut," upheld that judgment; and in December the foundation requested an appeal with the Indiana Supreme Court.

Joseph Parisi, who had been the magazine's editor for twenty years at the time of the gift, volunteered to take charge of the foundation and named Christian Wiman, a young poet and critic, as his successor. (Parisi quit the foundation after only a few months.) The board used a headhunter to find John Barr, who was working for Société Générale, to whom he had sold Barr Devlin, as the head of its global power-utility business. Barr had been on the boards of the Poetry Society of America, Bennington College, and Yaddo, and had taught for three terms in the M.F.A. program at Sarah Lawrence. When he met with the board, he told them, quoting a Richard Wilbur poem, "If what you want is a 'good, gray guardian of art,' you've got the wrong person." The job, he says, is the bully pulpit he's been waiting for these many years.

One morning in mid-November, in Chicago, Barr, wearing a windbreaker and loafers, stood on the pavement across the street from two small office buildings, just a few blocks from the Newberry Library, which, before the Lilly gift, gave *Poetry* an eight-hundred-and-fifty-square-foot space in its stacks building to use as an office. (For the time being, the magazine and the foundation share a large suite in a tower across from the *Tribune*.) The foundation is negotiating to buy the double lot, which is on the market for seven million dollars, and, if the deal goes through, will house a twenty-five-thousand-square-foot building that should be ready in several years. There will be room for a library, offices for the magazine and the foundation, and a lecture hall. (The foundation already has an excellent series; this fall, there were readings by Mark Strand, Robert Hass, and Gary Snyder, as well as a staged reading of Richard Wilbur's verse translation of "Tartuffe.") "The building won't be palatial, but it will have an identity as a national home for poetry," Barr said. It will also have space for the foundation's new project: the Poetry Institute, a think tank modelled on the Aspen Institute, for researching issues in contemporary poetry and organizing symposia to disseminate the findings. Its first effort was a survey completed last spring by the National Opinion Research Center, at the University of Chicago, which cost seven hundred thousand dollars, and revealed, along with a great deal of other data, that ninety per cent of American readers value poetry.

The Poetry Foundation functions as an operating foundation, spending most of its money on its own activities rather than on grants. As Ethel Kaplan, a lawyer at a wealth-management firm and the chair of the board, put it, "Nobody wanted to sit back and read grant proposals—especially from poets." By January, the foundation had received eighty-eight million dollars. After all the money has been distributed, the foundation's budget will be about ten million dollars a year.

In an editorial in *Poetry* in 1922, Monroe bemoaned the quality of newspaper verse: "These syndicated rhymers, like the movie-producers, are learning that 'it pays to be good,' that one 'gets by by giving the people the emotions of virtue, simplicity and goodness, with this program paying at the box-office.' " She wanted to create a place apart for poetry; the foundation wants to take the genre big—right back into the magazines and newspapers that, a century ago, rejected all but the softest pap. To this end, the foundation is offering its services as an external poetry editor. Over the past year, it has sent a dozen magazine editors mockups with poems superimposed on actual layouts from those magazines (a Basho haiku in a *Good Housekeeping* spread showing how to "pair old china with fresh blooms"; Lucille Clifton's "Homage to My Hips" on a fitness page called "Love Your Curves"). To *Details*, the foundation suggested an essay by Jim Harrison: "If Jim Harrison, poet, novelist (*Legends of the Fall*) and walking vat of testosterone, needs a daily shot of poetry, it must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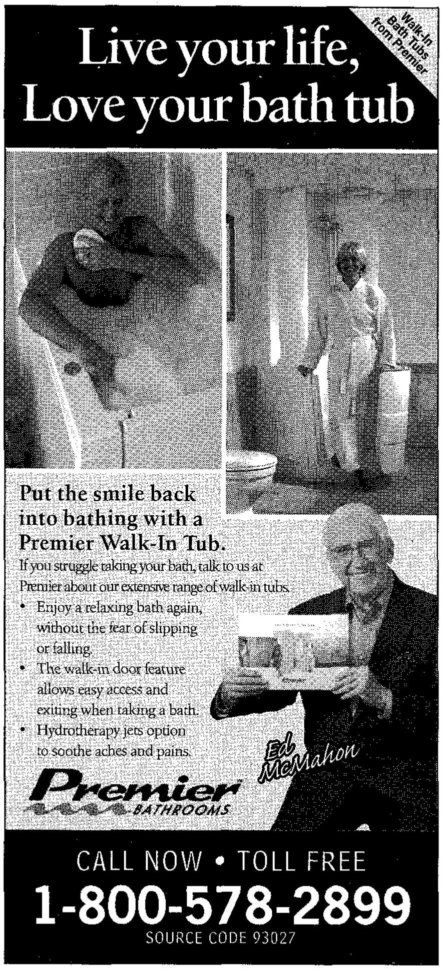
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not be for sissies. . . . A good hed for the piece might be 'Don't Be Afraid of Poetry.' A better one might be 'Read Poetry. Get Laid.' " Some poets work better for this purpose than others. "It's just common sense that we would not take language poetry and put it in a mockup magazine for *Better Homes & Gardens*," Barr said. "They'd say, 'What the hell is this? My readers would never understand it.' " The foundation also pays for a syndicated newspaper column by Ted Kooser, the former Nebraska life-insurance executive who was Poet Laureate from 2004 to 2006. The column, which features poems on comforting American themes (neighbors, chores, raking), runs mostly in regional papers in the Midwest and the South.

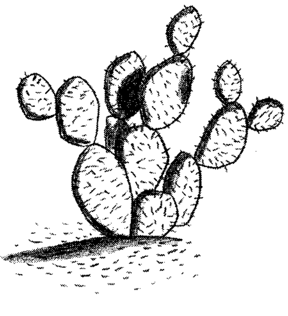
The annual budget for the foundation's Web site, which débuted a year ago, is more than a million dollars. The site has newsy items, blogs, a poetry best-seller list, and an archive of poems from a wide range of poets, helpfully indexed by subject matter. It is a boon to poets—whose publishers get paid for the use of the work—and to best men. Emily Warn, the editor of the site, has published two collections of poems with Copper Canyon Press (a third is forthcoming) and used to work at Microsoft, where she helped launch early versions of Internet Explorer. "We exist at the intersection of the great poems in our archive and this very broad public," she said. She would like the site to become the *Billboard* or the *Entertainment Weekly* of the poetry world, reflecting everything that's happening without a dogmatic point of view. She consults both with academics (what are the best and most representative poems of Czeslaw Milosz?) and with those whose sensibilities are a bit more pop. The site's associate editor, Emily White, lives in Seattle and for five years edited the alternative paper *The Stranger*. (Warn says that she never would have come up with the headline "Herbert Sucks. Donne Is a Pimp" if not for the influence of White.) Jeff Gordinier, an editor-at-large at *Details* who writes a column called "The Philistine" for the site, told me that he has suggested introducing more humor and irreverence—"charts and quizzes and time lines and very attitudinal columns and reaching out for a dash more celebrity presence."

In September, the foundation announced the latest of a group of prizes intended, Barr says, "to throw a spotlight of recognition on underilluminated corners of the poetry world," and named Jack Prelutsky America's first Children's Poet Laureate. Prelutsky, who has published more than forty books of children's poems, is, you might say, the ultimate example of a poet who keeps his audience in mind. "I Have a Pet Tomato," from "It's Raining Pigs and Noodles," reads:

> I have a pet tomato,
> it doesn't have a stem.
> My friends have pet asparagus—
> why can't I be like them?

The Children's Laureate was Penny Barr's idea. "I'm not a poet," she told me. "I'm not versed in poetry, but I am versed in bringing up children. It's a natural for me. The adult poets have never heard of Jack Prelutsky. The big secret is that these people are making a lot of money!" Prelutsky has donated to the foundation a collection of five thousand children's books, which will be stored in the building.

The cumulative effect, John Barr hopes, will be conspicuous. "You probably haven't heard much humility out of me," he said. "But many years from now, when people are looking back, my first hope would be that the course of the river of American poetry would have been altered by a few degrees—or maybe more—by the Poetry Foundation. If less than that happens, but there's something discernible enough to be called the Chicago Movement, that wouldn't disappoint me, either. I don't know what the Chicago Movement is. I have no idea. It's not poets or a kind of poetry. But it implies a departure from the status quo today. If there's an effect on the art form, I hope it would be a bigger audience and a poetry that is deriving energy from a general audience. You know that line of Ezra Pound's about Walt Whitman, 'Let there be commerce between us'? I hope there's more com-



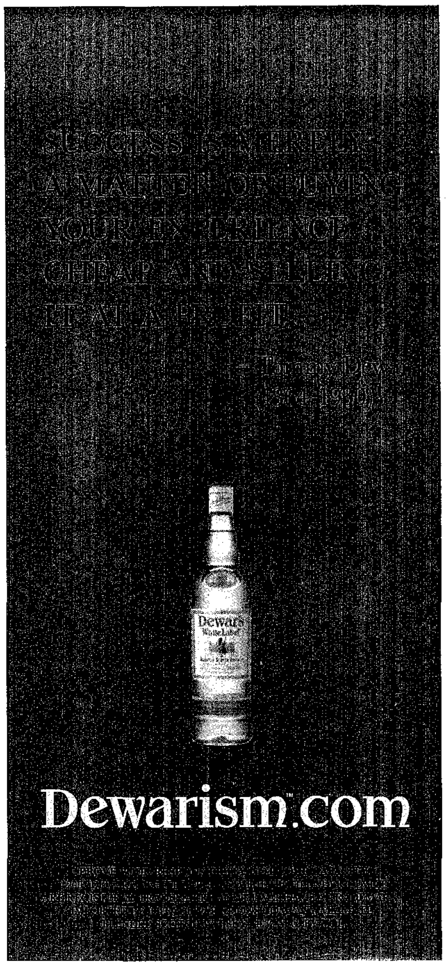
merce, in that sense, the poetic sense, between the mainstream general readers and contemporary poets."

Money is a shocking thing in poetry, and Ruth Lilly's gift was greeted with a measure of ambivalence. Howard Junker, the editor of the San Francisco journal *Zyzzyva*, wrote a letter to the *Times*—after it ran a piece about poetry's bright days ahead—admitting that "Ruth Lilly's generosity makes me green with envy." But, he went on, "A gift this size to such a small organization is bad philanthropy. . . . The struggle for the staff and the board will now be how to spend the money. Sustaining the vision of a venerable little magazine will become an afterthought. Drowning in cash might seem a dream come true; more likely it will turn out to be a nightmare." Billy Collins, speaking for the unperturbed, offered a method for coping with the deluge. "I suggested that the Poetry Foundation buy a ship, an Aristotle Onassis-type, hundred-and-ninety-foot luxury cruiser," he told me. "You'd call it the Poetry Boat, and take it around the coast of the world, then back it into the harbor in Saint-Tropez and I could give a reading on the stern." Poetry organizations were hopeful that there would be a chance to collaborate and advance work already under way; the foundation, although it has made a number of small contributions to others in the field—five thousand dollars to the Academy of American Poets in support of National Poetry Month, for example—is, for the most part, going it alone. One poet I spoke with described the foundation as "the Dixie Special, coming down the tracks." The director of a nonprofit literary group said, "The tone is, *We* are going to make a presence for poetry in the culture. It's as if they're jumping on a wave mid-course and trying to claim they're the moon that brought the tide that made the wave. It's the effort to take credit for things that are already going on that is distasteful."

Barr's essay loosed a cascade of criticism from poets and teachers already wary of the foundation's agenda: "horrifying," "anti-intellectual," "anti-education" were some of the responses I heard. Carol Muske-Dukes, a poet and a professor at University of Southern California, said, "This is the consumerization of poetry. It's being co-opted. The foundation is talking about trying to reach as many people as possible without really changing their consciousness. It just wants them to buy." In an obvious if indirect reference to the foundation's activities, Joel Brouwer, a poet reviewing a collection in the *Times Book Review* in December, wrote, "Contemporary poetry's great good fortune (despite contrary claims from certain hand-wringers mad to see poems affixed to every slot-machine, taxi stand and flowerpot in the land) is that it has no mass market, and so no call to pander." Others simply think that the efforts at popularization will be futile. The poet and translator Richard Howard, who teaches at Columbia, said, "They want to change poetry—poetry changes itself. You can't make poetry itself do something."

The letters pages of *Poetry* were full of rebuke, along with a couple of gestures of support. The poet Robert Wrigley, who directs the M.F.A. program at the University of Idaho, wrote a letter, which, in twenty rhetorical questions ("Finally, *hello*?"), performed back flips of outrage and stuck a landing on the single-word sentence "Bullshit." In December, Stephen Yenser, a poet and a professor of English at U.C.L.A., who also wrote an uncomplimentary letter to *Poetry*, addressed the controversy while introducing a young poet before a reading at the Hammer Museum, in Los Angeles. "Perhaps you've been following the little dustup in the pages of the recrudescent *Poetry* magazine," he said. "They're funded by drug money—literally—Lilly pharmaceutical!" The audience, mostly poets and poetry professors and their students, laughed knowingly, and he went on to conclude, "Contra Mr. Barr, there are many quite different poetries thriving in the United States today."

To Barr's critics, his ideology represents the encroachment of cultural conservatism, money, and vulgar money people on a precinct considered sacred, and safely forgotten. "Subjecting poetry to economic laws and new marketing campaigns seems like a crass intrusion into the valleys of its saying where executives should never want to tamper," D. W. Fenza, the executive director of the Association of Writers & Writing Programs, wrote in the association's December newsletter. Barr is what people these days call a "businessman-poet,"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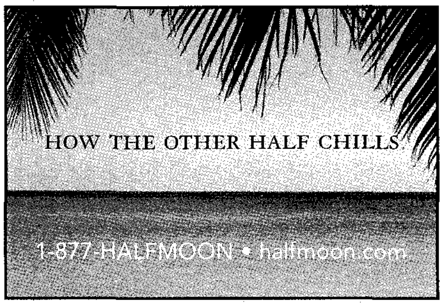
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and in this he is like Dana Gioia, a former executive at General Foods (his team invented Jell-O Jigglers), who is the chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts and, as such, one of the country's most visible spokesmen for poetry. In 1991, Gioia published a controversial essay, "Can Poetry Matter?," which prefigured Barr's assessment of the state of the art. He, too, would like to see the return of the nineteenth-century poet-orator, and points out that in Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's lifetime his birthday was treated like a national holiday. Some of Gioia's most visible initiatives at the N.E.A. have involved arranging for Shakespeare and opera to be performed on military bases; Operation Homecoming, which received funding from Boeing, established writers' workshops for soldiers who have fought in Iraq and in Afghanistan. A recent article in *Business Week* cited the endowment's "focus on programs with patriotic themes" as one reason that its budget has increased seven and a half per cent under Gioia. Barr says that he and Gioia are kindred spirits—the sort of disclosure that confirms everything the opposition fears. (Barr's and Gioia's organizations have collaborated on a program called Poetry Out Loud, a national poetry bee in which high-school students memorize and recite poems.) A forthcoming piece, by Steve Evans, in *The Baffler*, a leftist Chicago magazine, asserts, "Through men like Dana Gioia, John Barr, and Ted Kooser, Karl Rove's battle-tested blend of unapologetic economic elitism and reactionary cultural populism is now being marketed in the far-off reaches of the poetry world." In a footnote, Evans identifies Barr as a Republican Party contributor, an assertion that Barr, who sees his job at the foundation as having nothing to do with politics, told me he would rather not discuss.

Even in the most considered reactions, it is possible to detect an undertow of anguish: it is infuriating to ponder the truth in Barr's claim that the public no longer values poetry, and to contemplate some of the choices the foundation has made, especially as the traditional patrons of poetry—schools, independent publishers, little magazines—struggle to keep their programs alive. "Money doesn't solve problems, it rearranges problems, and a lot of money creates a kaleidoscope of possibilities," J. D. McClatchy, a poet and the editor of *The Yale Review*, said. "The aura of mediocrity has settled like a fog over the business of the foundation. The new awards, for example. It's not the winners who trouble me, it's the categories. Children's poetry? Funny poetry? If those are a way for the foundation to carve a niche for itself, it's a shallow one and too low down on the wall. It signals a lack of ambition and seriousness that may ultimately be fatal. Ironically, they risk marginalizing themselves by appealing to people who think of the 'Prairie Home Companion' as high art. It's the culture of sidebars, poems suitable for the fronts of tote bags. The foundation seems to want to promote poetry, the way you'd promote cereal or a sitcom."

Christian Wiman, the editor of *Poetry* since 2003, has often expressed in print a stern preference for formal poems and a disdain for what he calls "broken-prose confessionalism" and "the generic, self-obsessed free-verse poetry of the seventies and eighties." His judgments can have a dismal cast: in a sidebar about influential poets in the December issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*, he wrote of Wallace Stevens that "his work has a hothouse, overintellectualized quality, which has endeared it to the academy and which contemporary poets would do well to purge." Of Sylvia Plath he said, "Her overall influence has been terrible, promoting a kind of narcissistic despair that persists in many poems, novels, and movies today."

Wiman, who is forty, grew up in West Texas and has solemn blue eyes and a pleasant, mellow disposition. In the apartment that he shares with Danielle Chapman, his wife and a consulting editor to the magazine, there is a black-and-white photograph of his grandmother as an adolescent, being baptized in a Texas river. He told me that he wanted the poems in his first book, often rhymed and metered, to be accessible to his family. "I have a very particular aesthetic, and the magazine is definitely influenced by that, but I don't see my role as imposing that aesthetic on the magazine," he said. He has published a range of poets, and speaks proudly of the experimental ones.

Wiman felt that the magazine he in-

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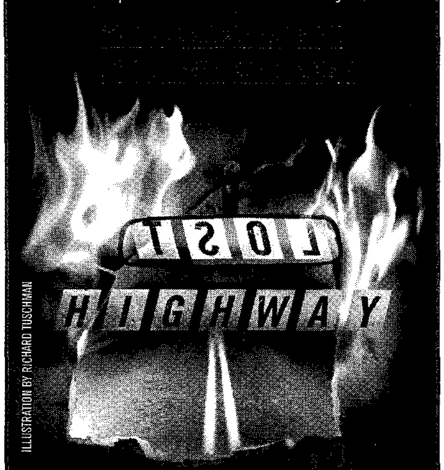

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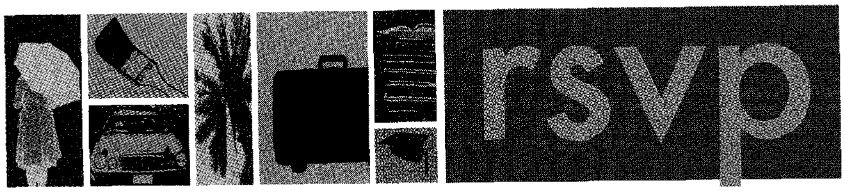

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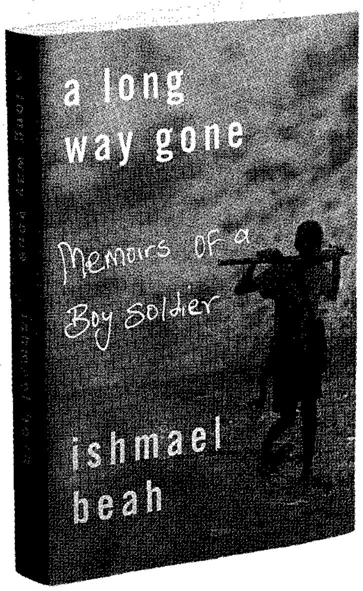

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herited needed rejuvenating. "Not enough people were talking about it," he said. "Not enough young poets were sending their work here. It was just sleepy. I tried to put something in every issue that would be provocative in some way." A piece that he commissioned from the poet and memoirist Mary Karr began, "To confess my unlikely Catholicism in *Poetry*—a journal founded in part on and for the godless, twentieth-century disillusionaries of J. Alfred Prufrock and his pals—feels like an act of perversion kinkier than any dildo-wielding dominatrix could manage on HBO's 'Real Sex Extra.' " The same impulse to surprise, he says, led him to ask Barr if he could publish Barr's essay, which he had heard him deliver as a talk at the University of Chicago the year before.

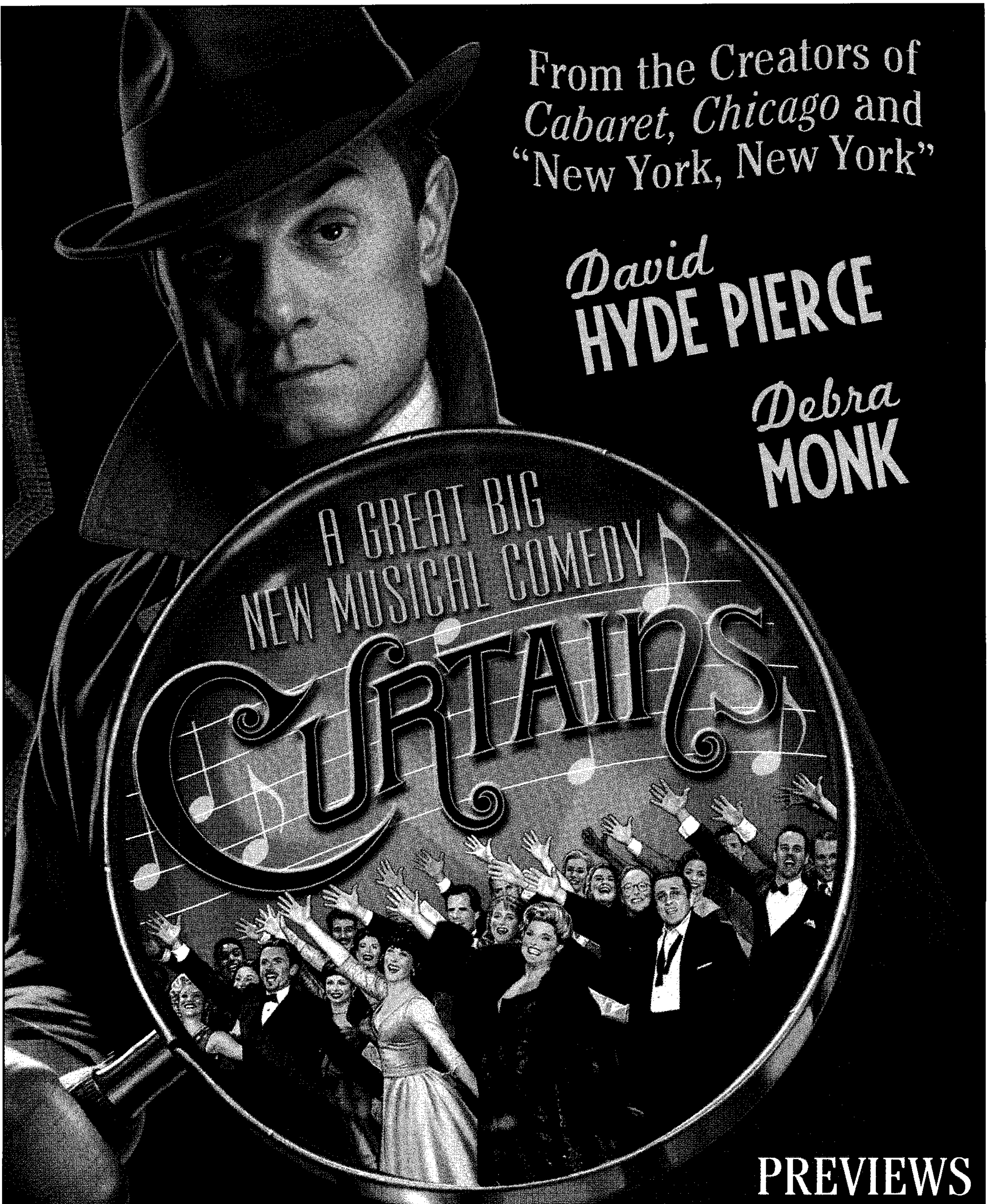
Wiman agrees with much of what Barr has to say about contemporary poetry and its place in the culture. His purview, however, is mostly limited to the magazine. He has hired a group of outspoken young critics and given them the freedom to say what they really think. In an editorial in 2005, he explained, "Not only was there a great deal of obvious logrolling going on (friends reviewing friends, teachers promoting students, young poets writing strategic reviews of older poets in power), but the writing was just so polite, professional, and dull. . . . We wanted writers who wrote as if there were an audience of general readers out there who might be interested in contemporary poetry. That meant hiring critics with sharp opinions, broad knowledge of fields other than poetry, and some flair." The new pugnacity is not always appreciated. One letter to the editor said of the reviews, "In their own spirit, I need to say that they seem like the work of cheeky young narcissists who elect negativity at the expense of informed analysis, substituting shallowness for depth, attitude for understanding." Under Wiman, the circulation has grown from eleven thousand to nearly thirty (partly thanks to direct-mail campaigns). Two years ago, the magazine was redesigned, and, though it is still a slim nine-by-five-inch book, with tasteful poetry-related advertisements and prize announcements in the back, the covers now display vivid color illustrations. The poets, who used to be paid two dollars a line, get ten.

At last count, several years ago, *Poetry*, which prints some three hundred poems a year, had to choose from among ninety thousand submissions. (I submitted poems in 1998, just before graduating from college; the editor at the time, Parisi, had the good judgment not to publish them.) The editorial staff—Wiman, Chapman, an assistant editor, and an intern—meets on Wednesdays to talk about manuscripts. Several weeks ago, they assembled around a large oval table in a conference room with a view of the lake, and took turns advocating for their favorites in the batch. The conversation, which lasted a couple of hours, was sober, respectful, tolerant of ambiguities, and open to certain extra-literary considerations. After the work of several well-known poets was discussed, Wiman presented a young poet. "These poems are different," he said. "What I like is that she has a fantastic ear. I find them irritating, too. The lacunae suggest a complacency. There are some beautiful lines. I put it to you guys: Is it too impenetrable? Did you respond to them? Do they work, or are they full of contemporary tics?

"It looks actually like she has very few publications," he continued. "That's good." He said that he was going to take the poems, and the staff, duly persuaded, agreed.

There was a long discussion about the poems of an M.F.A. student whose manuscript had been submitted anonymously by his professor, and another about the work of someone who presented himself as a high-school student. "If it's true, that's reason enough to publish him," Chapman said. "It's a tradition of *Poetry* magazine and it's something that we've never done." In the last minutes of the meeting, the staff decided on some poems by two longtime contributors—they were perfect for the summer issue, the theme of which Chapman described as "beach reading for serious readers."

The Wayfarers' Club, a century-old organization that John Barr joined when he moved to Chicago, meets in a formidable stone building with a large awning across from the Art Institute. The Wayfarers' membership typically includes the presidents of both the University of Chicago and Northwestern, the director of the Art Institute, busi-



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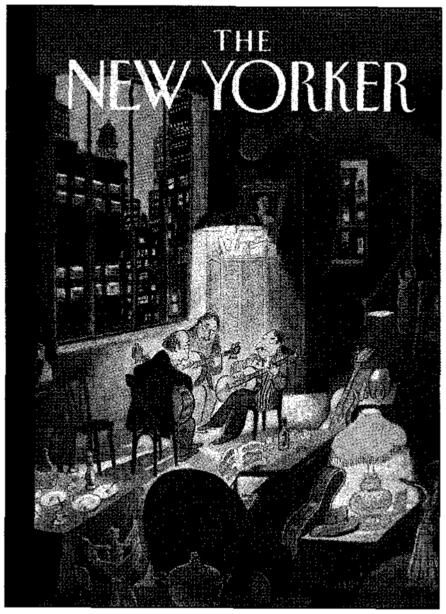

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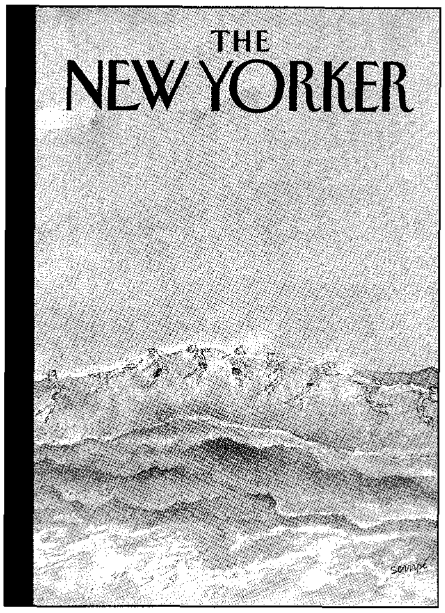

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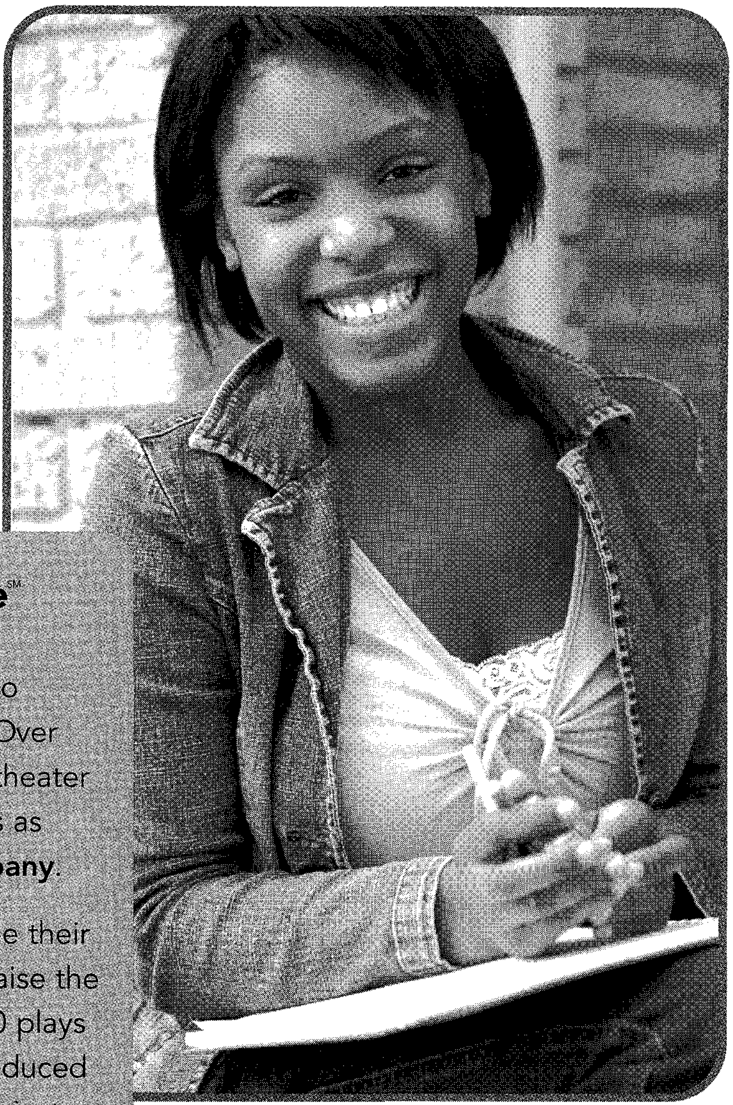

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ness leaders, and, in the past, according to David Hilliard, the club's secretary and treasurer, "real moguls." The smell of cigar smoke lingers in the halls. On a foggy, chilly night late last year, Barr was scheduled to make a twenty-minute PowerPoint presentation about the foundation and the Lilly gift. Hilliard's wife, Celia, a Chicago historian, has been on the board of *Poetry* for nearly thirty years and is on the committee to select an architect for the new building. "The magazine was always a very important anchor for poetry in Chicago—with Carl Sandburg and the hog butchers and all that, and Gwendolyn Brooks and Bronzeville," she said. "It was a headquarters for poets, even if they didn't come from Chicago. There used to be a little restaurant called Le Petit Gourmet, on Michigan Avenue. Harriet Monroe would have readings, with Sandburg playing his guitar."

A server hit a glockenspiel to signal that dinner was prepared, and the Wayfarers and their guests adjourned to a panelled room with casement windows and heavy upholstered valances. Barr arrived in a crisp white shirt, navy blazer, and striped tie, and sat at a table with Penny—petite, blond, coral lipstick, gold watch—the Hilliards, and a couple of other board members and foundation employees. Conversation turned to the controversy over Barr's essay. Celia politely said that she still hadn't read the latest letters to the editor. "Make sure you're sitting down," John said. "We got a lot of mail—it was one of the higher mail-drawers yet."

Ethel Kaplan, the chair of the board, said, "It's exciting to me that people are excited about it. Whether they're for us or against us. They feel passionate about it and are talking passionately about it. I've been on the board for thirty years. For so many of those years, *Poetry* was a quaint little oddity. If we've been part of stimulating this debate and starting the conversation, that's wonderful."

As dinner was served, David Hilliard went up to a podium and began an introduction. He joked that the foundation, seeing as it was so flush, might dedicate a new award to "Pure Poets"—those who think poetic thoughts but never write them down. "Nothing lavish—say, fifty thousand dollars to the Pure Poet of the year." Then he asked for some investment tips, perhaps something in natural gas. Barr rose and stood before the room. "Thank you for a unique introduction," he said. "I have been called the world's largest supply of natural gas in the past." Chuckle.

Barr showed slides of Harriet Monroe, T. S. Eliot, Marianne Moore ("She has that wonderful short poem, 'Poetry,' 'I, too, dislike it: there are things that are important beyond all this fiddle' "), William Carlos Williams, Robert Frost, and Ezra Pound ("How'd you like to have breakfast with that face?"). Then, dispensing with the magazine's illustrious history, he spoke of its "second beginning." A slide came up, an old-fashioned studio portrait of a young woman with downcast eyes and marcelled blond curls. "Enter Ruth Lilly, another woman of the Midwest with a passion for poetry." He said that there were no restrictions on how Lilly's money could be used. "Her gift, both for its size and for the freedom it bestows, seems to me the purest possible expression of her love for poetry." He enumerated the problems he sees with poetry today. "It's when there is no audience beyond each other that artists talk about art for art's sake. It's when there's no one else to write for that artists write for the ages. An awareness of this led our board in its mission statement to commit the foundation to pursue 'a vigorous presence for poetry in our culture.' " He advanced to a slide showing a bullet-point list of the foundation's initiatives. When he stopped talking, after precisely twenty minutes, an aura of satisfaction suffused the room.

Later, I read a poem of Barr's called "Restoration" that made me think about the perspective he might be bringing, in addition to his Wall Street background, to the job. The poem begins, "I love to recover the quality/of things in decline," and describes a man who methodically scours, wire-brushes, and refinishes everything in his domain but dreams of something larger. The fantasy, and the poem, concludes:

> A modest people makes me chief.
> (They, too, enjoy the hazy shine
> of finished work by last light.)
> Storm drains relieved, brick walks relaid,
> a heritage of dust and wrappers
> is renounced. The square square,
> trim trim, the town for once
> is like an artist's conception of the town. ♦

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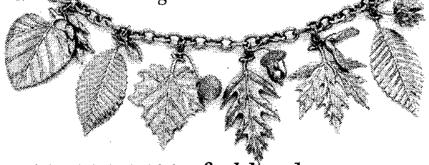

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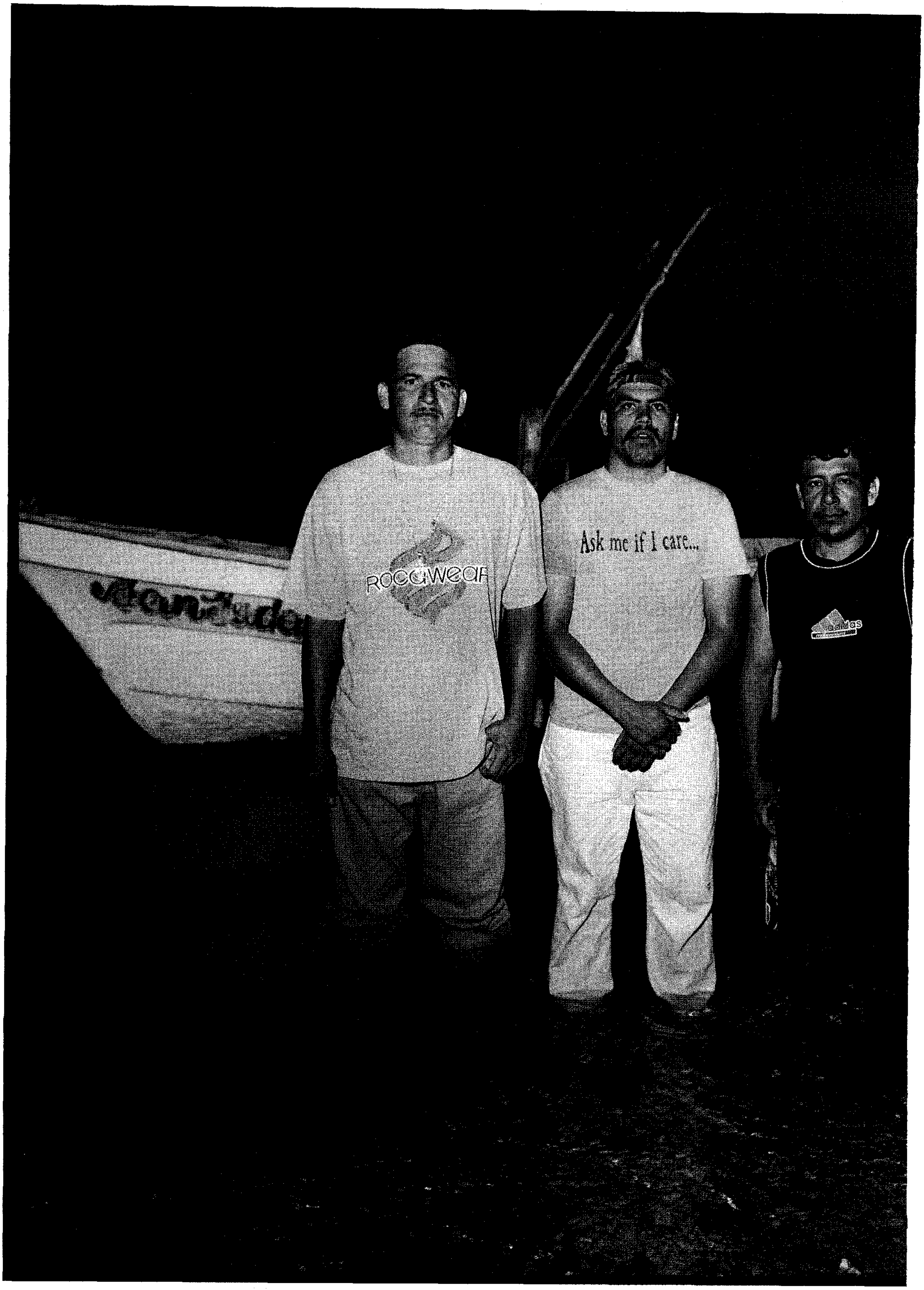
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Ask me if I care...
adidas

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE CASTAWAYS

A Pacific odyssey.

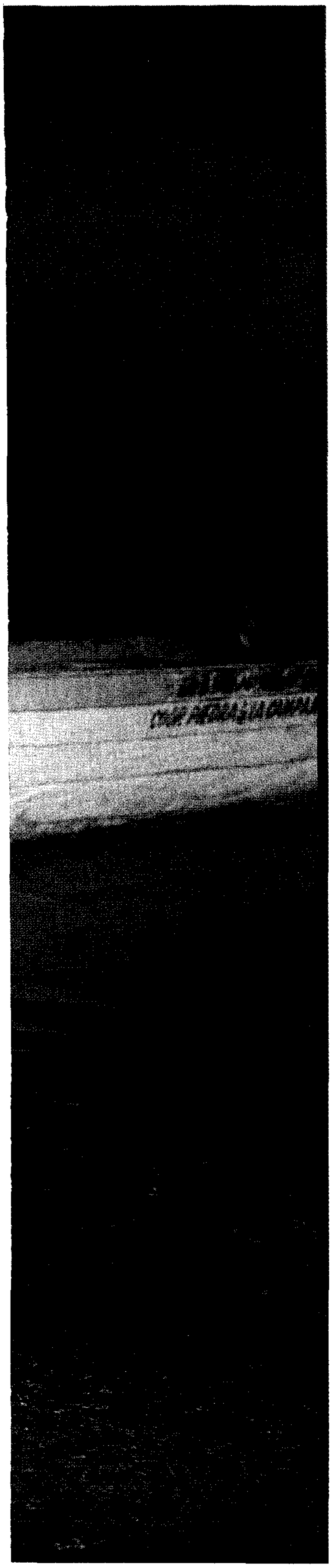
BY MARK SINGER

Very early on the morning of October 28, 2005, in the town of San Blas, on the central Pacific Coast of Mexico, five men boarded a small boat. The day started out looking promising: hurricane season was waning, there were few clouds, and the surface of the broad Bay of Matanchén was calm. Three of the men were practiced commercial fishermen who'd been hired by the boat's captain to catch sharks near the Islas Marías, an archipelago sixty miles offshore. Assuming all went well, they'd be at sea for two, maybe three days.

Nearly ten thousand people live in San Blas. It is one of the oldest ports in Mexico, and its industrial ambitions seem to have peaked during the late nineteenth century. Today, the town might thrive as a destination for tourists—beyond the serious surfers, birdwatchers, and "Lonely Planet" types who've been coming for decades—if it weren't for an inconvenient abundance of *jejenes*, a maddeningly aggressive species of sand flea. More than half the working population depends upon the ocean for its livelihood. A workweek tends to run seven days and yields a subsistence wage. An estuary a quarter mile wide connects the bay to a turbid cove known as the "U," where most of San Blas's fishing fleet is moored, and where, on a shore littered with old tires and empty motor-oil bottles, mom-and-pop wholesalers in cinder-block sheds with corrugated plastic roofs receive and clean each day's catch. Traffic in the "U" is heaviest around 4 A.M., when the boats venture out, and in the late morning and at dusk, when most return. Small cockpitless fishing boats are generically referred to as *pangas*, and the typical San Blas *panga* is a skiff twenty or so feet long, made of fibreglass, with a faded yellow or turquoise paint job. About a third of the boats have hand-lettered numbers on their sides, suggesting that they've been registered with the port officials. That the rest have no numbers, or markings that are no longer legible, is one indication that the authorities barely monitor their comings and goings. The fishermen (they are exclusively men) range from preteens to indeterminate post-middle-age. They wear baseball caps, sun-bleached everything, and plastic sandals. Usually, a San Blas skiff has three benches spanning the gunwales, carries a crew of three, and is propelled by an outboard motor of between forty and a hundred and twenty-five horsepower. At speeds above ten knots, the prow levitates like a seabird struggling to gain altitude.

A fisherman in San Blas, in the course of trying to earn two hundred pesos (about twenty dollars) for a day's work, isn't inclined to make other people's business his own. Although the shark-fishing *panga* was several feet longer than most local boats, had a draft a few feet deeper, wasn't from San Blas, and was outfitted with twin two-hundred-horsepower motors, it apparently didn't arouse attention. Painted gray, the boat bore no name or number. In the weeks and months after it failed to return, no one came forward who could describe it in detail.

The boat had arrived in San Blas from Mazatlán, a few hours up the coast. Its captain was Juan David Lorenzo, a heavyset man in his mid-thirties who had a background in electronics—in Mazatlán, he ran an Internet café and sold computer supplies—and had some experience as a sports angler but not much, evidently, as a shark hunter. In San Blas, Lorenzo understood, he could find men who were adept with a *cimbra*, a laborious-to-de-



From left to right: Lucio Rendón, Jesús Vidaña, and Salvador Ordóñez, in San Blas, Mexico, December, 2006. Photograph by Steve Pyke.

ploy-and-retrieve longline that's well suited to shark fishing. Among journeymen fishermen, shark specialists command particular respect, for their skills and courage and, not incidentally, the fact that a shark is among the most valued fish in the sea. Even in a marginal Mexican pueblo, a fisherman who has never met an Asian person, and probably never will, knows that a bowl of shark-fin soup sells in Hong Kong for more than a hundred dollars.

When Lorenzo began inquiring about potential crew members, one name bound to come up was that of Salvador Ordóñez, a friendly five-foot-four-inch Oaxacan. Salvador, who was thirty-six, had been a fisherman since the age of nine, when he left home and hitchhiked to the Yucatán, where he found work lobstering in the waters off Cancún—or so he said. At sixteen, he'd begun fishing for sharks in the Sea of Cortez. He settled in San Blas in the mid-nineties and was known for his predilection, after a beer or two, for narrating his exploits as a shark hunter. In turn, Salvador recommended Lucio Rendón, a frequent fishing and drinking partner. Lucio was twenty-seven and lived with his grandmother in El Limón, a hamlet thirteen miles from San Blas. Most of his fishing trips originated from Boca del Asadero, an estuarial port five miles away, a commute he ordinarily made by bicycle over a laughably rocky road. The third man hired was Jesús Vidaña, also twenty-seven. Like many fishermen, he often travelled considerable distances to find work. He had a wife and young son in Las Arenitas, a pueblo four hours by bus to the north. Especially during shrimp season, he kept close to home, but in slack periods he would stay for weeks at a time in port towns like San Blas, sending money to his family whenever he had money to send and somebody he knew was headed toward his village.

At dawn on the day of their departure, Salvador, Lucio, and Jesús met Lorenzo's boat at the concrete pier, or *muelle*, of San Blas. (A famous Mexican pop ballad from the nineties, "En el Muelle de San Blas," mythologizes the true story of a fisherman's wife who lost her mind after her husband was lost at sea.) Already on board was a fifth man, a friend of the captain's, who made it plain that he had no interest in small talk. After introducing himself as El Farsero—rough translation: trickster or joker or, less charitably, someone indifferent to truth—he said, "You don't need to know anything more than El Farsero." He was slender, tall, light-skinned, and manifestly not a fisherman. He seemed to be tagging along out of nothing more than curiosity, though his reasons were impossible to discern, because he spoke only to the captain. If he had a sense of humor, he kept it hidden. The three fishermen, for their part, observed the fundamental protocol: it was the captain's boat. They might have the expertise required for the trip to succeed, but the captain called the shots. Whether or not they agreed, they would defer to him. They addressed him as Señor Juan.

At the pier, the *panga* took on fuel (ten plastic gasoline containers, fifty litres each) and ice for preserving the catch. Its interior was compartmentalized by horizontal dividers: fish here, ice there, gear there. A mile into the bay, it cruised past San Blas's signature totem, a stack of rock sixty feet high that looms like an iceberg and provides a perch for pelicans and blue-footed boobies and a white stone statue of Our Lady of Fátima. A statue of the Virgin of Guadalupe stands atop an islet of boulders a hundred yards away. Each May 13th, fishermen in *pangas* and shrimp trawlers assemble there for a Mass conducted by the parish priest of San Blas. Believers—Salvador, for one—toss roses and plastic crowns into the water and entreat the saints to protect them at sea.

Working against the prevailing wind and currents, the boat took five hours to reach the waters off Isla Isabel, just southeast of the Islas Marías. Sharks feed most avidly after dark, and the crew needed the afternoon to accumulate baitfish, mostly tuna. For this they used hand lines, the standard equipment of undercapitalized fishermen: monofilament wrapped around a flat piece of wood the size of a small envelope and knotted to a single hook, with a lead sinker. By 6 P.M., Salvador, Lucio, and Jesús had begun easing into the water the *cimbra*: a three-mile length of braided nylon cord from which hung, about every ten yards, a three-foot piece of monofilament and a three-inch hook baited with a chunk of flesh—five hundred hooks in all. Tied to the main line above each hook was a capped, empty plastic soda or water bottle. With luck, the next morning they would harvest an ample quantity of whitetip reef shark, which weigh from thirty to a hundred pounds each. The possibility also existed that not a single shark would turn up; overfishing threatens the shark population. International conservation and animal-rights groups want to ban the common practice of finning—taking only the dorsal fins of living sharks and releasing the doomed fish—which has proliferated, in part because of low demand for shark meat. Mexico is something of an exception: fins get exported, but fillets sell for domestic consumption. Considering the cost of fuel, for the trip to be worth the effort the boat would have to come back with almost a ton of fish.

Señor Juan had brought fifty litres of drinking water, as well as two loaves of grocery-store white bread, sliced ham, tomatoes, onions, chiles, and some boxes of saltine crackers. Each fisherman provided himself with a couple of days' worth of similar rations (sandwiches, tortillas, tins of sardines, canned corn). In a pinch, they knew, they could build a fire on one of the Islas Marías and make a meal of something they'd caught. Lucio and Jesús carried shark knives—slender eighteen-inch blades with plastic handles—and sharpening stones. Jesús also had a compass. Señor Juan's toolbox contained a hammer, two pairs of mechanical pliers, sparkplug pliers, extra sparkplugs, a screwdriver with multiple heads, and miscellaneous spare screws. Everyone brought a flashlight, a toothbrush and toothpaste, and at least one change of clothing. The captain packed a sweater, a sweatshirt, an extra pair of long pants, two pairs of shorts, four T-shirts, and three pairs of underwear. Salvador, the most experienced fisherman, travelled lightest, with a knife, a mirror, a comb, scissors, and a Bible. Lucio, more fastidious than the others, had five extra pairs of pants and five jackets, plus two blankets. The first day, after gasoline spilled on a blanket that belonged to Jesús, he threw it overboard. Lucio's supply of cigarettes was another early casualty of the trip—eight packs, all soaked. At dusk that evening, he smoked his last one.

Darkness fell before seven o'clock, and by nine they were ready to sleep, expecting to wake up at 3 A.M. to haul in the *cimbra*. Before midnight, though, something was obviously amiss. A cold front had arrived, bringing little rain but stiff northwest gusts and four-foot waves. The ocean in that location was far too deep for an anchor. Normally, the *cimbra* would have had a stabilizing effect, creating drag, like the tail of a kite. In the buffeting waves, however, the boat moved haphazardly. Upon investigation, the explanation was simple: the *cimbra* had vanished. Where it had been tethered to the boat, only a frayed twenty-five-foot section of nylon cord remained.

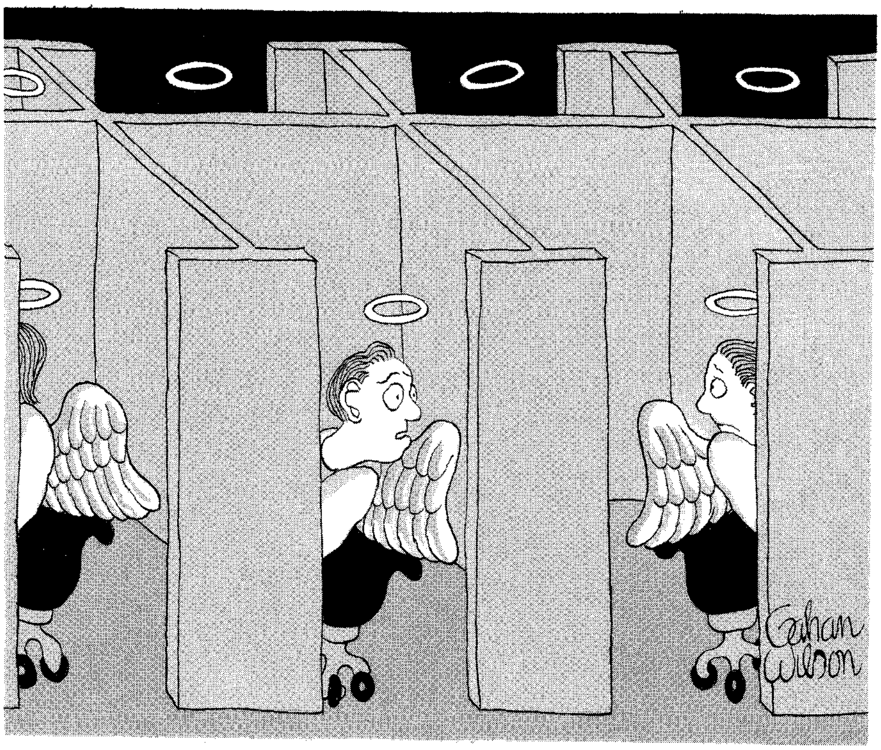
At dawn they began to search for the *cimbra*. By then, the fishermen realized, the currents or sharks could have transported it who knew how far away. The hunt proceeded systematically, the boat circling in an ever-widening spiral. To return to San Blas fishless was bad enough; to do so minus their equipment would mean a minor economic disaster. The *cimbra* represented an investment of as much as fifteen hundred dollars, and the fishermen's code dictated that everyone on board bore responsibility for its loss and replacement. As the men circled, straining for a glimpse of bobbing plastic bottles, they spoke very little. "The ocean that day was very ugly," Salvador later said. They knew where they were, approximately—the Islas Marías remained visible on the horizon—but they had no maps and no global-positioning device to impart an overview of what waters they had canvassed. Nor was there a radio or a cell phone on board. Or a life jacket or an oar.

The following day, as Señor Juan prepared to resume the search, Salvador tried tactfully to dissuade him. They no longer had enough fuel to reach San Blas, but if they headed toward the port they'd surely hitch a tow along the way. Salvador told Señor Juan how he'd once lost a three-hundred-hook *cimbra* and spent a day looking for it, went back to San Blas, returned to the sea three days later, and found it. They could do the same thing now; or someone might even bring it to them. "But Señor Juan didn't want to do that," Salvador said. "And that's where we failed." More slow circling, more featureless water. By midafternoon, the fishermen realized that their gas supply wouldn't even get them to the nearest island. Another *panga* was within sight; they aimed for it, and were less than a mile away when the engines died. Fishermen allow plenty of leeway to avoid entangling each other's *cimbras*, and the other boat soon took off.

Mechanical malfunction is part of the natural order of things in a Mexican fisherman's universe, easier to avert than unpleasant weather but inevitable still. Motors flood, erode their bearings, catch fire, never at an opportune moment. Even self-inflicted adversity (ignoring a fuel gauge, say) seems to fall within this general category. It happens. There's a parallel tendency—a passive acceptance that belongs somewhere along a continuum between faith and negligence—to assume that, in time, help will come along. The previous year, Salvador and Lucio and two other men, also while shark-fishing near the Islas Marías, had got stranded. Their engine had taken on water and wouldn't re-start. Adrift, they were found after four days by fishermen who were too low on fuel to tow them to San Blas and left them instead within the waters of Isla Isabel. The next day, some other fishermen rescued them. Everyone remained calm, in part because they'd brought plenty of food and water. When Lucio arrived home in El Limón and his grandmother asked how the trip had gone, he told her fine.

The present situation was less auspicious, yet no one panicked (with the possible exception of El Farsero, who had become even more withdrawn—which is to say, mute). The sun reappeared and the wind subsided. The *panga* had floated several miles northwest of Isla Isabel. By the fourth day, the Islas Marías became obscured by fog and then receded entirely. There were no boats on the horizon. Nearly all the food had been eaten—Jesús regretted the crumbled saltines he'd cavalierly flicked into the ocean on the first day—and they'd soon run out of drinking water. At the beginning of the trip, they'd tossed their baitfish onto their supply of ice, which had since melted and turned to swill. So they drank seawater.

Two large vessels—they looked like tankers or merchant ships—came into view the following day, but they were at least two miles away. Ingesting seawater had given everyone headaches and cramps. Jesús found a small bottle of

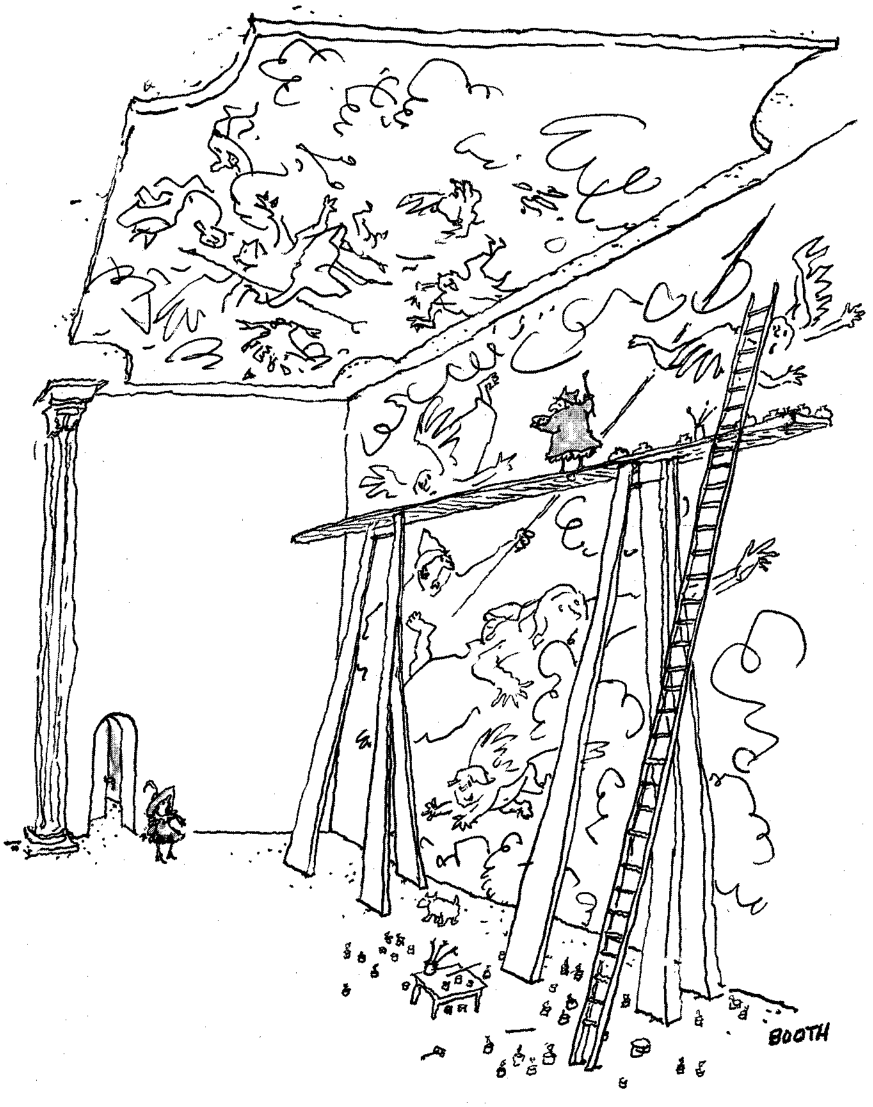


"I was hoping that Heaven might be, you know, more transcendent."

clear liquid that he almost tasted before realizing it was rubbing alcohol. That same day, Salvador drank his own urine. The others refused to do likewise—until, after dark, they all privately did. For four days, they had no fresh water. Then it began to mist, an intermittent, teasing drizzle that barely wet their tongues. A day later, a steadier rain fell for several hours. The bow of the boat was partially covered with fibreglass, creating a shelter where the men could hide from the sun or huddle and seek warmth. It also functioned, the men realized, as a conduit. They sliced off the tops of four plastic gasoline containers, rinsed them with seawater, situated each so that it would catch rainwater trickling off the bow, and filled them, plus two buckets.

Salvador: “I decided that we weren’t going to die. From that moment, we had two hundred litres of water. We drank a lot because it rained a lot and we never ran out because, the whole trip, it rained. I do think that God was with us, and we were surviving.”

In 1955, Gabriel García Márquez published a series of newspaper articles depicting the ordeal of Luis Alejandro Velasco, an enlisted man in the Colombian Navy, who, in February of that year, fell overboard in the Caribbean Sea and survived ten days on a life raft, without food or water. (The articles later became a book, “The Story of a Shipwrecked Sailor.”) Velasco washed ashore a week after having been officially declared dead—the preamble to becoming briefly celebrated as a national hero. The first night: “To make myself less lonely, I looked at the dial of my watch. It was ten minutes to seven. Much later—it seemed as if two or three hours had passed—it was five minutes to seven. When the minute hand reached twelve, it was exactly seven o’clock and the sky was packed with stars. But to me it seemed that so much time had passed, it should now be nearly dawn.”



“Why, Giambattista Tiepolo, you old so-and-so! Who knew you could paint?”

Lucio wore a Casio digital watch with a calendar, and it preserved some demarcation of time’s otherwise blurred contours. Occasionally, planes passed overhead, prompting discussions about whether anyone in San Blas had realized that they were lost and instigated a search. (In fact, family members of Lucio’s had started looking for him and the others, and fishermen in the community undertook an eight-day search after the Port Authority of San Blas failed to act. The search was called off when they could no longer afford the fuel.) For ten days, Lucio heard Salvador and Jesús repeat that they would soon be rescued. As he no longer believed this himself, their hollow reassurances irritated him, and he told them so. Yet he never accused Señor Juan of being the agent of their distress; even if they were lost at sea, Señor Juan was still the ship’s captain.

When they had consumed no food, only water, for thirteen days, a sea turtle weighing about thirty pounds showed up, swimming just off the bow. Salvador jumped on its back and gripped its shell, which he’d learned to do in Oaxaca in his teens. The turtle suddenly dove deep, and he went along for the ride, wrestling until he had turned it toward the surface. Lucio and Jesús helped him hoist the turtle into the *panga*. They severed a flipper; Salvador sucked its blood and passed it around. Lucio took the knife, cut off the head, and drained a dense stream of blood into a bucket for drinking. After he had removed the meat from the shell, Jesús rinsed it, and Salvador filleted it.

Lucio: “I remember we said, ‘How are we going to eat that meat?’ It’s not like a normal meal. All you can see is the meat. Pure red. I was thinking, How is it possible that I’m going to eat that? In November, we ate only two times. I’d never been hungry like that, with a desperateness that can’t be expressed. I don’t know how to explain that this is something that one feels. It’s desperateness, hunger, thirst, cold.”

Did he want to die?

"No, that was not a thought that passed through my head. Even though I knew I was headed that way."

Their other November meal presented itself a few days later, when a white seabird—most likely a tern, which can fly for long distances over the ocean—alighted on a corner of the boat. Salvador slowly removed his shirt, crept toward the rear, netted the bird, grabbed its feet, and dashed it against the inside of the boat. He decapitated it, drank some blood ("because I felt it gave me energy"), offered it to his companions, then plucked and quartered it: seabird sashimi. Lucio and Jesús ate their portions, but Señor Juan and El Farsero could only gag. The same thing had happened when they'd tried the raw turtle.

On December 12th, the feast day of the Virgin of Guadalupe, another turtle materialized. (Octavio Paz wrote, "The Mexican people, after more than two centuries of experiments and defeats, have faith only in the Virgin of Guadalupe and the National Lottery.") The sole reading matter on the *panga* was the Bible belonging to Salvador. In his cosmology, the turtles and the rain signified divine intervention. It's unlikely that Señor Juan and El Farsero saw it that way; they again tried to swallow the meat and again it caused them to retch. (The sea turtle is a protected species, and, in Mexico, killing one can get you a nine-year prison term. Given how far the boat had drifted beyond the territorial waters, however, not to mention the underlying circumstances, this wasn't the fishermen's most urgent concern.) At some point, Salvador removed a nail from one of the boat's wooden benches and began scratching a sea-turtle tally on the boat's interior—eventually, a hundred and eight. The men preserved much of the meat by curing it in seawater and drying it in the sun. A few times, they chipped wood from the benches and, with the aid of Lucio's cigarette lighter, built a small fire inside a cowling that they'd removed from one of the outboard engines. Atop that they rested the other cowling, with fresh meat inside, and cooked it enough to leach out much of the blood.

Schools of small fish often surrounded the boat, attracted by the barnacles that studded its hull. The flesh inside a barnacle shell was potential bait, but most of the hooks and hand lines had either been lost or damaged. With the cowlings removed, the men scrutinized the innards of the outboard engines. The carburetors had thin rods that could be sharpened and bent into hooks. There were screws with wires wrapped around the threads, and those wires could also become hooks. Each motor had six insulated cables about three feet long which, spliced together, made lines. A hook baited with a barnacle could catch a small fish, and that fish, cut up, could become bait for bigger fish. With this approach, they caught dogfish, sharks, sawfish, and dorado. Though the men didn't realize it, this diet probably protected them from developing scurvy—uncooked seafood has a small amount of Vitamin C.

0
PIE
NO PIE
ZIEGLER

Most fishermen routinely eat raw seafood without giving it a thought. Señor Juan simply couldn't. Starting in mid-December, he vomited blood and bile several times. (These symptoms are common with severe digestive disturbances.) Meanwhile, Lucio had developed an ear infection that left him weak and unable to keep his balance. Bleeding from both ears, he stuffed them with cotton ticking from the lining of a jacket. Wrapped in blankets, both men huddled under the bow, turning it into a sick bay. After eight days, Lucio began to get better, but Señor Juan did not.

Once the unforeseen odyssey began, El Farsero spent much of every day crouched in a corner, weeping. "We wanted to talk to him, and he wouldn't talk," Jesús said. "We wanted him to move, and he wouldn't move." Salvador and Lucio never cried, but Jesús often did, usually at night. Thinking of his family back in Las Arenitas—Jumey, his wife, and Juan José, their son—invariably induced longing and remorse. Jesús had quit school at fourteen ("I was a bum; I would go in the front door of the school and leave through the back") and found work shrimp-fishing and tending cows on a community-owned farm. Gray streaks had started appearing in his hair by his late teens, and as he matured he seemed equally capable of projecting an air of toughness or innocence. He had a broad-shouldered, athletic physique, a short nose, high cheekbones, a mole above a mustache, large teeth, and pendulous earlobes. He was nineteen and Jumey fifteen when they met; Juan José was born three years later. A few days before he'd gone to San Blas, Jumey told him that she was three or four months pregnant. Their home was a two-room hut that Jesús had built in three days from miscellaneous wood. (He'd been in a hurry to get away from Jumey's father, with whom they'd been living inharmoniously.) The hut had a corrugated metal roof, a dirt floor that was still covered with grass when they moved in, and no electricity or plumbing. On stifling nights—the most common sort—an electric fan that rested on a folding chair outside, with an extension cord that ran to a neighbor's house, would draw a breeze through a screened opening in one wall.

As Jesús packed for the trip, he searched for a fifty-peso bill that he'd hidden somewhere in the hut, couldn't find it, and berated Jumey. ("Why do you move my stuff?") Later, upon discovering the bill in his pocket, he'd felt ashamed, and the memory continued to bedevil him because he knew that the incident was hardly atypical. He often behaved callously and spoke harshly to his wife. The burden of caring for Juan José fell almost entirely upon her. If Jesús felt like staying out all night drinking with friends, he did so unapologetically. On days when he had to rise hours before dawn to go fishing, he expected her to get up before him and prepare breakfast, just as he expected her, as he still lay in bed, to put his socks on his feet. Now, somewhere in the Pacific, he pondered who Jumey truly was, apart from his expectations or desires: a mother of a small boy, pregnant, penniless and unprepared to support herself, bewildered by her husband's disappearance, assuming the worst. He pictured her quotidian routines—hauling water, for instance, for cooking and bathing—and vowed that if he found his way back home he would do whatever he could to give her running water. That was the least he could do. It was a comforting, hopeful thought, but, still, he couldn't help crying.

LITTLEFOOT, 32

Back yard, my old station, the dusk invisible in the trees,
But there in its stylish tint,
Everything etched and precise before the acid bath
—Hemlocks and hedgerows—
Of just about half an hour from now,
Night in its soak and dissolve.
Pipistrello, and gun of motorcycles downhill,
A flirt and a gritty punctuation to the day's demise
And one-starred exhalation,
V of geese going south,
My mind in their backwash, going north.

The old gospel song from 1950
by Lester Flatt and Earl Scruggs,
"Reunion in Heaven," has a fugitive last verse
I must have heard once
Although it wasn't included when they recorded it.
So I'll list it here,
that it won't be disremembered.
Just in case.
I am longing to sit by the banks of the river
There's rest for the ones by the evergreen trees
I am longing to look in the face of my Saviour
And my loved ones who have gone, they are waiting for me

When what you write about is what you see,
what do you write about when it's dark?
Paradise, Pound said, was real to Dante because he saw it.
Nothing invented.
One loves a story like that, whether it's true or not.
Whenever I open my eyes at night, outside,
flames edge at the edge
Of everything, like the sides of a nineteenth-century negative.
If time is a black dog, and it is,
Why do I always see its breath,
its orange, rectangular breath
In the dark?
It's what I see, you might say, it's got to be what my eyes see.

One December day when Salvador, Lucio, and Jesús were urging the captain to eat, Señor Juan stood in the front of the boat, flexed his biceps, and declared, "I'm strong!" At that point he'd gone six weeks without food. "He was very fat, and he thought he was full of life," Lucio recalled. Within days, Señor Juan began bleeding internally. By mid-January, he had lapsed into a semi-consciousness punctuated by bursts of delirium. The others did what they could—rinsed his mouth, brushed his teeth, washed his face and hands—but knew that they weren't much help. He'd become incontinent. One night, when Salvador was fishing and the others were sleeping, Señor Juan started groaning and called Salvador's name. Salvador went to his side and said, "What's wrong, Juanito, brother?" But Señor Juan was already dead, his eyes still open. It was January 20th, almost three months since he'd left Mazatlán for San Blas. The

So many joys in such a brief stay.
Life is a long walk on a short pier.

—

If poetry is pentimento,
as most of its bones seem to show,
Remember the dead deer on Montana 92,
Lincoln County, last Monday, scrunched in the left-hand ditch.
Raven meat-squawks for two days.
On Thursday, south wind through the rib cage,
Ever-so-slightly a breathing,
skull-skink unmoved on the macadam.
Its song was somewhat, somewhat erased.

—

I'm early, no one in the boat on the dark river.
It drifts across by itself
Below me.
Offended, I turn back up the damp steps.

—

The dragonflies remain a great mystery to me.
Early October.
At least a dozen of them are swarming
Like swallows over the dying grass
And browned leaves of the back yard,
Each tending to recompose a previous flight path
With minor variations.
So beautiful,
translucent wings against the translucent sky,
The late afternoon like litmus just under our fingertips.

—

The berries shine like little stigmata in the dogwood trees,
A thousand reminders of the tree's mythology
As the rain keeps polishing them,
as though it could rub it clean.

Such red, and Easter so far away.

—*Charles Wright*

fishermen cleaned Señor Juan's body and kept it in the boat for three days, in case they were rescued and could arrange a proper burial. Before finally placing the body in the sea, Salvador, who read from his Bible and prayed every morning and evening, gave a final benediction.

Food was plentiful during January, relatively speaking. Many days, they began fishing at 6 A.M. and by midday had caught sixty fish. For lunch, they would eat two or three apiece and put the rest in the sun to dry. In the late afternoon, they would catch more. Salvador had his thirty-seventh birthday that month, a fact that he kept to himself, though he celebrated in his own fashion. "I caught a shark that day and I ate it," he said. "A small shark. The head of a little shark is soft. There's a gelatine inside. I ate the whole thing—the eyes, the head, the brain, everything. I didn't throw anything out."

Long before Señor Juan died, Salvador had become, de facto, the captain. His resourcefulness proved indispensable—turtle wrangling, transforming engine parts into fishing tackle—and his equability counted for as much as his ingenuity. Except when Salvador drank alcohol (a moot point, for the duration), he possessed a gentle, genial temperament. He had dark native-Oaxacan coloring, a round face, smooth cheeks, black eyes, and a lithe, not especially muscular body. In San Blas, he lived alone, renting a single room in a family house, and got around town on a child's bicycle. Wearing a baseball cap, T-shirt, shorts, and sneakers, from a distance he could pass for a thirteen-year-old—though he'd become a grandfather three years earlier, at thirty-four.

Salvador was born in Puerto Ángel, a tourist village on the Oaxacan coast; he was the youngest and, he liked to say, "most vagabond" of eight children. His father owned a *panga* and occasionally fished but mainly worked at a civil-service job in the office of the governor of Oaxaca. At times, the family would go to the South Sierra Madre Mountains and work the coffee harvest. (His uncles were planters.) Although he got along well with his parents, Salvador's childhood was marked by wanderlust. He'd enrolled in "open school"—an arrangement, typical of poor Mexican communities, that allows students to pick up books at the beginning of a term, study on their own, and show up for final exams. By the time he quit for good, at thirteen, he'd accumulated years of fishing experience in the Yucatán, Veracruz, and Oaxaca. He was accustomed to sleeping on beaches beneath upturned boats.

How often did he see his parents?

"I would just arrive home, and they would say, 'Oh, you came back, son.' My mother would give me a hug. I would stay there for two weeks and leave again."

Who took care of him if he got sick?

"I never got sick in my life. Not that I can remember."

At sixteen, he became a father, lived

for a year with his son's mother in Puerto Ángel, then left for Guatemala to be with another woman. When he was twenty and back in Puerto Ángel, he had a daughter with yet a different woman. He stayed with her for four years, until, during a rainy spell in Puerto Ángel, he went away to work for a month. Upon his return, he heard rumors that she had taken up with another man.

"She said, 'That's not true,' but I got my things in a suitcase," he recalled. "I loved her so much. Whenever I saw a woman who looked like her, I thought about her. When I went to the ocean, I thought about her all the time. When I would come to Puerto Ángel, I would take her to dinner and she would say, 'Let's get back together.' I said, 'No, if for a month you can't stand me being away, then we can't live together.' "

After a decade in San Blas, if he'd been asked where he felt most at home, his answer would have been: the sea.

With Señor Juan gone, El Farsero confronted an awkward social dilemma. "At the beginning, because El Farsero was friends with the captain, he thought he was better than the rest of us," Lucio observed. "It was like, if you'll ignore me, I'll ignore you. But after the captain died who else was he going to talk to?" When the fishermen shared their visions of what they would do if they ever made it back to the inhabited world, El Farsero spoke of helping his sister establish a bakery. He also began helping the others catch fish.

Sleeping habits varied. Early on, Lucio endured an extended bout of insomnia. "November has how many days—thirty? Then I slept thirty hours that month," he later recalled. "People say that one dies sooner without sleeping than without eating," he added. "People are stupid." After a month and a half, Lucio regained the ability to sleep.

The most consistently accomplished sleeper was Jesús, who could put in nine or ten hours a night, plus a siesta in the afternoon, when the sun was most punishing. If there was a full moon, Salvador didn't mind staying awake, alone, for hours. "I would sit and watch the moon go behind the clouds," he said. "Small clouds would pass by, and it would rain lightly, and I would see a rainbow in the moonlight. I told Lucio and Jesús about it, and they said to me 'You're crazy!' and started to laugh. So the next time there was a midnight rainbow, I woke them and they saw it and they believed me."

On the coldest nights, they all slept in the bow side by side, in the fetal position, an intimate arrangement that would have made them self-conscious on land. It was crowded, but they succeeded in staying warm. Then it became less crowded: one morning in February, El Farsero didn't wake up.

Lucio: "He died at my side, asleep. We all lay down, and when the sun rose he had already died. That's the prettiest death, I think. To go to bed and die in your dream."

The fishermen gave him the same valedictory that they had given Señor Juan: a three-day wake; prayers and hymns courtesy of Salvador; then a ritual lowering into the water, feet first, with El Farsero's head cupped in their hands, facing the setting sun.

Jesús had kept some of Señor Juan's clothes—the sweater and the sweatshirt—and Lucio helped himself to El Farsero's. "I didn't feel disgust," he recalled. "El Farsero wasn't sick. If he had had a sickness, I wouldn't have worn them. Listen, where we were, everything was worth something."

Where were they? And by what measure or means—time, distance, imagination—could their experience thus far suggest what came next? All along, the fishermen knew, they'd been gravitating west; whether they were also angling north or south was a more elusive matter. Some mornings, the first sunlight illuminated low-lying clouds on the horizon, so that they resembled islands. Then, as the sun climbed higher, the illusion would evanesce. "That happened a lot, and it happened to all of us," Lucio said. "One gets tired after seeing that much. You want to forget that you're lost, but it makes you think that you're very far out and no boat is ever going to pick you up."

What if there had indeed been an island and they'd managed to go ashore? The notion lent itself to cinematic fantasies, because, after all, fiction offered as useful a frame of reference as anything. Jesús had seen the Tom Hanks movie "Cast Away" and he'd watched an episode of the television series "Lost," in which the survivors of a plane crash discover that their tropical island is home to lurking, huge creatures. "We thought that when we arrived on an island there would be a lot of big animals," he said. "That program was fiction. Still, we thought that there could be dinosaurs."

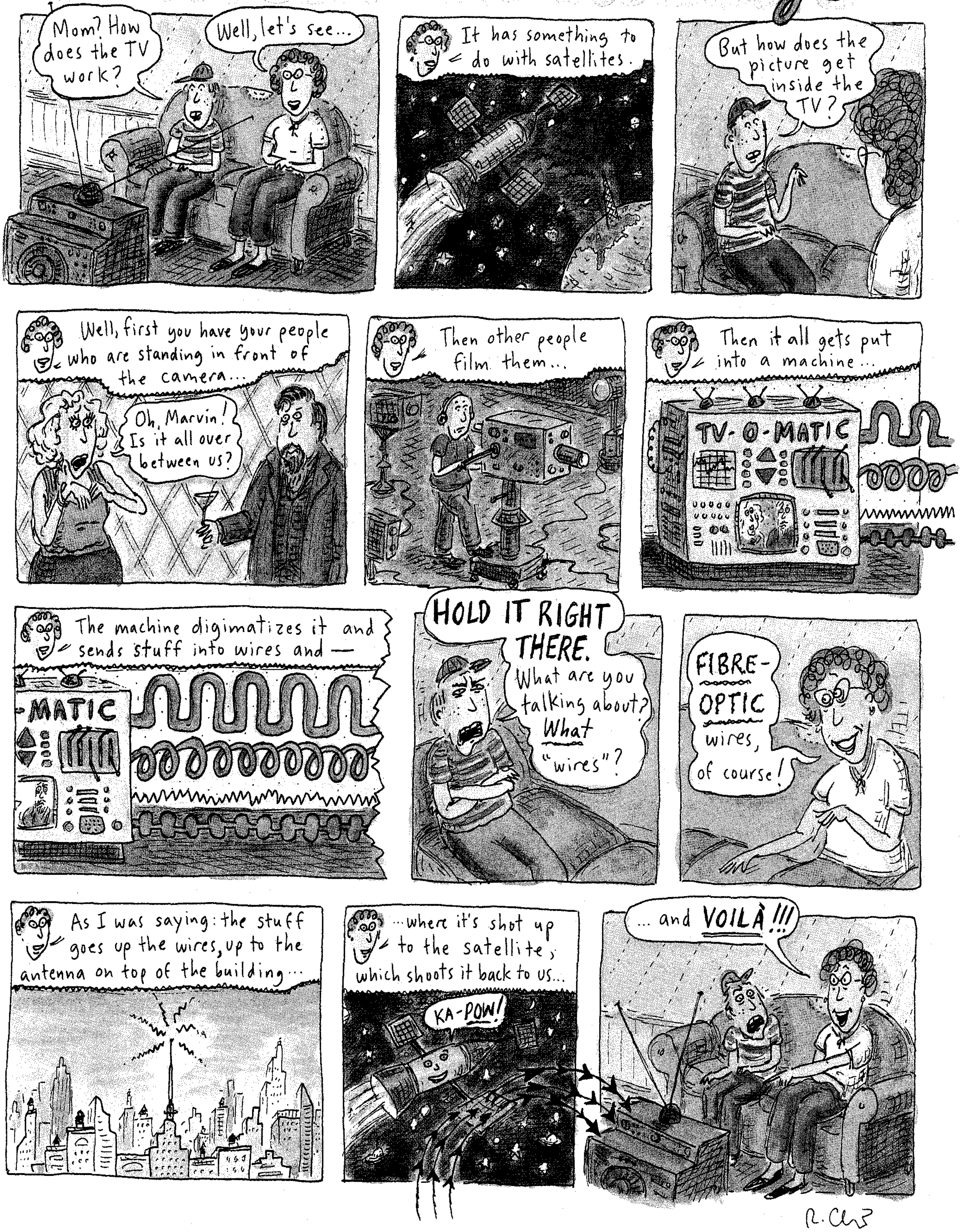
Only Salvador had ever set foot outside Mexico. The farthest north Jesús had travelled was Sonora, where he visited an indigenous reservation, and the farthest south was La Cruz de Huanacaxtle, a coastal resort town two hours beyond San Blas. The airplanes that they were seeing—where had they come from and where were they going? None of them had ever flown.

Earlier in the trip, they'd twice assembled what they called a "floating anchor." First, they filled a plastic gas tank with seawater and tied it to the bow, the idea being that it would ride beneath the surface and somehow prevent waves from striking the boat broadside. After a couple of weeks, they tried a different strategy, a tarpaulin—originally, the cover for the ice supply—that trailed from the stern like a parachute. To this they also attached the engine cowlings, their erstwhile cooking utensils. This contraption proved a bit more effective, but in time the lines broke. One consequence was that they were wholly at the mercy of the elements when, in early March, they encountered a fearsome storm.

Salvador: "A big wave hit the boat. We were going to have to put the weight on one side to stabilize it. We shifted the water containers so that the next waves didn't tip us. There were a lot of strong storms, but in that one there was a wave as tall as a two-story house. For ten days after that, I was traumatized. A wave would hit and I would jump. If the boat flipped over, we would have died, because there are a lot of sharks and octopuses to attack you. All of us made a decision about what we would do. If it had flipped, I would have grabbed one of the gas containers and held on. I said I would continue swimming. Lucio said he was going to tie himself to the bow. Jesús said he

SKETCHBOOK BY ROZ CHAST

A Little Knowledge


Mom? How does the TV work?
Well, let's see...
It has something to do with satellites.
But how does the picture get inside the TV?
Well, first you have your people who are standing in front of the camera...
Oh, Marvin! Is it all over between us?
Then other people film them...
Then it all gets put into a machine...
TV-O-MATIC
The machine digimatizes it and sends stuff into wires and —
MATIC
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE. What are you talking about? What "wires"?
FIBRE-OPTIC wires, of course!
As I was saying: the stuff goes up the wires, up to the antenna on top of the building...
...where it's shot up to the satellite, which shoots it back to us...
KA-POW!
... and VOILÀ!!!
R. Chast

R. TRUSCOTT HAMILTON AND HIS PERSONAL EXECUTIVE TRAINER

wouldn't float—he would dive down and get it over with."

Once Salvador regained his composure ("I thought, I have to control myself and manage the situation"), he reassured himself that divine Providence was managing the situation. "God lives with us at every moment," he later said. "We don't see Him but He is with us. In the sea I felt surrounded by His great love. I was on the high seas, deep in the ocean, and I knew that I was lost in the sea. But I also knew that there's a God. I never doubted for a moment that He wanted me to live."

Salvador read the Bible, knelt, and prayed—privately, at first. Jesús soon followed his example. Probably because, as Jesús readily acknowledged, he spent much of the voyage feeling afraid, he was more susceptible than Lucio to Salvador's ardent beliefs. Not necessarily as a quid pro quo, Jesús persuaded Salvador—Lucio, who began praying after Señor Juan's death, also agreed—that, if rescued, they should permanently abstain from alcohol. (As an adult, Salvador had been baptized as a Mormon but hadn't felt compelled to embrace temperance.) Jesús's and Lucio's families were Catholic, but none of the three men had ever been a regular churchgoer. Over the years, Salvador had become partial to hymns he'd heard in the Apostolic Church, and he sang every day. His standards were "Yo Era Uno Más" ("I Was One More"), "Un Día a la Vez" ("One Day at a Time"), and "El Fin del Mundo" ("The End of the World").

Wherever the fishermen were bound, Salvador suggested, it made sense to try to get there sooner rather than later. He proposed raising a sail, which had the advantage of allowing them to exert at least a symbolic influence over their fates. Though the tarpaulin had disappeared with the rest of the floating anchor, they had blankets from which they could make a sail. By dismantling one of the benches, they could construct a pair of masts. Initially, Jesús resisted. Somewhere he had read that seven hundred nautical miles from the coast was, in effect, the point of no return; beyond that range, the wind and tide and currents became much more powerful. (In fact, as they would all come to realize, they had already ventured much farther than that.) Eventually, Salvador persuaded Jesús; Lucio, though, was even more reluctant. His logic didn't quite amount to a flat-earth philosophy, but it did imply that he hadn't been an assiduous student of geography. Basically, he knew that Mexico lay behind them and that China, land of shark-fin soup, had to be somewhere ahead.

"There's a big ball and it says 'Mapa Mundi,'" he later explained. "I hadn't seen it, but Jesús had. Since we saw planes flying, we wanted to go toward where they were going. Jesús said China was straight ahead. I knew that where the sun sets is where China is. Do you really think I wanted to go farther into the ocean? I said no. Jesús and Salvador wanted to put up the sail. We didn't fight over that, we just talked about it. What were they going to do—leave me and go ahead? And I wasn't going to leave them. We had to figure it out, so we did." They raised the sail in mid-March.

Lucio had the most restrained demeanor of the crew. Among his friends, almost all of whom were fishermen, he was convivial enough. Within his own family, though, he was regarded as a loner. One of five children, he lived for most of his childhood in Mazatlán, where his father had moved to find work other than the narrow choices available in El Limón: fishing or farm labor (tomatoes, bananas, beans). Lucio's paternal grandfather had been a woodcutter in El Limón, and his grandmother still lived there, in a green cinder-block-and-stucco house with a shaded patio where she greeted visitors and spent most of her time. She had five sons who were an on-and-off presence, and Lucio, who often came to visit, preferred the ambience in her household. When he was ten, he asked to live there permanently. After three more years in school—he was no more diligent than Salvador or Jesús—he quit. His relationship with his parents had engendered an in-one-ear-and-out-the-other attitude toward authority, but he responded to an uncle, Remigio, who taught him to fish. If asked, he would identify Remigio as the most important person in his life. ("He taught me how to work.") Yet Lucio didn't speak of Remigio, or anyone else, with any degree of emotional attachment. Reyna Rendón, an older cousin who'd also been raised by their grandmother, said of him, "Lucio's never had a responsibility. He does what happens in the moment." He was six feet tall, with powerful forearms, a bony nose, thin lips, broad cheeks, a strong chin, and brown hair and eyes, and he had a habit of squinting, as if faintly amused. Women found him attractive, but Reyna said there was only one girlfriend whom he'd stayed with long enough for anyone in the family to meet her. Afloat in the

Pacific, whatever Lucio missed about life in El Limón he didn't express aloud—in part because of his natural reserve, and also because he couldn't find the words. Speaking of Señor Juan and El Farsero as they lay in extremis, he said, "Who knows what those two were feeling? I can barely say what I was feeling."

During March, Jesús mentioned several times that Jumey would be giving birth any day now—a happy thought as well as a discouraging one. As they were falling asleep one night, Lucio responded to his sobbing by calling him a crybaby.

"Yes, I cry," Jesús taunted back. "I cry because I have a wife and children. And you don't need to cry because you have no one."

"I was born on this earth the same as you," Lucio said. "I have my mother, my father, my grandmother."

"No, you have nothing."

From there it might have escalated to blows if it weren't for Salvador. When they slept in the bow, his spot was in the middle. Because he'd been a consistent source of calm and reason—and because in the event of a serious fight he might have taken an errant punch or two—he was eager to smooth things over. Jesús and Lucio moved to different spots on the *panga* and didn't speak until, eventually, Lucio apologized: "I shouldn't have said that to you. Excuse me. I'm sorry. You know, the desperation."

Somewhat later, in a much lighter moment, the three men congratulated themselves. Columbus had sailed to the New World and back in less time than they had now been at sea. Intuitively, they knew that—whatever movies they'd seen, whatever stories they'd heard, whatever they knew firsthand about stranded fishermen—they had already survived longer than anyone else.

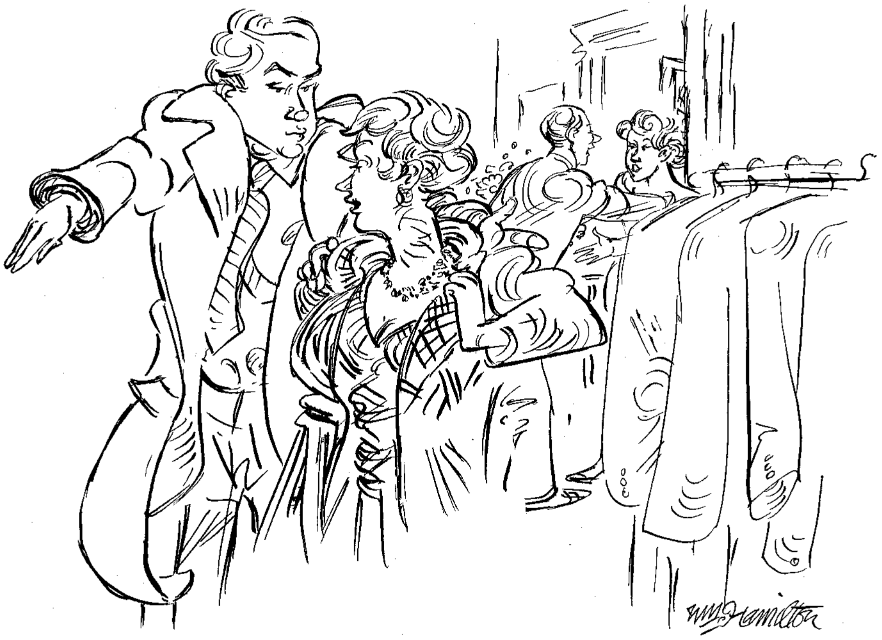
On the morning of August 9th, the fishermen awoke to the sound of a motor. Salvador stood up first and saw a much larger vessel, a hundred yards away, with lettering on its bow that said "Koo's 102." It had dispatched a motor launch carrying two men, who were gesturing and speaking a language that certainly wasn't Spanish.

The men in the launch helped them aboard and then, towing the *panga*, delivered them to the bigger boat: a tuna trawler with a Taiwanese crew which, two weeks earlier, had left its home port in Majuro, the capital of the Marshall Islands, in the Western Pacific. When the *panga* and the trawler converged, they were six hundred miles from Majuro, twenty-seven hundred miles northeast of Australia, and five thousand miles from San Blas. More than nine months had passed since Salvador, Lucio, and Jesús had last seen the statues of Our Lady of Fátima and the Virgin of Guadalupe.

The Koo's 102 crew initially assumed that the men they had rescued were indigenous islanders. As none of the Taiwanese spoke Spanish, the conversation was limited to sign language and drawings, a process complicated by the fact that what the three men seemed to be saying simply wasn't credible. At one point, while listening to Salvador, the captain made a hand signal indicating that he was crazy. Better to interview them one by one, the captain decided—so he met with the Mexicans separately and asked each one to show him, on a map, where they had come from. At the end of this interrogation, he had them print their names and home towns on a piece of paper, which was then faxed to Eugene Muller, the manager of Koo's, the fishing company that owned the trawler. Muller conveyed the list to the Marshall Islands' Ministry of Foreign Affairs, which forwarded it to the Mexican Embassy in New Zealand.

Calls were placed to municipal officials in San Blas, seeking confirmation that the three men had set out from there, as claimed. One of the recipients was David Lara, who for many years had functioned as the unelected representative of San Blas fishermen. In the summer of 2005, he was appointed the town's director of fishing. At first, Lara was uncertain. He recognized the name Lucio Rendón and knew that his family lived in El Limón. He had fished often with Salvador, but was unaware that his last name was Ordóñez. Digital photographs sent from the Koo's 102 helped clear up that confusion. By then, a nephew of Lara's had also been able to identify Jesús Vidaña. Two days later, the world began to hear their story.

The Koo's 102 still had a tuna-fishing expedition to complete, so the boat didn't reach Majuro until August 20th. En route, Salvador, Lucio, and Jesús ate everything that was offered to them, including, for the first time, Japanese-style sushi (all things considered, not a shock to their systems). Jesús had never before tasted bamboo shoots or broccoli. The men shaved, cut their hair and nails, and reacquainted themselves with other niceties of personal hygiene. (Salvador's first shower lasted at least an hour.) They slept long hours in an air-conditioned cabin, and continued their daily Bible readings. In Majuro, Eugene Muller served as the primary source for English-



"Her fried squash blossoms were leathery."

speaking journalists reporting the saga; the Spanish-language media conducted ship-to-shore interviews with Salvador, Lucio, and Jesús. Details that captivated readers and television viewers concerned the fundamentals of sustenance: eating raw birds and fish, drinking rainwater, trusting in God.

Several days after the news coverage began—with headlines such as "NINE MONTHS IN ETERNITY" and "MIRACLE ON THE HIGH SEAS"—its tone started to shift. Three poor Mexican fishermen had been pulled from the sea more than five thousand miles from home, but originally there had been *five*. The other two were said to have died of starvation. Oh? Why wasn't their existence disclosed in the first place? (No information had been withheld; rather, that element of the tale was lost in translation.) By the time the Koo's 102 reached port in Majuro, a flotilla bearing dozens of broadcast and print journalists—with many more gathered on shore—was there, not so much to welcome its exotic passengers as to engulf them. In Mexico and the rest of Latin America, *los náufragos* ("the castaways") had instantly become a huge story, the improbability of which guaranteed that an onslaught of skepticism would follow.

In Majuro, they were examined by doctors, who pronounced them in good health, given what they had been through. Jesús and Lucio had mild arrhythmia; Lucio had swelling in his legs and arms—a result of excessive exposure. Salvador had sustained some eye damage from the glare of the sun. Perhaps because they had eaten well aboard the Koo's 102, they were neither malnourished nor exceptionally underweight.

Naturally, they had phone conversations with their families. Jesús discovered that he was the father of a four-month-old girl named Juliana, but didn't hear this directly from his wife, because Jumey was literally dumbstruck by the news that her husband was alive. Salvador learned that his sixteen-year-old daughter, Gladiola, had quit school, abandoning her dream of becoming a teacher, and moved to the United States. Such details were invaluable to reporters intent upon milking the castaways' full sentimental potential. ("I'm crying from both nerves and joy. It's like I'm going to see him for the first time. It's as if he's being born all over again" was a quote from Lucio's mother, to whom he wasn't all that close.)

After two days in the Marshall Islands, the fishermen were flown to Mexico City by way of Hawaii and Los Angeles. During their one night in Hawaii, at a party sponsored by the Mexican consulate, they ate chocolate cake. On August 25th, they landed in Mexico City, where members of their families had gathered, along with a media contingent that, for two weeks, had been tracking their movements as if anticipating the descent of Mexican astronauts returning from Mars. It both did and didn't benefit the castaways that the mood in Mexico at that moment was particularly agitated. The national soccer team had performed poorly in the World Cup. That summer's Presidential election and subsequent protracted recount had turned into a draining, bitterly divisive drama. Accusations of electoral fraud levelled by supporters of Andrés Manuel López Obrador against the eventual winner, Felipe Calderón, fed an atmosphere of cynicism and suspicion. (The most inventive conspiracy theory suggested that *los náufragos* were a hoax contrived by the Calderón camp to divert attention from accusations of vote-rigging.) At the same time, though, the castaways could be seen as symbols of national strength and resilience. The Roman Catholic Mexican Council of Bishops issued a statement urging others to follow their examples of faith and prayer. Still, certain details of the story that had emerged thus far provoked doubt. Many of the hostile questions that had been directed at them in the Marshall Islands were repeated during a press conference at the airport.

San Blas was in a region known for offshore trafficking in cocaine. How can you prove that you were shark-fishing? Weren't you instead on a smuggling errand? Why wasn't your trip officially registered with the port authorities in San Blas? Why did no one report to the government that you were missing? The two men who died—did you murder them or eat them?

No, we are not drug smugglers or cannibals. We are shark fishermen. Registering the trip was the responsibility of the captain. Fishermen get lost all the time, and the government doesn't make an effort to find them.

"To those who don't believe us, all I

"I'm always suspicious of empty wastebaskets."

can say is that I hope that what happened to us never happens to you," Lucio said.

Are you willing to take lie-detector tests? *Sí.*

The grilling turned clinical, then silly: How did you go to the bathroom on the boat? "The same as you." When you were without water, did you drink your own urine? "Yes, we did."

What is your opinion of the Presidential election? "We followed it closely," Jesús said. "On the *panga*, every morning the newspaperman brought me a copy."

From Mexico City, Salvador and Jesús flew to their respective home towns, where celebrations awaited them. The grandest fiesta was to take place in San Blas, with Lucio its featured attraction. Less than an hour after he arrived, however, he confided to David Lara that he'd had enough. Stepping onto the tarmac in Mexico City and seeing his family, he had begun to cry. Now he wanted to take a taxi to El Limón, to his grandmother's house, and crawl into his own bed as if nothing had ever happened. As this was to be San Blas's moment of international glory, Lucio's vanishing act was not what the local V.I.P.s had in mind. He left anyway.

Among the onlookers at the San Blas festivities was an American, Joe Kissack, a forty-four-year-old former television executive from Atlanta who had arrived earlier that week, intent upon persuading the fishermen that he was the best person to help them tell—and sell—their tale throughout the world. Kissack had first heard of *los náufragos* by chance, from a Hispanic acquaintance in Atlanta; the story had been picked up as a one-day feature on cable news and in many U.S. newspapers. By Kissack's reckoning, God had sent him to Mexico, where he'd never been before. Though he didn't meet any of the fishermen on that trip, he soon made contact on the phone, and a month later they all gathered in Mazatlán and signed an agreement that, Kissack promised, would make them rich.

One way to view Kissack's sudden entrance into the lives of the fishermen is to imagine him as a born-again Christian Max Bialystock, with the Leo Bloom role occupied by a Colombian born-again Orthodox Jew named Eli Beda. Kissack owned a company that he called Ezekiel 22 (an allusion to an Old Testament verse that, in Kissack's reading, said, "In the middle of catastrophe and crisis God is still there"), and Beda was his partner. As Kissack saw it, the chronicle of the Three Fishermen, as he preferred to call them, was a Biblical parable of salvation and deliverance which matched his own history—a tale of spiritual rebirth that he was quite willing to recount, uninterrupted, for hours. It was also no small coincidence that the Three Fishermen's names were Jesús, Lucio, and Salvador (Jesus, Light, and Saviour). At various times, the parties to the negotiations included the secretary of the San Blas municipal government and the parish priest of San Blas, not to mention the usual lawyers and advisers looking for their slice. As Beda, a Mexico City resident who attended high school and college in the United States, said, "It sounds like the beginning of a joke: a born-again Christian, a born-again Jew, and a priest sit in a room with three fishermen. But what's the punch line?" The punch line, it seemed, was a variation of the old Hollywood legerdemain. In October, a story in *Variety* reported that Kissack had paid about two and a half million dollars for worldwide rights to the fishermen's story. He was quoted saying, "I'm looking to produce a theatrical movie, and a book, about what I regard as a miraculous story of faith, hope, and survival."

Kissack's pitch to Salvador, Lucio, and Jesús had included a PowerPoint presentation delineating an even grander plan for ancillary potential paydays. A report in another paper placed the value of the deal at $3.8 million. When I asked Kissack about the incongruous sums, he said, "Don't believe what you read." Indeed. One didn't have to scrutinize the contract's fine print to recognize that the source of the castaways' putative future millions would be "net profits"—money that they would start to see, presumably, around the time McDonald's sold its ten-millionth Three Fishermen Happy Meal. In the meantime, each man would receive a cell phone and a two-thousand-dollar monthly allowance for five months.

One morning in December, I flew from Mexico City to Culiacán, the city closest to Las Arenitas, Jesús's home town. He met me at the airport, and we drove for an hour or so to his village—an isolated community where a profusion of mango, almond, orange, banana, guava, and mimosa trees competed with a profusion of unbagged household garbage. Inevitably, the calamity at sea had led each of the fishermen to reëxamine how to live—with others and with himself. Jesús made clear that he wanted to improve his own circumstances and, if possible, his neighbors'. "God says, 'Help yourself so that I may help you,'" he said. "God gives you the opportunity, but you have to put your grain of sand in." He was doing a lot more than memorizing Bible verses. The governor of Sinaloa, Jesús's home state, had shrewdly recognized a chance to enhance both Jesús's well-being and his own stature. While Jesús was still in the Marshall Islands, the governor was asked by reporters whether he would give him a new *panga*. He replied, "Yes, but he has to ask me for it." What else will you give him? "I will give him what he asks of me. But he has to ask me in front of the people." By the time of my visit, the tally included a new boat and motor, a two-bedroom cinder-block house (with a bathroom but no running water), air-conditioners and additional desks for the local school, shaded cabanas for the school playground, and a promise to build a bridge over an oft-flooded low spot along the road between Las Arenitas and the nearby town of El Dorado, to which many residents commuted.

Just before my visit, Jesús had made news in the Mexican press: he'd been in a government building in Culiacán when a woman came in seeking help for her young son, who needed a cardiac pacemaker. Jesús offered to pay for it, and asked Beda to put the funds in his account. (Beda did so, then told reporters.) To say that Jesús had adapted to celebrity more comfortably than his compadres greatly understates the case. From Las Arenitas, we drove to San Blas. Along the way, he told me about a family of five from Nuevo Laredo, on the border with Texas, who, aware that one of *los náufragos* lived in Las Arenitas, had come there on what they evidently deemed a religious pilgrimage. They spent several nights in the dirt-floored wooden house that Jesús had just vacated, which was fifty yards from

"Of course, I'd love to, Geoff. If only that chair weren't so flimsy."

• •

his new cinder-block house. In San Blas and elsewhere, Jesús was constantly being recognized and asked to pose for photographs and give autographs, and he made an effort to oblige.

We arrived in San Blas late at night, driving the final stretch over a miserable unlit road with memorial crosses every couple of miles, past swamps teeming with shrimp farms and well-fed crocodiles. The next afternoon, we drove eighteen miles to Boca del Asadero, the port village. There we spent a few hours at an outdoor restaurant called El Náufrago, which had recently been opened by Lucio's cousin Reyna. It had streamers of multicolored plastic flags and strings of seashells hanging under a palapa roof, a jukebox full of *banda* music, a wood fire, and a clientele mostly of tourists and fishermen. Jesús sipped a soft drink—he was the only *náufrago* to honor the group vow to give up drinking—and ate roasted shrimp while we waited for Lucio to show up. At an adjacent table was an expectant vacationer from San Diego, who had brought along his teen-age daughter for a glimpse of Lucio. The men traded baseball caps. Jesús signed the brim of the one he gave away and also signed the shirt of a young girl in the kitchen. Fame had forced him to work on his penmanship. "My writing still comes out crooked," he said. "My spelling's improving."

Lucio wasn't around. Having been notified by Beda days earlier that I would be coming to interview him, he had elected to go fishing instead, for the first time since his return—a day's work that earned him a hundred pesos. This set the pattern for my dealings with Lucio during the two weeks that I spent in San Blas, an experience that left me feeling like a reluctant truant officer. A young American journalist living in Mexico, Julia Cooke, was translating for me. We would make a date with Lucio, he wouldn't be where he said he would, and we would then make the rounds of his preferred hiding places. By the time we found him—at El Náufrago, or at a cantina in El Limón patrolled by those vicious sand fleas—he would invariably be working on his tenth or twelfth bottle of Pacífico beer. I knew better than to take it personally. "I evade everyone," he once told me. When sober, he answered each of my questions, but always as if he wished it were the last. I attributed this to his inherent shyness and a profound desire not to remember his ordeal at sea.

Did he still read the Bible regularly?

"I have a ton of Bibles in my house and I haven't lifted a single one."

What about praying?

He shook his head.

"Why not?"

"Because, honestly, I'm on land again. But, in any case, I know that He exists."

As the press coverage of *los náufragos* was metamorphosing from adulation to suspicion, reporters dug up the information that Lucio had once been arrested for theft. The loot in question, apparently, was another fisherman's haul of shrimp. And? Other, more reputable efforts to debunk the castaways' tale also came along. Some oceanographers said that there was no way the winds and currents could have carried the *panga* from where it had departed to where it was found. Other oceanographers insisted that, no, it was quite possible.

Some members of the Mexican press, meanwhile, speculated that Señor Juan and El Farsero were fictional. Eventually, reporters confirmed that a thirty-five-year-old man named Juan David Lorenzo—Señor Juan—had gone missing from his home in the Juárez district of Mazatlán. His wife, Rosita, and two daughters declined to answer questions, but his brother Daniel showed a reporter a photograph of Juan proudly holding a freshly caught tuna, and said that his parents had resigned themselves to Juan's death. The identity of El Farsero, however, remained a mystery. "Nobody knows anything about him," said a typical report.

The fact was that when Salvador, Lucio, and Jesús shared with me their memories of what had taken place on the *panga*, chronologies and details often didn't quite jibe. If I pressed further, this or that element might alter by another degree or two. In a courtroom, a lawyer trying to impeach their credibility could have carved any of them to ribbons. But to what purpose? The prime sinister scenario (not a view I hold, but, nevertheless): they weren't shark fishing; they were delivering fuel to a trawler moving a shipment of cocaine. (In San Blas, a rumor circulated that Salvador had been involved in such operations in the past.) Yet, in the grand scheme of things, what mattered was that, one day, five men got into a small boat, and nine months later three of them were serendipitously found floating on the other side of the world. They had survived and now had a story to tell, a story that they could explain only by referring to the supernatural. As a "true" story, that was perhaps its principal defect: no one had ever before heard, told, or possibly even imagined one like it.

With Salvador, I played a game of catch-me-if-you-can with different constraints. After returning to San Blas, Salvador lived for a couple of months in a small hotel, but had since rented a room on the waterfront, just opposite the pier, for which he was paying fifty dollars a month. Every chance he got, he fished, determined to revert to what had previously passed for normalcy. Whenever he stepped into a boat, he still packed a Bible, though not the copy that had been with him on the fateful journey. (For the time being, that was in Atlanta, in the possession of Joe Kissack, who regarded it as a sacred object.)

Unless Salvador had gone on an overnight fishing trip, I would see him every day in and around San Blas—sometimes at prearranged appointments but more often in chance encounters, as he rode his bicycle near the waterfront or the central plaza. As he was at least as prolific a drinker as Lucio, if I wanted answers to substantive questions, timing was everything. Before lunch, no problem; after lunch, never mind. Sober or otherwise, though, Salvador hewed rigorously to the theological interpretation of shipwreck and deliverance, unwilling to entertain, evidently, the implicitly heretical notion that it was actually his own inventiveness, courage, and resolve that had kept all three fishermen alive. In any event, his expressions of certainty were, perhaps, exacting a toll: he had confided to friends that he'd been plagued by bad dreams since his return.

For one of our conversations, we met for breakfast at a beachfront restaurant and were joined by Ozcar Ramírez, a young Mexican filmmaker who had gone to the Marshall Islands and befriended Salvador, Lucio, and Jesús there; he is now making a documentary film about them. "When you see how Salvador lives his life, you know he feels alone," Ramírez told me. "You can see how he wants to connect with anyone who shows warmth toward him."

We spent more than three hours on the beach, until the conversation turned almost desultory, the returns diminishing. Later, as I rode in Ramírez's van, we encountered Salvador on his bicycle. He'd already eaten lunch but didn't mind joining us at the place he'd just left, the Comedor Martha, an eat-in kitchen and living room in a private home.

Ramírez ordered a pork stew and returned to an earlier topic: Salvador's vision of the New Jerusalem.

"Jesus will come down and be with the people who did good on earth," Salvador said. "He'll be with us. We're going to die now, but after the Last Judgment those who are good will live in the New Jerusalem, and, after that, nobody will die."

"Where will the New Jerusalem be?" Ramírez asked.

"Here."

At another point, Ramírez asked, "Salvador, if God decided to take a year off, and came to San Blas and rented a room, what would his job be?"

Salvador seemed mildly puzzled.

"Would he work in the government? Be a garbage collector? Drive a cab?"

"*El mar*," Salvador said. "He'd be on the sea—a fisherman."

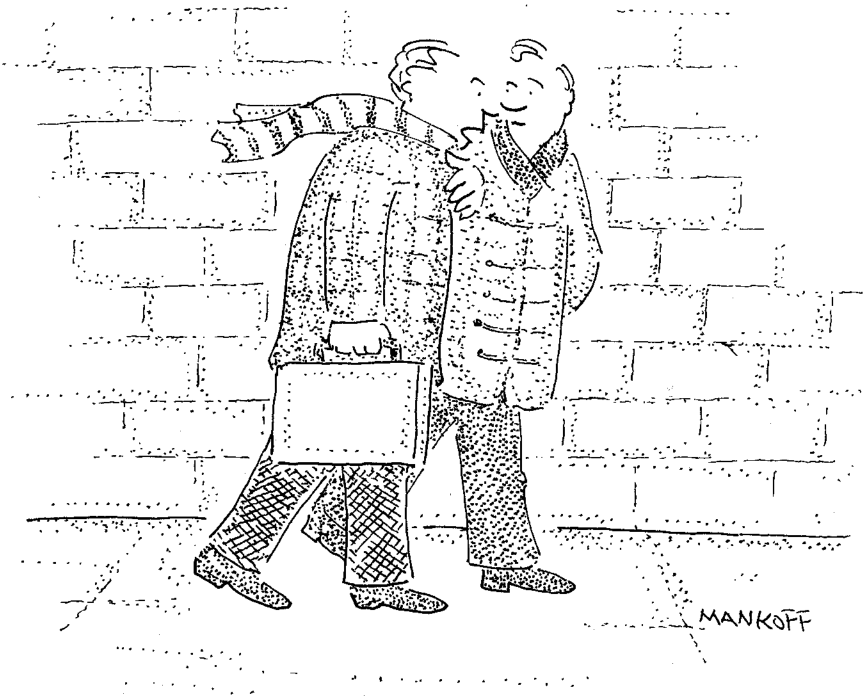
"Where would he live?"

"He'd choose a room on the ocean, to watch the boats."

My last night in San Blas, I was sitting outside a taquería on the plaza when Salvador pedalled past, noticed me, turned around, parked his bike, and approached, rather unsteadily. He was wearing a gray baseball cap, tan shorts, and a brown polo shirt. I'd been hoping to get him to show me where he lived, but now wasn't the moment. He was on his way, he said, to see his newest girlfriend. She was twenty-two, he reported, very pretty, and *gordita*—a bit plump—which was fine with him. Did I want him to call her on his cell phone? He'd be happy to introduce us. Among her principal attractions, he said, was that she never asked him for anything. "I've been with other girls who ask for money—five hundred pesos, two thousand pesos," he said. "This one asks for nothing."

I knew that he wanted to get going, but I offered to buy him dinner. He shook his head, then suggested that I could buy him a beer instead. I tried again: how about something to eat?

With both his hands, he grabbed mine—his were very rough, with dry, flaky skin—and looked me in the eyes. "If I eat," he said, "I want to eat a shark." ♦



"Long term, I'm worried about global warming—short term, about freezing my ass off."

THE WORLD OF BUSINESS

THE KONA FILES

How an obsession with leaks brought scandal to Hewlett-Packard.

BY JAMES B. STEWART

Leaks are inevitable in business and politics, but as acts of defiance they are maddening to those who prize order and control. At Hewlett-Packard, under the tumultuous stewardship of Carly Fiorina, the country's most visible female chairman and C.E.O., unauthorized disclosures to the press became a particular problem. In February, 2005, Fiorina was fired. A series of damaging leaks preceded her firing, and the selection of her replacement as C.E.O., Mark Hurd, was almost derailed by disclosures to *Business Week*. Patricia Dunn was appointed chairman of the board, with a mandate to insure that this kind of thing was stopped. So when Dunn opened an e-mail from the company's head of public relations, in January of 2006, that included an article from CNET's technology-news Web site entitled "HP Outlines Long-Term Strategy," she read it with dismay.

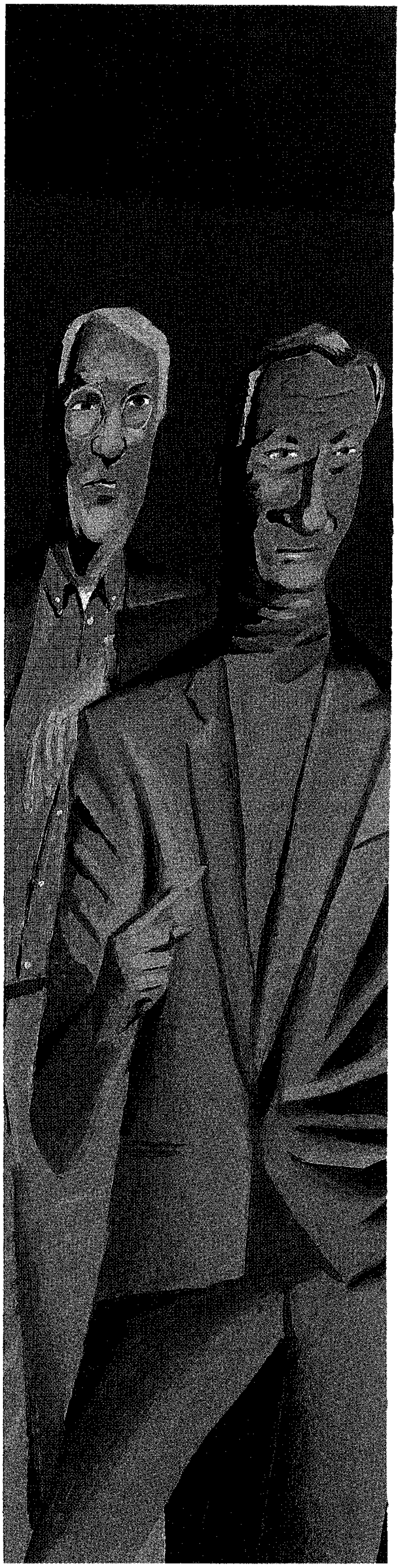
The story, by Dawn Kawamoto and Tom Krazit, was an inside account of the company's retreat, held two weeks earlier, at the Esmerelda Resort & Spa, in Indian Wells, California. The reporters quoted an unnamed source within the company as saying, "By the time the lectures were done at 10 P.M., we were pooped and went to bed." The article went on to discuss the managers' thinking about AMD vs. Intel chips, new sales strategies, and possible acquisitions. Clearly, someone at the retreat, which was attended only by board members and top executives, had leaked proprietary information. Dunn had overseen an earlier, unsuccessful effort to identify the source of the articles about Fiorina; this time she was determined to get to the bottom of the problem. She e-mailed the CNET article to the board, including its most powerful member, the seventy-four-year-old venture capitalist Tom Perkins:

> Tom, this will disturb you as much as it disturbs me. For our discussion.
> Break out the lie detectors.
> Regards, Pattie

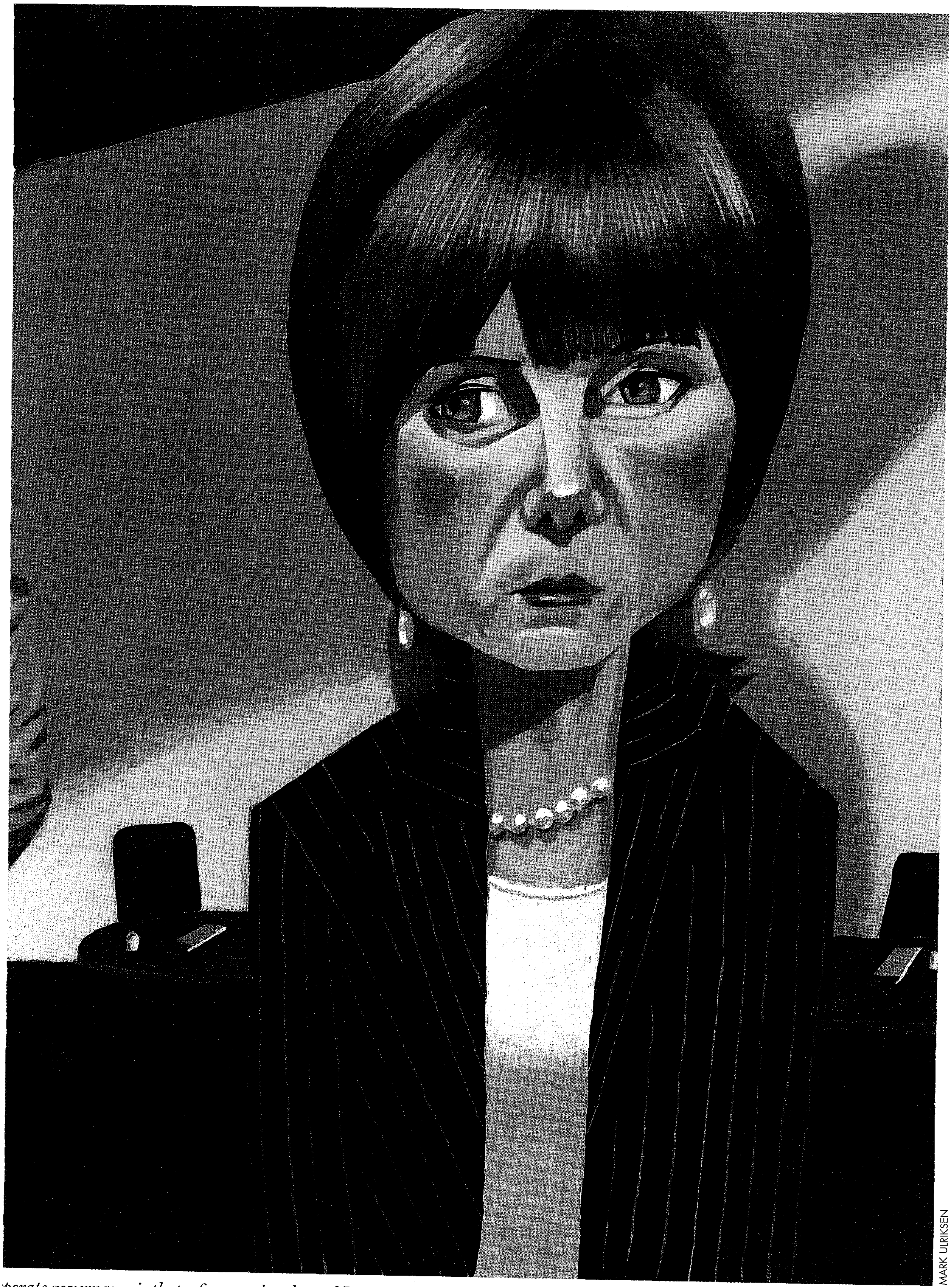
Tom Perkins's role in the rise of Silicon Valley cannot be overstated. David Packard, who, with Bill Hewlett, founded Hewlett-Packard in a Palo Alto garage in 1939, hired Perkins in 1957, at a time when the company was entering a period of rapid expansion, and Perkins was put in charge of the research labs. Packard also allowed Perkins to develop his own laser business on the side; he made his first millions when he sold it to Spectra-Physics, in 1970.

Hewlett-Packard's initial push into the nascent world of computers did not come until 1966, and began inauspiciously—the first model was not a success. The partners decided to put Perkins in charge of the computer division. He created a specialized sales force, and computers eventually became the largest segment of the company's business. When Packard left to serve as Deputy Secretary of Defense in the Nixon Administration, Perkins became Bill Hewlett's special assistant. By 1971, when Packard returned from Washington, Hewlett-Packard's revenues were around $500 million. (Today, they exceed $90 billion.) Perkins then left to launch his own venture-capital firm. One of his first spectacular successes was Genentech, the biotechnology concern.

Since then, Perkins and his firm, Kleiner Perkins Caufield & Byers, have provided the seed capital for numerous technology startups that have gone on to sell shares to the public—including Amazon, Sun Microsystems, and AOL—culminating in the public offering of Google, in 2004. Perkins acted as a mentor to many of Silicon Valley's most prominent entrepreneurs and chief executives, among them Eric Schmidt, Jim Clark, and Jeff Bezos. He has become enormously wealthy. He owns a Norman-style mansion in Belvedere, in San Francisco Bay; a medieval manor house, with a moat, in East Sussex; and the world's largest private yacht, the

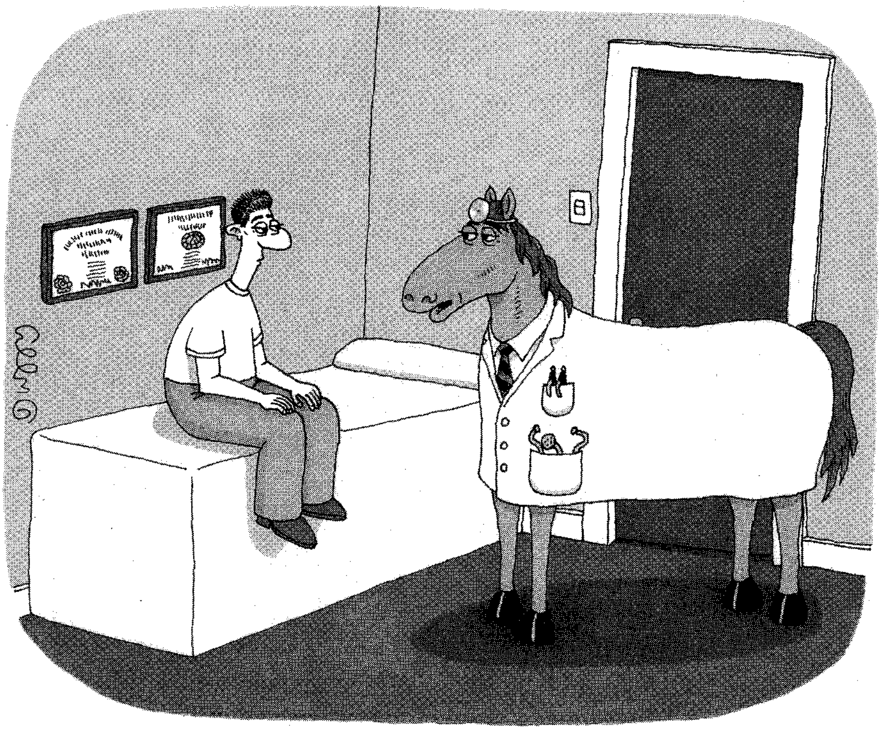


According to Patricia Dunn, "Tom's view



MARK ULRIKSEN

porate governance is that a few people—he and Jay—should make the decisions and everyone else is a spear-carrier."



"Phil, could I speak to you for a moment, not as your doctor but as your horse?"

two-hundred-and-eighty-nine-foot Maltese Falcon.

Tall, tan, fit, graying at the temples, Perkins looks the part of a billionaire captain of technology and industry. He is an avid sailor, a fast-car enthusiast—he owns a Porsche Carrera GT, a McLaren F-1, and a Bugatti EB 110—and a wine connoisseur with a widely admired collection of Napa Valley reds. After divorcing his second wife, the romance writer Danielle Steel, in 1999, he began writing himself, and embarked on a novel about the amorous exploits of a rich financier much like him.

When Perkins received Dunn's e-mail and the Kawamoto article, he responded within the hour:

> Pattie: This is incredible! I can't believe that this has happened again. But, in reading it, I don't think it damages the company too much—it's just that this news should come from us when we want it to, and not when it is leaked.
>
> I doubt if this came from a board member. Frankly, I don't think a board member would have remembered this much detail. . . . I think Mark must put the fear of God (i.e. fear of Mark Hurd) . . . to stop this.

Dunn and other board members felt that the source needed to be found. Perkins says he told Dunn, "Well, I agree it's bad. But the CNET article itself is benign." Perkins says Dunn insisted that the leak was serious: "'It's about strategy!'"

Perkins doubted that anything would come of the article, and although he had helped to orchestrate Dunn's appointment as board chairman, the previous year, he says that he was now beginning to feel that there was little about which he and she agreed.

Patricia Dunn, who is fifty-three, was invited to join the Hewlett-Packard board in 1998. In many ways, Dunn told me recently, she felt that she had been invited because she happened to be the right person at the right time—a woman with financial and managerial expertise, familiar with emerging public issues of audit independence, accountability, and inclusiveness in corporate governance.

Unlike many other board members, whose backgrounds were in Silicon Valley, and who had graduated with science degrees, Dunn grew up in Las Vegas, when it was still a dusty, remote desert resort. Her mother had been a model and showgirl, and her father was the entertainment director at the Dunes and Tropicana Hotels. He died when Dunn was eleven. Dunn had hoped to become a journalist, but the family was so poor that, after graduating from U.C. Berkeley, which she attended on scholarships, she took a job as a secretarial assistant at Wells Fargo Investment Advisors. She was quickly given more responsibility, and eventually rose to become the firm's co-C.E.O. She met her husband, Bill Jahnke, there. In 1996, Barclays bought the business, and in 1998 she was named sole global C.E.O., eventually becoming the principal fiduciary for more than a trillion dollars in assets—the guardian of "other people's money," as she put it, money entrusted to Barclays by foundations, endowments, and giant pension funds. Dunn developed an interest in corporate governance, a term that technically refers to all aspects of running a corporation but in recent years has come to emphasize issues of fairness, transparency, and accountability. Dunn has said of herself, "There has never been a whiff of scandal or taint related to my activities, particularly any issues concerning my integrity or ethics. Indeed, in the roles I have held, any such taint would be an instant career-ender, and for good reason."

Although Dunn was based in San Francisco's financial district, her primary business contacts were not in Silicon Valley but with institutional investors, including pension-fund managers. At first, her role on the Hewlett-Packard board, where she sat on the audit committee, was a quiet one. She tended to say little at meetings, trying to grasp the dynamics of the board's strong alliances and outsized personalities, including the nuclear physicist George A. (Jay) Keyworth, the board's longest-serving member. Keyworth, like Perkins, had been close to Packard. He had also run the physics division at the Los Alamos National Laboratory and, as the President's Science Adviser in the Reagan Administration, was a principal architect of Reagan's "Star Wars" nuclear-missile-defense-shield program.

In July of 1999, the Hewlett-Packard board chose Carly Fiorina, a senior executive at Lucent, to be its C.E.O. As the first woman and first outsider to head a huge Silicon Valley institution, Fiorina received enthusiastic press coverage. Her good looks and her stylish attire drew attention, as did her appearances at high-profile events like the Academy Awards, the opening of the Mission: Space attraction at Disney World, and the World Economic Forum, in Davos, Switzerland. "She was a Hollywood-class icon," Keyworth says.

In 2001, Fiorina decided that Hewlett-Packard should acquire Compaq Computer, one of its rivals—a move that Keyworth and Dunn supported. Some board members, however, and heirs of Hewlett and Packard objected, and mounted a costly, divisive public campaign to stop the acquisition. At one point during this battle, the P.R. department put Jay Keyworth, who lived in Santa Fe, in touch with a number of journalists, including Dawn Kawamoto, by telephone, and furnished him with talking points:

> Please transition to Carly and her skill set. Specifically, her brilliant strategic mind and her confidence—illustrated by her deep engagement of the board. . . . This is an opportunity for us to reset Carly's image to show the Carly we all know and love.

Although the effort to acquire Compaq was successful, Fiorina subsequently struggled to manage the now sprawling enterprise. By August of 2004, Hewlett-Packard's stock had dropped below seventeen dollars, from a high of more than sixty dollars, in 2000. The price was so low that some directors felt that Hewlett-Packard itself had become vulnerable to a takeover, and blamed Fiorina.

At that time, Tom Perkins was not a board member—he was seventy-two, and company rules had required him to resign at seventy. In late 2004, Keyworth suggested that Perkins be asked to return, arguing that Hewlett-Packard needed his technical expertise. After some initial resistance, Fiorina gave in.

Perkins and Keyworth held extraordinary power within the company. In 2002, they had formed a "technology committee," which typically met the day before the formal board meeting. It was open to any board member, but it was dominated by the board's scientists and engineers; when Dunn joined the board, she occasionally attended the meetings, but, like the other non-scientists, she couldn't always follow the more technical discussions. The committee became a board-within-the-board, tackling issues of new product development, competitive strategy, and priorities. Perkins and Keyworth had become intimately familiar with the inner workings of Hewlett-Packard, and with the strengths and weaknesses of its top managers, and were aware of growing unhappiness with Fiorina.

Keyworth was constantly offering Fiorina suggestions: Hewlett-Packard needed better directors, preferably from Silicon Valley, with entrepreneurial backgrounds; the company needed more experienced managers. Fiorina told me that she considered many of these suggestions management issues, not board decisions. Keyworth felt she was dragging her feet.

Three days before a scheduled board retreat in January, 2005, Keyworth and Dunn called on Fiorina to express concerns about Hewlett-Packard's performance, stock price, unfavorable press, and need to reorganize. Fiorina changed the retreat agenda to accommodate their concerns, but resisted any immediate reorganization.

A few days after the retreat, as Fiorina was about to leave for Davos, a reporter from the *Wall Street Journal*, Pui-Wing Tam, called to confirm details that Tam had learned about the retreat, including assertions that Fiorina had lost the confidence of the board and that operating responsibilities would soon be shifted away from her. Tam also knew that Perkins was returning to the board and had participated in the retreat.

"It is hard to convey how violated I felt," Fiorina wrote in "Tough Choices," her autobiography. "Until a board makes a decision, its deliberations are confidential. Whoever had done this had broken a bond of trust with me and every other board member. . . . Trust is a business imperative. No board or management team can operate effectively without it."

The next day, Fiorina convened a conference call with all the board members except Dunn, who was on vacation in Indonesia, and demanded a confession from any director who had spoken to Tam or any other reporter.

Perkins subsequently acknowledged that he had spoken to Tam, saying that Tam already had many details of the board deliberations, and that he felt he must try to deflect some of the more damaging disclosures. Perkins says that at one point Fiorina warned him that "even returning a call is confirmation," and Perkins apologized.

One board member, Lawrence T. Babbio, Jr., a vice-chairman of Verizon, was so distressed by the leak that he urged Fiorina to ask for the resignation of every director, renominating only those she felt could be trusted. Instead, she asked the board's nominating and governance committee to order an investigation by the company's outside counsel, Lawrence Sonsini, to identify the leaker.

Other board members were less concerned. As Perkins put it, "Leaks don't happen in stable, happy companies. They're a steam valve. People talk. They're a symptom of something else." In this case, they indicated dissatisfaction with Fiorina's leadership. In what Fiorina should have recognized as an alarming turn, the nominating and governance committee also asked Sonsini to poll directors about the effectiveness of the board and Hewlett-Packard's leadership.

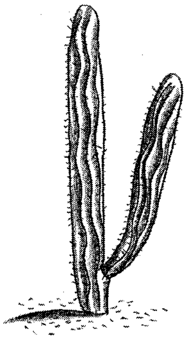
Sonsini, who has been Hewlett-Packard's outside counsel for many years, is highly respected in Silicon Valley. He and the Palo Alto company he helped build up, Wilson Sonsini Goodrich & Rosati, have represented more venture capitalists, handled more initial public offerings, and represented more technology companies than any other firm. Tom Perkins was an early client. Sonsini's vast knowledge, his contacts, and his discretion made him the most sought-after lawyer in the high-tech industry. (Sonsini declined to be interviewed for this account.)

Sonsini delivered his report to the board by phone. He found no direct evidence that any board member had been the source of the leak. Only Perkins had acknowledged any contact. As for the board itself, Sonsini identified numerous areas that needed improvement.

Fiorina told me she never had any doubt that the leakers were Keyworth and Perkins. "Everyone on that call knew that both Tom and Jay were the sources. They were allies. They were the ones pushing for the reorganization described in the article. I was clear and unequivocal that this was unacceptable behavior. They didn't like that." (Both Perkins and Keyworth emphatically denied being the leakers.)

Fiorina professes still to be mystified by her loss of board support. According to Keyworth, the answer is simple: "Fiorina had a vision, and she did a phenomenal job acquiring Compaq and combining the assets. But we had to make the assets deliver. We had an execution problem. The stock took a big hit. She was a better saleswoman than a manager."

As Fiorina's troubles increased, Patricia Dunn began to play a more active role, despite extraordinary personal problems. In 2001, Dunn was diagnosed with breast cancer and then, the following year, with melanoma. She resigned as global C.E.O. of Barclays Global Investors, but kept her seat on the Hewlett-Packard board, where she became chairman of the audit committee. The audit committee was responsible for complying with parts of the Sarbanes-Oxley Act of 2002, which, in response to the Enron, Tyco International, and WorldCom financial scandals, sought to establish new standards for corporate boards, management, and auditors. Perkins and Keyworth, who saw Sarbanes-Oxley as adding an unnecessary layer of bureaucracy, were dismissive of the requirements, and Keyworth had often expressed to Fiorina his disdain for Dunn and her audit-committee work. Others, too, including outside auditors, complained to Fiorina that Dunn was too detail-oriented. Dunn was replaced by another board member, Robert L. Ryan, as chairman of the audit committee in March of 2004.



While Perkins and Keyworth pressed their campaign to oust Fiorina, Dunn, who had been allied with neither the Fiorina supporters nor the technology-committee entrepreneurs, began tilting toward the latter. In 2004, she learned that she had advanced ovarian cancer, which required extensive surgery and eighteen months of chemotherapy. Both Perkins and Keyworth had lost wives to cancer, and they sympathized with Dunn's ordeal and admired the way she dealt with it. Fiorina, accustomed to hearing Keyworth mock Dunn, sensed the new alignment. "I saw Jay whispering in Pattie's ear and laughing with her at some private joke," she recalled in her autobiography. "Pattie seemed extraordinarily pleased to be playing a more leading role."

Perkins and Keyworth now argued that Dunn, because she was acceptable to both factions on the board, was the best person to tell Fiorina that she was being fired. "I agreed that we needed a change at the top," Dunn told me. The board also asked her to immediately assume the position of chairman. She consented, after some hesitation; to her surprise, other board members already knew about her selection. Perkins also proposed that she be paid a hundred thousand dollars on top of the hundred-thousand-dollar fee she received as a board member. Perkins would become chairman of the nominating and governance committee.

When the board convened on February 7, 2005, Fiorina delivered a half-hour presentation reiterating her strategic plans and reviewing her record. There were no questions. She was then asked to leave the room; three hours later, she was summoned back. All the directors had left except Dunn and one other board member. Dunn offered Fiorina the option of saying that she had decided to "move on," but Fiorina said she preferred the truth, which was that she had been fired.

Robert P. Wayman, who has been Hewlett-Packard's chief financial officer for more than twenty years, was named interim C.E.O. Dunn became "non-executive" chairman, which meant that she would preside over board meetings, recommend board committees and committee chairmen, and be available for consultation with the C.E.O., but would have no active management role. Shareholder-rights advocates have long argued that combining the roles of C.E.O. and chairman concentrates too much power in one person and has contributed to the exorbitant rise in C.E.O. pay. Exactly how power should be shared, however, remains unclear, and varies considerably among companies that have embraced the reform. At Hewlett-Packard, there was talk of Dunn's having an office at headquarters in Palo Alto, but nothing came of it. No one at Hewlett-Packard reported to Dunn; she couldn't hire or fire anyone, incur expenses beyond personal incidentals, or give orders to executives and employees.

Dunn told me that other directors—especially Wayman and Babbio—stressed that her most important duties as chairman would be to preside over the choice of a new C.E.O. and to stop the board leaks. She later told a congressional subcommittee:

> The most fundamental duties of a director—the duties of deliberation and candor—rely entirely upon the absolute trust that each director must have in one another's confidentiality. This is true for trivial as well as important matters, because even trivial information that finds its way from the boardroom to the press corrodes trust among directors. It is even more critical when discussions can affect stock prices. . . . Leaking "good" information is as unacceptable as leaking "bad" information—no one can foretell how such information may advantage or disadvantage one investor relative to another.

Dunn asked Wayman how she should proceed with the investigation into the source of the *Wall Street Journal* leak, which Sonsini's report had left unresolved. He told her that Hewlett-Packard security had reported to him in his capacity as chief financial officer, and he referred her to Kevin Huska, a security manager. In her testimony, Dunn recalled Huska telling her that the company dealt with leaks at lower levels virtually on a "day in and day out basis."

In this instance, Huska referred Dunn to an outside investigator named Ronald R. DeLia, whose firm, Security Outsourcing Solutions, based in Boston, had been under contract to Hewlett-Packard for some ten years. Security Outsourcing Solutions, in turn, often hired subcontractors to carry out specific investigative missions, such as obtaining private phone records.

Although Dunn knew nothing about DeLia, she had a high regard for the ethical standards of Wayman and his subordinates, which she had observed as chairman of the audit committee. Dunn called the new investigation Project Kona, for her vacation retreat in Hawaii. In March, she informed the board that a new investigation into the leaks to Tam at the *Wall Street Journal* had been initiated, but she cautioned that details were confidential, since the board members themselves—including her—were being scrutinized. A majority of the directors supported the initiative.

Meanwhile, Dunn, Perkins, and Keyworth began searching for a new C.E.O.; the board eventually settled on Mark Hurd, who had helped rejuvenate NCR, another old-line technology firm, during a twenty-five-year career there. Hurd's keen mind for numbers, his strategic instincts, and his managerial skills, along with a reserved, self-effacing demeanor—in contrast to Fiorina's flamboyance—impressed all three. But before the planned announcement a *Business Week* reporter called to confirm Hurd's appointment. The source may well have been outside the company, since by then a wide circle of people knew of Hurd's selection. Even so, Hurd hadn't yet informed the NCR board, which could have tried to block his departure. In the end, NCR made no such move, and Hewlett-Packard's stock rose, confirming the board's view that Wall Street wanted new leadership. Dunn, Perkins, and Keyworth were pleased that they had worked together so effectively. But any expectations that the Hewlett-Packard board had started on a new era of good will were premature.

During the first months of Dunn's tenure as chairman, she had met with Perkins in his capacity as chairman of the nominating and governance committee. This can be the most powerful post after the chairmanship, since the committee determines who will be nominated to the board and has responsibility for most internal board matters. Perkins took an even more expansive view of the position, and arrived at the meeting armed with an agenda of broad strategic initiatives that he thought the board should review. He evidently believed that Dunn would defer to him, but, before he could get started, he later recalled, Dunn said that she had uncovered seven disturbing inconsistencies between the company by-laws and the director's handbook. Perkins recalls replying, "I've never read either one, nor do I intend to. So can we get something done?" Dunn persisted, saying that she was retaining a consultant on corporate governance to review the documents and propose ways to harmonize them. "Don't you understand?" Perkins responded. "We've got to focus on Dell, I.B.M., market share, technology, and marketing. We have to do this month in and month out."

Dunn told me that she has no memory of any mention of Dell or I.B.M. She said that she resents the inference that Perkins was a "big picture" strategist while she fussed about governance details. "This was about the governance committee," she told me. "This wasn't the place for strategy. All you need to do is say the words 'corporate governance' and Tom sees red." She went on, "The board asked me to be chairman. I didn't ask for the job, but I took it seriously. I asked myself, 'How can I contribute? What's missing?' The answer is, the board was weak on process. Tom's view of corporate governance is that a few people—he and Jay—should make the decisions and everyone else is a spear-carrier. That's the Silicon Valley cowboy way. In the venture-capital world, if Tom says, 'Do this,' you do it, or you lose your funding. When I agreed with him that we needed a change at the top, he mistook this for my being in his pocket. I was supposed to be his puppet."

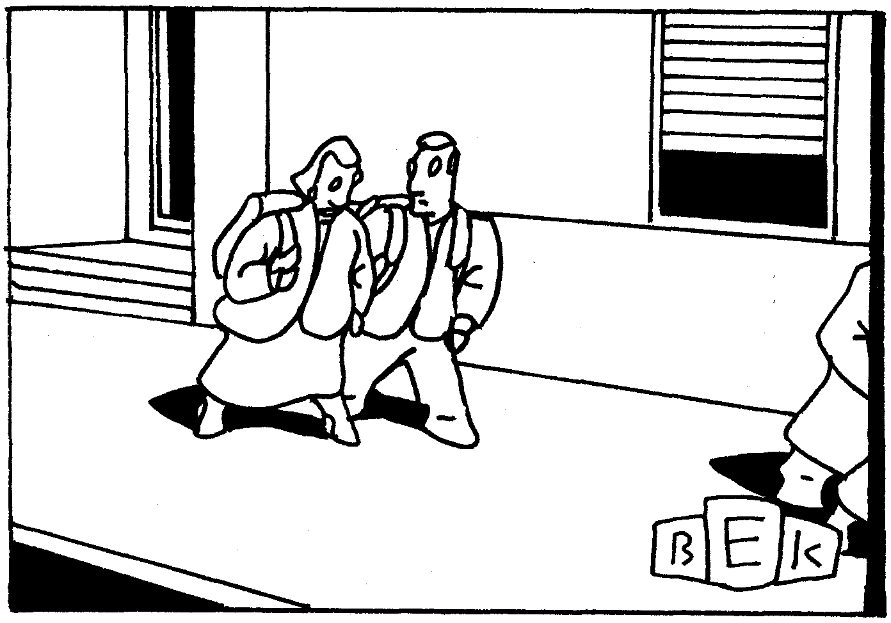
"What can I say?" Perkins told me. "I was stupid. As a director, she was peripheral, noncontroversial. The other directors would accept her as chairman. I assumed that she was like me. She'd be active. She'd deal with strategy, structure. Above all else, she'd keep the board focussed on what is important, not on dotting the 'i's and crossing the 't's."

Dunn resisted Perkins's nominees to the board, nearly all of them people he knew in Silicon Valley. "Hewlett-Packard is the foundation of Silicon Valley and all it represents," Perkins said. "We needed people who know the culture of the Valley, know how to encourage innovation, know our roots. Who did Pattie want? The president of PepsiCo? I called him Sugar Daddy. Or an executive vice-president of Nokia? She was from Finland! Or a vice-president of ExxonMobil? So I said, 'How long is their product life cycle? A million years?'"

Dunn was concerned that everyone Perkins proposed had ties to Kleiner Perkins or to Perkins himself. "It was a perception problem, at the very least," she told me. "He even proposed a Kleiner Perkins partner. Mark Hurd wanted people experienced with tough problems, like laying off fifteen thousand people. Or creating synergies in mature businesses. Tom wanted people from Silicon Valley. Nominating and governance rejected nearly every one of his candidates, and Mark was the most firmly opposed."

In the summer of 2005, the board talked about dropping its mandatory-retirement provision, which had to be waived every year to permit Perkins to remain on the board. "It was embarrassing," Perkins said of the annual discussions of his advancing age. Dunn hesitated to drop the provision, asking rhetorically, "Will this be seen as a step forward in corporate governance? Will we be criticized?" Perkins was furious at the objection; the board voted to abolish the mandatory retirement age.

Meanwhile, Perkins had finished his novel, "Sex and the Single Zillionaire"—the first draft had taken him ten days—and it was about to be published, by Re-



"I find the yoga helps me to be more irritating."

ganBooks. Perkins told Dunn that it should be required reading for Hewlett-Packard employees. He says that he meant this as a joke, but that she took him seriously. Dunn told me, "I thought we shouldn't be flogging a director's book."

"Employees will love it!" Perkins argued.

"I don't think it's appropriate."

"That's ridiculous. All the royalties are going to Harvard."

Dunn says Perkins wanted to autograph books in the company cafeteria. (Perkins denies this.)

One scene in the book describes two women in a bedroom:

> Heather was nude upon the bed and Kim, above her, was also nude, but wearing some sort of complicated black leather harness. Through numerous buckles and D-rings, the straps crossed her shoulders, spanned her full breasts, encircled her waist, and passed between her legs to rise again over her firm buttocks to rejoin the other straps at the waist. She held a long, black whip in her right hand. It had a leather handle and numerous strands whirling in the air as she manipulated it over the prone girl on the bed. Heather's body was glistening in perspiration as she moaned in anticipation of the whiplash, which seemed always to be withheld.

The book caused further rancor between Perkins and Dunn at the January, 2006, retreat. By then, he had given an advance galley to Dunn, and, during cocktails with Hewlett-Packard managers and their spouses, Dunn recalled, Perkins asked her, "Pattie, what do you think of my book?"

"I haven't read it yet," she said evasively.

"Surely you've read enough to have some opinion."

"I skimmed it," she said—fibbing—and finally added, "It's just not my style."

Twenty minutes later, Perkins pulled her aside. According to Dunn, he said, "Don't ever humiliate me in front of managers and board members. You should have just said you liked it."

Disagreements between Dunn and Perkins became so frequent and so heated that Dunn coined a phrase for them: "chairman abuse."

EASTER, 1960

The doctor on the phone was young, maybe on his
first rotation in the emergency room.
On the ancient boarding-school radio,
in the attic hall, the announcer had given my
boyfriend's name as one of two
brought to the hospital after the sunrise
service, the egg hunt, the crash—one of them
critical, one of them dead. I was looking at the
stairwell bannisters, at their lathing,
the necks and knobs like joints and bones,
the varnish here thicker here thinner—I had said
Which one of them died, and now the world was
an ant's world, the huge crumb of each
second to be thrown, somehow, up onto
my back—and the young, tired voice
said my fresh love's name. It would have been
nice to tear out the balusters, and rail, and the
stairs, like a big backbone out of a
mastodon, to take some action,
to do, and do, and do, as a done-to, and
dear one to a done-to-death-to—to run, on a
treadmill, all night, and light the dorm,
the entire school, with my hate of fate,
and blow its wiring, and the town's wiring,
pull the wires of Massachusetts
out of the switchboard of the country. I went back to my
room, I did not know how to get
out of the world, or how to stay—
I sat on the floor with a Sunday *Times*
and read the columns of the first page down,
and then the next, and then the next.
I can still see how every "a"
looked eager—it hadn't heard, yet, that its
boy was gone—and every "f"
hung down its head on its broken neck,
its little arms held out, as if to
say, *You see me, this is what I am.*

—*Sharon Olds*

When Hurd arrived, on April 1, 2005, to take up his duties as C.E.O., Dunn informed him that an investigation was under way, and she says that he, as the recent subject of a leak, was even more adamant that the leaks be stopped. Later that spring, Hurd convened the company's top managers and warned that any of them discovered to be leaking would be fired.

As the investigation proceeded, Perkins volunteered to take a lie-detector test to demonstrate that he hadn't leaked anything. "I have been thinking about the Lie Detector Test (LDT) topic and want to let you know that I was serious about it," he wrote in an e-mail to Dunn, adding, "The test should be strictly confidential, because of the explosive story that the media might make of it." (He also noted that he might be able to use the experience as "background for my next novel.") In a second e-mail, he wrote, "I think our primary purpose should be to stop the leaks. Period. I personally put a secondary value on knowing the source(s)—I actually fear knowing, in case it is one or more people whom I respect." Dunn took up the possibility of polygraph exams with Hewlett-Packard security officials, who dismissed them as unreliable.

According to Ron DeLia, the private investigator, on June 15th, in a conference call with Dunn and Ann Baskins, Hewlett-Packard's general counsel, he revealed that his investigators had obtained private phone records of reporters. They were later identified as Pui-Wing Tam; Peter Burrows and Ben Elgin, of *Business Week;* and John Markoff, of the *Times*. DeLia described a ruse known as "pretexting," although he isn't certain that he used the term. He later told lawyers retained by Hewlett-Packard that, in their words, "it involved investigators requesting information from operators orally, over the phone, pretending to be someone else if necessary." He added that Baskins was "concerned" about whether this was legal. He told her that he "was aware of no laws that made pretexting illegal and no criminal prosecutions for such activities."

Dunn's notes indicate that a few days later, on June 20th, she discussed progress with Hurd, and noted "a week to ten days away/some gaps remain." E-mails indicate that Hurd was also working independently with security personnel to crack down on leaks. A July 6th e-mail from Anthony R. Gentilucci, a senior member of the Project Kona team, refers to a "request from CEO" to "put a short term and long term plan together to address information security gaps that the CEO perceived at the senior executive level/Headquarters."

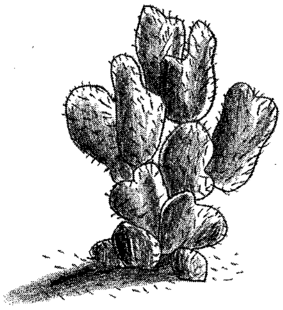
On July 22nd, Dunn, Hurd, and Baskins met with DeLia and other investigators to review the results of the investigation in an elaborate PowerPoint presentation with cryptic references to "BoD Member 1" and "BoD Member 2." The presentation spoke of "intelligence" that had been gathered regarding contact between board members and reporters. Hurd, who arrived late, subsequently said he thought that the investigators had theories with "nothing behind them," and left the meeting fifteen minutes early to catch a flight. At the September board meeting, Dunn told directors that the investigation was "slowing down." It was hoped that the leaks had ended.

At 5:25 P.M. on January 18, 2006, Dawn Kawamoto, the CNET reporter, used her cell phone to call Jay Keyworth's home number. She said that she had rescheduled a lunch meeting fifteen minutes later than they had planned, and hoped that he didn't mind. The call lasted a minute.

In the years since their first conversation, during the Compaq acquisition, Keyworth and Kawamoto had spoken often by telephone, and he had found her to be a sympathetic listener, especially while his wife was ill with terminal cancer. After his wife's death, Keyworth remarried, and in August of 2005 he informed Kawamoto that he was leaving Santa Fe and moving to the Bay Area. She remarked that they would now be neighbors, and suggested that they finally meet.

At the Café at Chez Panisse, upstairs from the fashionable Berkeley restaurant co-owned by the chef Alice Waters, Keyworth thanked Kawamoto for recommending a hiking trail near Indian Wells, the site of the Hewlett-Packard board retreat the previous weekend. He told her he had barely found time for a hike; the retreat kept the directors so busy that by 10 P.M. each night they were tired and went to bed. He also praised Mark Hurd. After all the years of turmoil, he felt that the company had finally found a leader worthy of the founders' legacy. What was frustrating was the fact that the media and Wall Street seemed to regard Hurd as merely an efficient manager rather than as a visionary; those who had watched Hurd's performance at the retreat knew how forward-thinking he was. The conversation drifted to other topics, and when the meal ended the two promised to stay in touch.

When Kawamoto's story appeared, several days later, Keyworth recognized himself as the source who said that he had been "pooped" each evening. Even so, he says, he was surprised, since he had thought of his lunch with Kawamoto as a social occasion. (Kawamoto has refused, on the ground of confidentiality, to discuss the meal or her sources for the story, except to say that she has multiple sources at Hewlett-Packard.) In any case, on balance Keyworth was pleased. The story didn't include his praise for Hurd, but it did focus on the company's long-term goals rather than on its desperate cost-cutting measures, and Keyworth felt it would help rebut Wall Street's perceptions of Hurd as a mere bureaucrat. He considered it good press. (Tom Perkins later referred to the story as a "wet kiss.")



At Hewlett-Packard, though, the story was met with alarm. A new investigation was immediately launched, which Dunn called Kona II. Concerned by the failure of Kona I to identify the *Wall Street Journal* leaker, Dunn asked Ann Baskins if the company could hire Kroll, a leading corporate intelligence agency, but Baskins preferred that the investigation remain "in house." (Dunn has stressed that she had no authority to hire or compensate anyone, and that Hewlett-Packard security reported to Wayman, not to her.) Baskins asked an employment lawyer at the company, Kevin Hunsaker, to head the renewed investigation. In contrast to the almost casual way that Kona I had been pursued, this time Hunsaker reported progress to Dunn and Baskins on Friday afternoons.

With Hunsaker in day-to-day charge, the investigators undertook their mission with extraordinary zeal. In an eighteen-page report summarizing their efforts, Hunsaker wrote that the team reviewed "more than ten (10) thousand electronic and hard-copy articles pertaining to HP published by CNET" and other publications during the past six years and reviewed "all articles (on any topic) written or contributed to by Dawn Kawamoto." The document makes clear that the team obtained phone records not just from Hewlett-Packard directors and employees but also from reporters. And, in what sounds like a parody of a le Carré novel, the team "engineered and executed a covert intelligence-gathering operation" and "conducted surveillance activity and reviewed existing video surveillance footage."

The "covert intelligence-gathering operation" was especially elaborate. Hunsaker and his team of investigators created a fictitious disgruntled employee named Jacob to make e-mail contact with Kawamoto. Dunn, asked to approve the operation, referred the investigators to Hurd, who authorized it.

A file with tracking capabilities was attached to the e-mail. (Hurd, who declined to be interviewed for this account, has said that he didn't know about this aspect of the operation.) The investigators hoped that Kawamoto would seek confirmation of Jacob's revelations with her board source by forwarding the e-mail. The e-mail went through several drafts, as the team tried to settle on the right "persona" for Jacob. "I think we have to figure out who Jacob is, weak, strong, vindictive, a Bill and Dave fan," one of the drafters noted. The final result went to Kawamoto:

> Hello, I am a senior level executive with a high tech firm in the valley and an avid reader of your columns.
>
> My real name is not used, you might understand why. Not quite sure how to approach you on this, but I'll attempt anyway.
>
> In short, tired of broken promises, misguided initiatives and generally bad treatment.
>
> Have some information that I would be interested in passing along.
>
> Felt it might be appropriate to contact you.

Kawamoto replied:

> Hi Jacob,
>
> The descriptions you gave below can apply to a number of high tech firms in the valley. So, yes, please give me a call. I would suggest calling is the best way to handle this.
>
> I can be reached at the office from 5 am to 2 pm (PST), Mon.-Fri. My number is below. Just identify yourself as Jacob from the e-mail when you call.
>
> Thanks, Dawn

The team sent more e-mails, but Kawamoto forwarded none of them. As the investigators pored over her phone records, they discovered calls to "a hotel in Disneyland," and they developed a plan to trail Kawamoto and her daughter to the theme park; the scheme was aborted when they discovered she had already checked out. They staked out both her home and Keyworth's, and a lecture that Keyworth gave at a conference at the University of Colorado at Boulder on January 31st. They hoped that Kawamoto might attend the conference.

None of these efforts yielded anything of value. Then, on February 6th, while examining Kawamoto's records, they came across the one-minute call from Kawamoto to Keyworth's home phone number on January 18th, about the restaurant reservation. They also found a second, ten-minute call between the two. Their mounting excitement is evident in the e-mail exchange that accompanied the discovery:

> Hunsaker: Is Keyworth's Piedmont # in the phone book? If not, how the hell did Kawamoto know the number? Keyworth's only lived there a couple of months, right? Which means he must have given it to her recently. . . .
>
> DeLia: Checking on that now. . . .
>
> Hunsaker: Do we have the outbound calls from Keyworth's home from that date, so we can confirm that he and/or his wife made calls from the house that day? . . . Do you know what time of day the call went from Kawamoto to the Keyworth residence? I'm starting to get excited. . . .
>
> DeLia: This is definitely great news. . . . May be the direct connection we've been looking for!

The investigators had indeed stumbled on direct evidence of contact between Kawamoto and a Hewlett-Packard director. But they had no way of knowing the substance of those calls.

Hunsaker's report methodically recounts the tactics used in the investigation, but relegates legal and ethical issues about activities like pretexting to a footnote. Even so, the tactics raised significant concerns inside Hewlett-Packard. Two former police officers who worked for Hewlett-Packard security, Fred Adler and Vince Nye, questioned the legality of the method, according to notes of a later interview with Hunsaker. Nye, after learning that investigators had discovered Kawamoto's call to Keyworth, e-mailed Hunsaker, "I have serious reservations about what we are doing. . . . It is very unethical at the least and probably illegal. . . . I am requesting that we cease this phone number gathering method immediately." Nye's boss, Timothy O'Neill, said in a memo that he had mentioned Nye's reservations in a meeting with Hunsaker, Gentilucci, and "the private investigator," presumably DeLia.

"Each one of them assured me that what was being done was legal," O'Neill reported in the memo. "Kevin and Tony further assured me that the tactic was knowingly approved by the executive sponsors of the investigation." According to O'Neill, Hunsaker agreed to seek an opinion from outside counsel on the legality of pretexting and other tactics that were being used.

When Hunsaker was later questioned on this point by lawyers retained by Hewlett-Packard, he said that he did "about an hour's worth of online research." He also conferred with Anthony Gentilucci, of the Project Kona team, in this e-mail exchange:

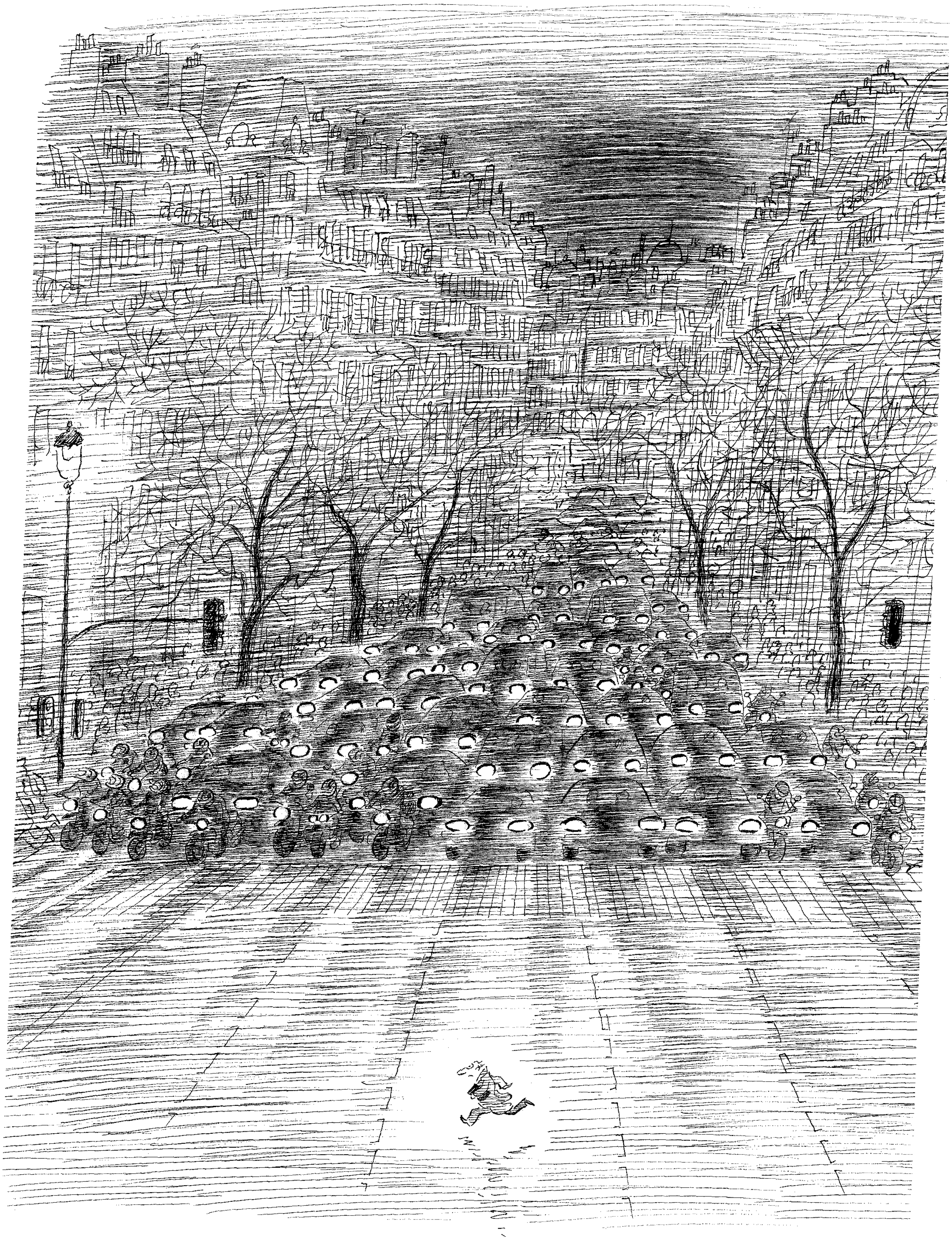
> Hunsaker: Hi, Tony, How does Ron [DeLia] get cell and home phone records? Is it all above board?
>
> Gentilucci: The methodology used is social engineering, he has investigators call operators under some ruse, to obtain the call record over the phone, it's verbally communicated to the investigator, who has to write it down. In essence the operator shouldn't give it out, and that person is liable in some sense. . . . I think it's on the edge, but above board. We use pretext interviews on a number of investigations to extract information and/or make covert purchases of stolen property, in a sense, all undercover operations.
>
> Hunsaker: I shouldn't have asked.

Hunsaker did ask Gentilucci to get in touch with outside counsel. John Kiernan, a Boston-based lawyer known to both DeLia and Gentilucci, professed to know of no cases or laws in which pretexting had been declared illegal. Hunsaker relayed this to Baskins, the general counsel, assuring her that the practice was "not unlawful." Hunsaker later told Baskins that Kiernan was well qualified to make this assessment; he had offered the same judgment the previous year, during Kona I. But Kiernan wasn't exactly an independent source—DeLia, who was also based in Boston, had his business phone calls routed through Kiernan's office. In any case, obtaining confidential information under false pretenses—pretending to be someone else—obviously raises questions of possible fraud. It could violate any number of common-law and statutory anti-fraud provisions, including criminal mail and wire-fraud provisions.

In April, 2006, Hurd met Fiorina, whom he didn't know, for breakfast. He was exasperated by tensions within the board, and Fiorina was surprised at how vehement he was. Hurd said that on some occasions board members had almost come to blows. He told Fiorina that Dunn had a plan for dealing with the problem, and said he supported the plan. Fiorina wondered what the plan might be, but otherwise wasn't surprised. Knowing the personalities, she felt that a big blowup was coming.

Dunn had grown increasingly confident that Kona II was going to produce results. On March 11th, Hunsaker had completed a first draft of the investigative report, and sent it to Dunn, Hurd, and Baskins. A few days later, he briefed them on his conclusions. Keyworth was named as the likely source of the leak to Dawn Kawamoto. The evi-

SKETCHBOOK BY J.J. SEMPÉ



dence was strikingly circumstantial and conjectural. Early on, the team had narrowed the suspects to the directors at the retreat who had attended the technology-committee meeting, chaired by Keyworth, at which the topics mentioned in Kawamoto's CNET article were discussed. Even this assumed that those directors hadn't described the meeting to anyone else, who might, in turn, have spoken to the CNET reporters. The "smoking gun"—the two calls between Kawamoto and Keyworth—suggested only that they spoke, not that Keyworth had imparted confidential information.

It is obvious from Hunsaker's final report that Keyworth and Perkins were suspects from the start; the pretexting of other directors' records seems almost an afterthought. Both Perkins and Carly Fiorina are convinced that the entire investigation was a thinly disguised effort by Dunn to get Perkins and Keyworth off the board. "It was known around the Valley that Tom and Jay wanted to get rid of Dunn," Fiorina told me.

Keyworth emerged as the primary suspect. According to Perkins, Dunn told him, "I'm still working on the leaks. This time, I'm going to find out who did it." And, later, "We're getting close." Now Perkins became alarmed that exposing a director as a leaker could further damage relations among board members, and he took Dunn aside. As chairman of the nominating and governance committee, he stressed that the matter should be handled privately and quietly. He recalls telling her, "I don't want to know who leaked. We have good directors. They're doing important work. Let's don't embarrass anyone. Sit down with whoever it is. Get an admission, an apology, and a promise never to do it again. That will be it. We'll go on." Perkins was convinced that Dunn agreed and would proceed accordingly.

Dunn, however, insisted to me that she never made such a commitment. "I said, 'We'll see'; 'I'll make a note of it.' I never promised anything. But Tom, being Tom, couldn't tell the difference."

Perkins was prepared by now to propose that Dunn be removed as chairman, but Keyworth and another director, Lucille S. Salhany, persuaded him to hold off.

At the end of the March board meeting, in Los Angeles, Dunn asked Perkins and two other directors to stay. What happened next is disputed. According to Perkins, Dunn said, "I need intervention here—Tom is out to get me," and burst into tears. (Dunn denies that.)

Dunn went on to tell Perkins, "I didn't ask for this. I'm doing the best I can. If you don't agree, if the board doesn't agree, I'll step down. But we don't need these disruptive outbursts."

That evening, Dunn, Baskins, and Hurd were having a drink in the lounge of the Park Hyatt. They had received a preliminary report from Hunsaker identifying Keyworth as the leaker. Dunn later told me, "We were reeling. What do we do now?" When they noticed Keyworth having a drink at the bar, Hurd said, "I'll take care of this."

"Of course, the real charm of the place is that hole in the space-time continuum."

Hurd led Keyworth to another table and, according to Hurd, gave him an opportunity to confess, but Keyworth didn't avail himself of it.

Keyworth has an entirely different memory of the conversation: after a few references to strategy and potential acquisitions, and praise for what both considered an excellent board meeting, the conversation turned to the death of Keyworth's first wife. Keyworth says that he can't remember Hurd referring to a leak investigation and that if Hurd had mentioned it he would have had no response, since he thought the only matter under investigation was the 2005 *Wall Street Journal* article about Fiorina. He'd never been asked about the CNET piece and had no idea that its origin was now the subject of a full-blown inquiry.

After this conversation, Hurd rejoined Dunn and Baskins and summarized his encounter with Keyworth. He said he had told Keyworth that the leaker had been identified and then waited for him to confess. "He looked me straight in the eye and didn't say a word," Hurd said.

Dunn told me, "Mark would have been so ready to support Jay if he had confessed and said he made a mistake. Mark would have been his champion. He would have fixed it. That would have been it."

Over the next month, Dunn, Hurd, and Baskins debated how to proceed. Dunn reported that Perkins had been "pressuring" her not to reveal the identity of the leaker and to keep the information from the full board. She said that she was uncomfortable with this arrangement, a Silicon Valley "cowboy" approach, especially since Perkins and Keyworth were close friends. According to Dunn, in a meeting she had with Hurd, Baskins, and Sonsini, the outside counsel, it was decided to refer Hunsaker's report of the investigation results not to Perkins's governance committee but to the audit committee. This approach conveniently excluded Perkins, and Dunn pointed out that he was likely to be furious. At this meeting, both Baskins and Sonsini said that it would be improper to keep the information from the full board. Dunn agreed to break the news to Perkins just before the board meeting.

On May 17, 2006, Robert Ryan, the chairman of the audit committee, asked Keyworth if they could meet privately at seven the next morning, before the board meeting. When the two men sat down, Ryan produced a summary of Hunsaker's report. Even then, Keyworth was bewildered, as he put it, that the focus was on the CNET article. Keyworth readily acknowledged that he had spoken to Kawamoto over lunch and had mentioned the retreat, saying, "Why didn't you just ask me?"

When Perkins arrived for the board meeting, Dunn asked him to step into a private room adjoining the boardroom. "I found the leaker," Dunn said, according to Perkins.

Oh, shit, Perkins thought.

When they entered the room, he was startled to find men hunched over a table loaded with electronic equipment. "What's this?" he demanded. They turned out to be company security personnel, monitoring the board meeting to prevent eavesdropping. Dunn asked them to step outside. (She said that she was as surprised as Perkins to find them there: "It was like out of a James Bond movie.")

Dunn said, "Tom, the leak investigation has concluded. It looks like Jay is the one who has been talking to the press."

"I'm sorry that it's come to this," Perkins said, according to Dunn. "It's very unfortunate." He seemed saddened but not angry. "Pattie, you had no choice but to do this investigation."

Dunn was surprised at his equanimity. "Tom, this has to go before the whole board."

"I understand," he replied.

Perkins, however, says that he was flabbergasted. He was also upset that Dunn had bypassed the governance committee and was bringing the matter to the full board, despite what he considered an explicit promise to the contrary.

The leak investigation was the first matter on the board's agenda. Ryan summarized the investigation, mentioning that the results were conclusive. He said that before the meeting he had spoken to the director who had been identified as the leaker, and the director had admitted speaking to Kawamoto.

Finally, Ryan revealed that the leak had come from Keyworth, and asked Keyworth to address the board.

Keyworth explained that he had first spoken to Kawamoto years earlier, at the behest of the company, and said that she was an influential reporter who often wrote fairly and responsibly about the company. "I apologize for any discussion I had with the reporter in question that may have resulted in any of my colleagues on this board losing trust with me," he said. He also stressed that he wasn't the source for the earlier *Wall Street Journal* article or for any others. Still, he promised to exercise caution in future dealings with the press. Keyworth told me, "All I did was take advantage of a lunch with a reporter to say some nice things about Mark Hurd. I thought the worst that might happen would be that they'd slap my wrist."

Perkins says that he agreed, and was eager to leave the issue behind. "Let's accept his apology and his promise not to do it again," he told the board. "Let's move on."

Lawrence Babbio, the Verizon vice-chairman, broke in. "I think this is pretty serious. I think Jay should leave the room."

Perkins says that he said, "No!" and expressed his objections to the investigative tactics. "Let's stop this. How can this be legal?" He says that both Dunn and Baskins said that they had reviewed the issue and that procuring the phone records was legal.

"Even if it's legal, it's wrong!" Perkins says he exclaimed. "Jay is the longest-serving director on this board!"

At some point during the meeting, Keyworth was asked to leave the room. In the ensuing discussion, as Perkins recalls it, he eventually burst out, saying he felt that he had been "betrayed" by Dunn. He said, "Pattie and I had an agreement to handle this quietly and privately. We should not be discussing this."

Dunn has disputed Perkins's account of the meeting. Testifying before a House subcommittee, she said:

> Mr. Perkins' anger was directed entirely at me, and centered on the "betrayal" he alleged at my not having abided by an agreement that he said we had to cover up the name of the leaker. I had little opportunity to respond to his outburst except to say, "Tom, we had no such agreement." . . . At no time during Mr. Perkins' outburst did he make any statements whatsoever about the leak investigation—including its justification or its methods.

A Hewlett-Packard spokesman noted recently that none of the other directors who were present recall Perkins's raising any legal concerns.

A board member named John Hammergren asked Hurd what would happen to an employee who had leaked this information. "He'd be fired," Hurd replied.

As each director expressed his or her opinion, it became clear that sentiment was turning against Keyworth. Finally, Babbio moved to ask for Keyworth's resignation.

"This is wrong," Perkins says he argued in a final effort to derail the vote. "Let's don't do this today. Let's sleep on this. Doing this in the heat of the moment, you always get a bad result."

Babbio insisted that there was a motion on the table.

A secret ballot was conducted—something nearly unprecedented on the board—and Baskins announced that the motion to ask Keyworth to resign had passed.

Perkins stood up and snapped his briefcase shut. "I resign," he said, and left the room.

As he walked briskly down the hall, he passed Keyworth, waiting anxiously for news of his fate.

"Tom?" Keyworth asked.

"I'm out of here!" Perkins replied.

The board voted to accept Perkins's resignation, and Dunn went out to ask Keyworth to step down. He refused, saying the shareholders had elected him, and he felt the punishment was out of proportion to the offense.

Later that evening, Dunn received an e-mail from Perkins, who was planning to début his new yacht, the Maltese Falcon, at a gathering at La Spezia, on the Italian coast:

> Hi: In view of today's events at HP, I would appreciate your considering my boat party invitation as "not sent." Thanks, Tom

Dunn replied:

> Tom, understood. This falls on my 25th wedding anniversary so guess I no longer have a conflict.
> Regards,
> Pattie

Shortly after Perkins returned to his office in San Francisco, Larry Sonsini, the outside counsel, called to discuss the resignation. Perkins had worked with

Sonsini on various matters for forty years, and liked and trusted him.

"I hear you and Pattie had a real set-to," Sonsini began. "Have you really resigned?"

"Yes, and I'm not going back," Perkins answered.

A post-Enron reform requires that resignations by directors be reported to the S.E.C., and if the resignation stems from any disagreement with the company or the board the reasons must also be disclosed. Sonsini mentioned this, and added, "If it's a personal matter, it doesn't need to be disclosed. How would you characterize this? Is the dispute between you and the company?"

"No. It's between me and Pattie. I can't breathe the same air with that woman."

"What should we say in the press release?"

"Just say I resigned. But please—don't say I resigned to spend more time with my children."

Hewlett-Packard subsequently filed a report with the S.E.C. saying only that Perkins had resigned.

That weekend, Perkins flew to Daytona Beach, Florida, for the Romantic Times Booklovers annual convention, where "Sex and the Single Zillionaire" was being launched. After a "pick the next Mr. Romance" contest, women vied to win "a date with a zillionaire"—Perkins—by submitting personal essays. Perkins had dinner with the three finalists, one of them a grandmother. "I was dreading it, but it was really very pleasant," Perkins recalled. Then he flew to Istanbul, where the Maltese Falcon, after five years of construction, by more than three hundred laborers and craftsmen, was to be launched.

Despite his holiday, Perkins found himself increasingly preoccupied by the previous week's events, and he was unable to resist continuing to try to orchestrate events at Hewlett-Packard. Finally, he sat down and wrote a long e-mail to Dunn:

> For you to have, for months, used the most sophisticated electronics and the best possible technicians (at doubtless huge cost) to SECRETLY monitor all the telephone and email contacts of all the directors, to discover the source of a relatively benign leak many months old, is itself appalling! (You had best hope that these actions do not, themselves, become public. At this moment, with the President, the CIA and the NSA up to their necks in a monitoring scandal, this news would be devastating to you personally . . . You should prepare for a firestorm.)

After rereading the note, however, Perkins decided that it was unduly harsh, and sent a different version:

> Pattie:
> As the, now defunct, chairman of the Hewlett-Packard N&G committee, I offer you one last bit of advice. Given last Thursday's debacle, you should resign as chairman of the board. The board may choose to reelect you immediately, but you should give the directors that choice.
> Now that the dust has settled, I can only paraphrase Nathan Hale: I regret that I have but one HP board seat from which to resign.
> Tom

A few weeks later, Perkins attended a meeting, in London, of another board he sat on—that of News Corporation, Rupert Murdoch's media conglomerate. Before dinner, Perkins pulled aside Viet Dinh, a fellow-director who is a professor at Georgetown Law School and specializes in corporate governance, privacy, and national security. A graduate of Harvard Law School, Dinh is a former Supreme Court clerk, and, as Assistant Attorney General under John Ashcroft, he was the principal author of the Patriot Act. Perkins had earlier sent him an e-mail explaining what had happened on the Hewlett-Packard board.

"Did you get my e-mail?" Perkins asked. "What are your thoughts?" Dinh had been startled by its contents. Though he has been depicted as a less than zealous defender of privacy rights, he had no doubt that the Hewlett-Packard leak investigation was a serious invasion of privacy and quite possibly criminal.

"It's extraordinary," he told Perkins. "A chairman spying on her board? It's unconscionable." Dinh was also concerned about Perkins's potential liability as a director. Perkins decided to retain his services.

On June 19th, Perkins e-mailed Sonsini, relating his conversation with Dinh and his questions about the legality of the monitoring. Sonsini dismissed Perkins's concerns, focussing instead on the fact that Perkins was discussing the case with an outsider, writing:

> Tom, be careful about your discussion about the inquiry and the Hewlett-Packard board process and deliberations in that all of that is confidential. . . . You do not want to be in breach of your duties.

Perkins replied:

> In view of Viet's unqualified opinion that it was illegal, I think the board needs to know the potential risks, if any.

Eight days later, Sonsini responded, saying that he had talked to Baskins and Hunsaker, and that "pretext calls" were a "common investigatory method." He concluded, "It appears, therefore, that the process was well done and within legal limits. The concerns raised in your email did not occur."

Sonsini was the third lawyer representing Hewlett-Packard who, when asked about the legality of surreptitiously obtaining private phone records, argued that it was legal.

Perkins again consulted Dinh, asking if there was any way that the company could have got the records legally without a subpoena. Dinh said he doubted it. "There's a rampant problem out there called pretexting," he said.

"Pretexting!" Perkins exclaimed. "It's in Sonsini's memo." He said that he didn't know what it meant.

Having made no progress with Sonsini, Perkins wrote to Baskins on July 16th asking for a copy of the draft of the minutes of the contentious board meeting. After reviewing them, he replied, "I cannot accept the minutes as written," because, he said, they omitted any mention of his objections to the legality of the investigation, his breach with Dunn over the matter, and his request to delay the vote on Keyworth. He asked to see a copy of the final draft, "trusting that these essential elements will be included."

On July 28th, when Perkins still hadn't received the amended minutes, despite repeated calls to Baskins, he e-mailed the entire Hewlett-Packard board:

> Had I been informed of these illegal activities prior to the May 18th meeting, I would have stopped them, or failing that, brought them to the attention of the full board. Now, I must insist that the Hewlett-Packard board undertake a full investigation of the practices . . . and take whatever disclosure and/or corrective action is required.
> This is an extremely serious matter and I have engaged counsel for advice.

That letter, too, went unanswered. At Hewlett-Packard headquarters, there was concern over Perkins's barrage, but Dunn told me, "No one responded to Tom. They dragged their feet. I told Mark, Larry, Ann, 'Don't ignore him.

BUS STOP
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"My parents named me Zbigniew because they were drunk."

• •

He's dangerous.' " She felt they owed him a response—as well as a firm reminder that he had never expressed any concern about the legality of the investigation. But Sonsini responded, "Pattie, you're taking this personally. It's not about you."

Earlier in July, Perkins had received a letter from A.T.&T. saying that it had taken steps to "lock" his online account as a result of "suspected unauthorized access." Perkins had never signed up for an online account. The account had been established on January 30th by "mike@yahoo.com," who had provided Perkins's phone number and the last four digits of his Social Security number. A.T.&T. said that the breach had been found during a broader A.T.&T. review of "pretexting practices."

On August 14th, Perkins wrote another letter to the board, declaring, "I have direct proof of these untoward and illegal practices. My personal phone records were 'hacked.'" The dispute was now more than a personal disagreement with Dunn, so he also demanded that Hewlett-Packard file a copy of his letter with the S.E.C. within two business days, as required by disclosure law, and noted, "I am now legally obliged to disclose publicly the reasons for my resignation. This is a very sad duty."

On August 16th, Ann Baskins wrote to Perkins to say that the board had rejected his requests; she said that the minutes had already been approved and posted, because they were accurate as drafted, and denied that Perkins had questioned the legality of the surveillance. Nor would Hewlett-Packard amend its S.E.C. filing disclosing Perkins's resignation. "Mr. Sonsini reported that you confirmed that you had no disagreement at the time of your resignation with either the Company or the Board of Directors." Like Sonsini, Baskins reminded him that to disclose anything about Hewlett-Packard or the board would "constitute a breach of your fiduciary obligations to the Company."

Dinh and Perkins thought that, on the contrary, he had a legal obligation to report what he knew to the S.E.C. and other regulators.

Also on August 16th, Dunn, having read Perkins's latest letter, e-mailed the board:

> The question is why has Tom taken such an aggressive, take-no prisoners stance that will, if pursued, redound negatively for everyone, not least himself, and hurting the company about which he professes to care so much?

Her answer:

> Tom's model of governance may be appropriate in the world of venture capital, but it is outmoded and inappropriate in the world of public company governance.

Dinh wrote a letter demanding that the company amend its S.E.C. disclosures and file a copy of Perkins's letter with the S.E.C. "We will take appropriate action," he warned, after receiving no reply. The next day, Dinh contacted the S.E.C., the U.S. Attorney's offices in Manhattan and San Francisco, the California Attorney General, the F.C.C., and the F.T.C., providing them with copies of Perkins's correspondence.

Only after being notified by the S.E.C. and the California Attorney General that they had launched investigations of Hewlett-Packard's handling of the matter did the company amend its disclosure form. On September 6, 2006, it acknowledged that investigators it hired had engaged in pretexting and that "counsel could not confirm that the techniques employed by the outside consulting firm and the party retained by that firm complied in all respects with applicable law."

In the weeks before the company made the disclosures, Hurd and other directors sold their Hewlett-Packard shares for a total of $39 million, according to a shareholder lawsuit filed in Santa Clara Superior Court. Sales by insiders such as these must be disclosed; S.E.C. filings indicate that Hurd received $4.38 million, and Bob Wayman, the interim C.E.O. whom Dunn had consulted before Kona I, realized $29.14 million. According to the complaint, this represents the "busiest period of stock sales by top HP insiders in five years." The suit charges some of the defendants with insider trading, in that they sold while in possession of "material non-public information" that was likely to depress the shares. Hewlett-Packard has denied the allegations, saying that the sales were approved by the company and complied with all laws and regulations governing insider sales.

The S.E.C. filing inevitably provoked numerous press reports. Fiorina was on tour promoting "Tough Choices" when a reporter showed her a list of people who had been pretexted. Her name was on it, along with her cellphone and home-phone numbers. "Having fired me," she said to me, "that they would then pretext me was unbelievable!" The media coverage intensified when Hewlett-Packard admitted that not just directors and Hewlett-Packard personnel but reporters had been pretexted.

When Dunn read the press reports, she saw herself portrayed as a spymaster, a process freak, obsessed with leaks. She had masterminded the whole operation. *Newsweek* put her on the cover as "The Boss Who Spied On Her Board." "I was stunned," Dunn told me.

Initially, Hewlett-Packard strongly backed Dunn. The company had ordered an "independent" investigation by Sonsini's firm, which criticized her for not bringing in outside counsel for Kona I but otherwise concluded that she had acted properly. Sonsini told her that "not even one out of ten" chairmen would have handled the leaks and the resulting investigation any differently. But then another team of lawyers came in. Dunn began to be excluded from meetings where, she suspected, her own future was being debated, and on Monday, September 11th, a *Business Week* headline declared, "HP's Board Split Over Dunn." The article quoted anonymous Hewlett-Packard directors—leaking to the press.

That weekend, Sonsini and Ryan had called her at home. "The directors have met and discussed this," Sonsini said, and told her they had concluded that Dunn should remain a director but consider stepping down as chairman. "It's your decision, but we feel this would take the heat off both you and the company."

Dunn drove to the company's headquarters. Hurd, Wayman, and Baskins were there; the other directors participated by telephone. After making a brief statement, Dunn waited in Hurd's office. An hour later, he returned and told her, "The board wants you to resign as chairman, effective in January." After some initial reservations, Dunn agreed. Though no longer chairman, she would remain a director.

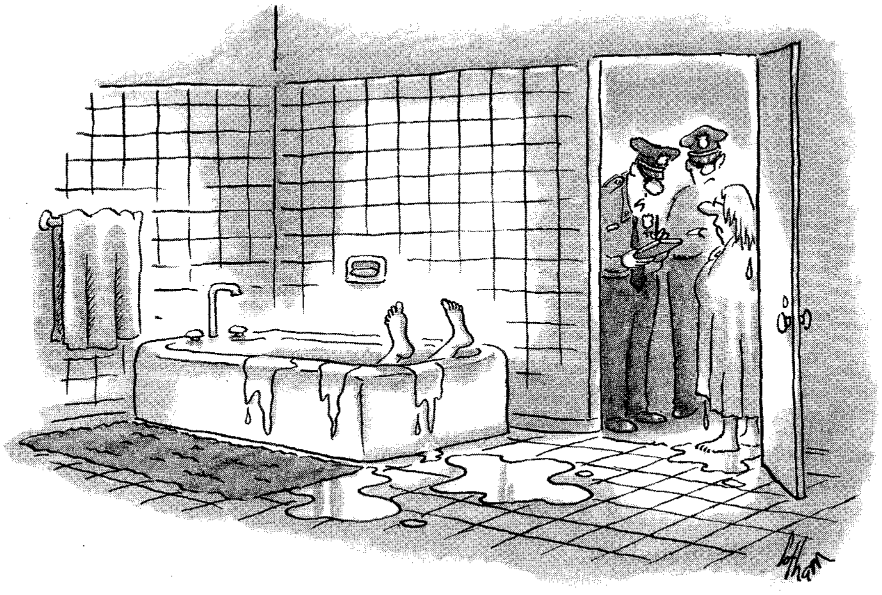
The board met again the next morning at 5 A.M. To Dunn's surprise, most of the discussion focussed on press releases announcing settlements with Keyworth, who had by now offered to resign, and Perkins. Keyworth was lavishly praised, and Hewlett-Packard agreed to reimburse Perkins $1.5 million in legal fees, and to pay Keyworth's legal fees as well. "I was horrified," Dunn told me. "All the talk was 'Would this satisfy Jay and Tom?'"

As might have been predicted, the plan to have Dunn retire as chairman but remain on the board only fuelled more damaging press reports, especially after the California Attorney General, Bill Lockyer, announced that Hewlett-Packard was being less than coöperative with his investigation. On September 21st, he stated, "We ran into a brick wall. Frankly, I'm pretty angry about it."

The board met again, and Dunn polled each member individually. "No one supported me," she told me. "They said, 'This is horrible,' they felt terrible, but I should resign. I had become a 'distraction' for the company. John Hammergren told me, 'You need to defend yourself without thinking of Hewlett-Packard.' I thought that was a kind comment."

The press conference to announce Dunn's resignation was scheduled to be held at 1 P.M. on Friday, September 22nd. Dunn's request to participate in the press conference was rejected, but she felt that she was parting on good terms. Hurd embraced her, and every board member followed suit, hugging her and murmuring, "This is so unfair. We're sorry. Thank you."

At the press conference, Hurd acknowledged that the processes "broke down, and no one in the management chain, including me, caught them." He thanked Dunn for her eight years of service. At the same time, he said he had received information that is "very disturbing to me," and a Hewlett-Packard lawyer offered a narrative of the events that placed the blame squarely on Dunn. Dunn was especially upset that the lawyer said she contacted private investigators, without mentioning that it was a Hewlett-Packard security manager who had sent her to them.



"I wouldn't have thought baby boomers could still do cannonballs."

After the press conference, CNBC turned to a panel of experts, among them Viet Dinh, who praised Dunn for "a courageous and graceful thing" and for "taking responsibility for the investigation that she initiated, conducted, and supervised."

That same day, Hewlett-Packard announced that Mark Hurd would become chairman as well as C.E.O. Those who supervised the leak investigation—Ann Baskins, Kevin Hunsaker, and Anthony Gentilucci—have resigned from the company. Bob Wayman, the interim C.E.O. when Kona I began, retired.

On Wednesday, October 4th, Dunn was charged by the California Attorney General with four felony counts: fraudulent wire communications, wrongful use of computer data, identity theft, and conspiracy. She pleaded not guilty. Also charged in the criminal case were Hunsaker and DeLia and two private investigators, Matthew DePante and Bryan Wagner (a.k.a. "mike@yahoo.com"). They, too, pleaded not guilty. Baskins's lawyer said last week, "A general counsel has to be able to rely on her senior counsels' research and advice, particularly when she has hundreds of lawyers working for her worldwide." Hunsaker's lawyer said, "There cannot be a violation of law without an intent to violate the law, and Kevin absolutely believed that the investigation was being done in a legal and proper way."

The S.E.C. is continuing to investigate Hewlett-Packard's compliance with disclosure obligations and other issues, as is the F.B.I. and the U.S. Attorney in California's Northern District. On January 12th, one of the private investigators, Bryan Wagner, pleaded guilty to federal charges of identification theft and conspiracy and has been coöperating with federal investigators, a potentially ominous turn for others under investigation.

I had dinner with Dunn in San Francisco the first week in January. The previous June, she had learned that she had a recurrence of ovarian cancer, and, after surgery, had resumed her chemotherapy treatment. She was eager to recount her story, and to rebut the many myths that she maintains have arisen about her. In the contest between her and Perkins—one representing the post-Sarbanes-Oxley world of accountability and governance, the other the action-oriented culture of Silicon Valley—Dunn believes that she has been thoroughly vanquished. "I bow to Tom," Dunn told me. "He is a powerful man. He's far more powerful than I am."

Still, all but one of the Hewlett-Packard directors with close ties to Bill Hewlett and Dave Packard, including Perkins and Keyworth, are now gone. The directors who have taken their place—the Nokia and ExxonMobil executives, a banker from Wachovia—are not the Silicon Valley heroes Perkins championed but managers from large public companies, exactly the kind of director sought by Dunn. Across the Valley, technology companies have been adding seasoned governance experts to their boards.

Keyworth told me that the allegations that he was a "leaker" have caused him irreversible harm. "I've had some tough criticism in my life," he said, "but I've never been dragged in the mud like this before. I kept the nation's atomic secrets! I'm on the board of General Atomics, which makes the Predator aircraft. I'm close to top people in the U.S. military. Now I've been branded a 'leaker.'" Though readily acknowledging that he was a source for Kawamoto's January 23rd article (a "puff piece," as he calls it), he resents insinuations that he leaked any confidential Hewlett-Packard information.

Perkins feels vindicated by the outcome, and, from all appearances, remains close to Hurd. In an e-mail to Hurd on September 12th, Perkins wrote, "When I resigned I did it in anger, but I still believe it was the right thing to do. . . . You should know that I always wanted you to be chairman, but this was an awful way to get there." A week later, in a second e-mail, Perkins informed Hurd that a friend, the Silicon Valley venture capitalist and Kleiner Perkins partner John Doerr, had spoken with Bill Lockyer, the Attorney General:

> I am continuing to try to take the steam out of the boiler as it pertains to you. John Doerr had a very good conversation with Bill Lockyer about the situation based upon my assessment (i.e., you are one of the victims). It can't hurt.

Perkins told me that he never thought the affair would reach this juncture. "In the beginning, all I wanted was to get the facts and get the minutes right. I never wanted a scorched-earth campaign. I didn't expect them to stonewall." Nor did he expect Dunn to be indicted. "This wasn't grand larceny," he told me. "I don't think she should go to jail. She's very ill."

What started out on Dunn's part as a quest for higher ethical standards led to a lawless, out-of-control investigation and possibly a prison term. She began the investigation at the behest of the board; even Perkins agreed that the leaks had to be stopped. She was urged to keep the investigation in-house. She insisted repeatedly that it be strictly legal and was assured that it met Hewlett-Packard's high ethical standards. She received legal advice from Baskins and Hunsaker on the legality of pretexting that proved disastrous. She never heard the objections raised by the lower-level investigators and maintains that she doesn't even remember hearing the word "pretexting." She emphasized Sonsini's assertion that, among chairmen of major corporations, not one in ten would have acted any differently.

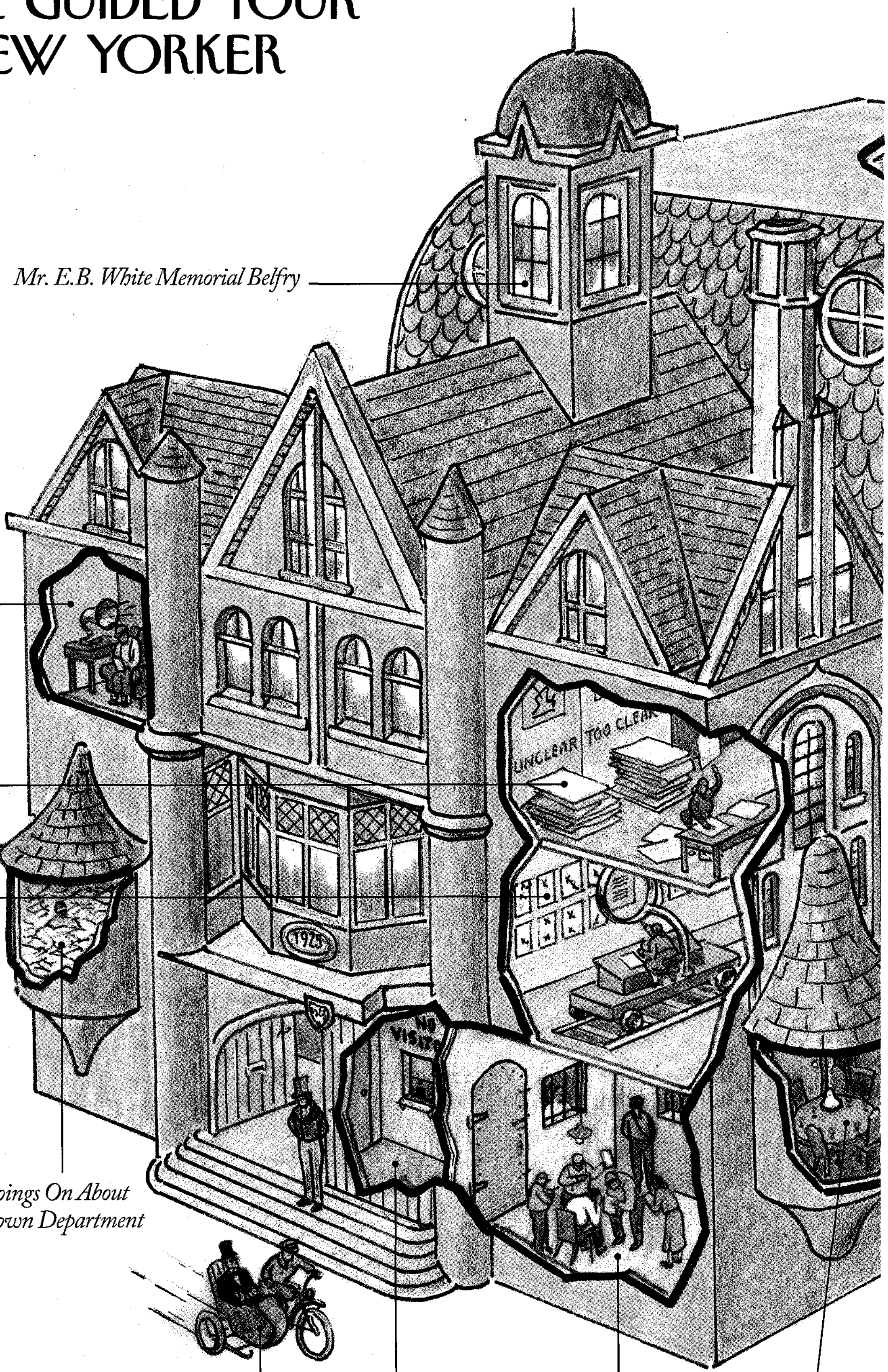
At the first mention of getting access to directors' and reporters' personal phone records, she should have tried to stop the investigation. But the same could be said, even more emphatically, of others connected to the investigation: Hunsaker and Baskins, certainly—both of them lawyers—but also Mark Hurd, who as chief executive was privy to both Kona I and Kona II, attended an early meeting at which phone records were discussed, and was briefed on their progress.

"Mark got the same legal advice I did," Dunn said. "He got the same memos. We were both victims." But Hurd remains chairman of Hewlett-Packard, and Dunn faces four felony counts. Dunn worries that she won't live long enough to defend herself in court. "I care deeply about what people who know me think," she said. "But, in order to be exonerated, it takes so long. My legacy may be written before that can happen."

Despite the ongoing investigations, Hewlett-Packard is now thriving financially. Earlier this year, the stock rose above $43, the highest level in six years, and in late January the board disclosed that Hurd had been given an $8.6 million cash bonus and options on five hundred thousand shares of stock. ♦

FIRST-EVER GUIDED TOUR OF THE NEW YORKER

BY BRUCE McCALL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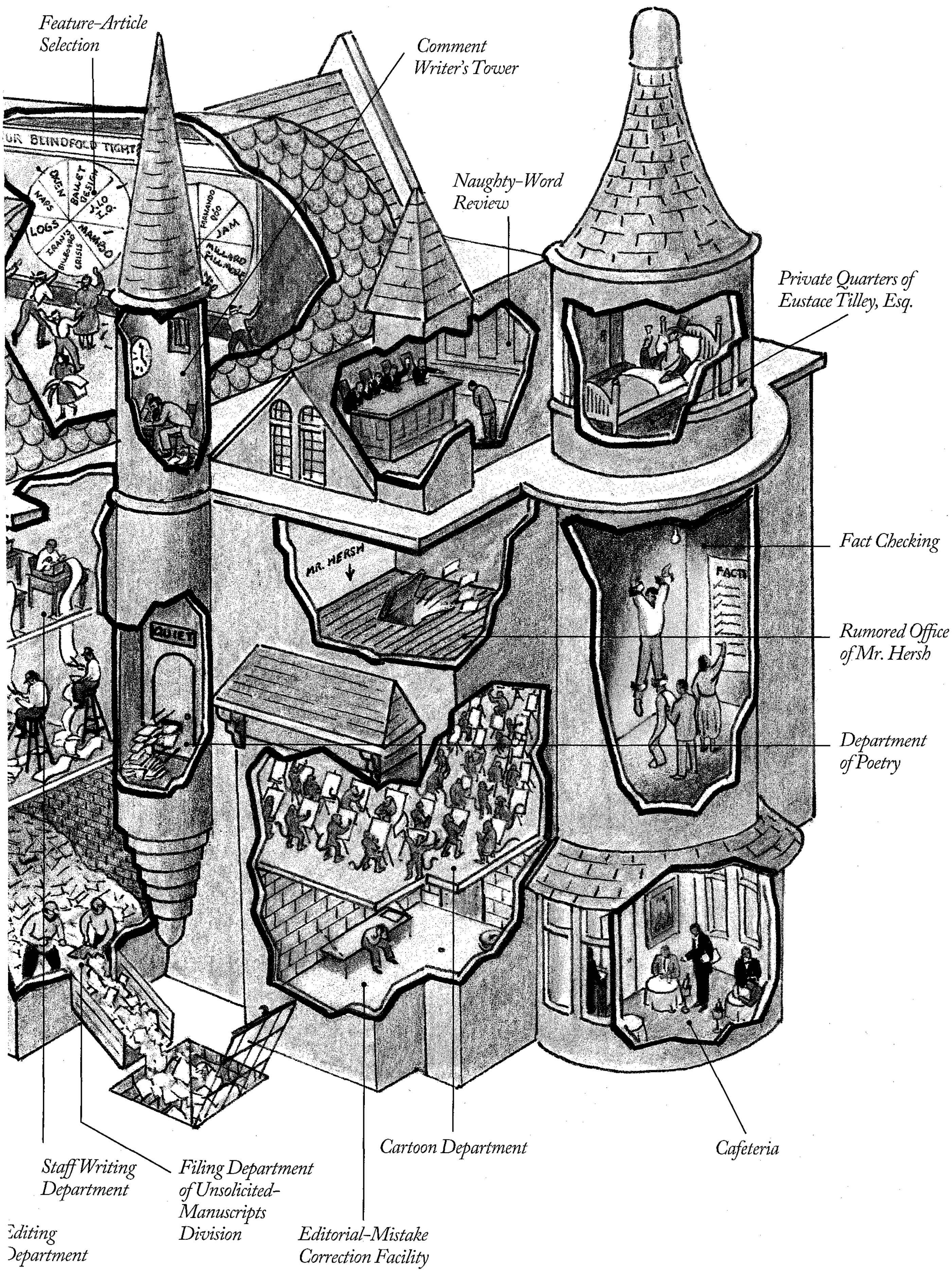
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QUIET
FACTS

FICTION

THE SWAN

BY TESSA HADLEY

David knew that something was wrong as soon as he saw Suzie. He had noticed as he parked on the drive that her car was missing, but he'd assumed that she was taking Hannah to ballet class or Joel to swimming; he didn't always remember the busy running order of the children's arrangements. Through the lit window as he came around the side of the house he could see his family in the kitchen eating pizza, and it did occur to him then that it was late for them to be having supper. They couldn't see him, in the dark outside. They lived in a new estate at the growing tip of Cardiff, near the motorway that circled the periphery; beyond them there was only a golf course and then fields. David paused before he opened the back door, enjoying a moment alone in the humming dark that was always nervous with the noise from the motorway: not a roar, but a thin murmur of movement that sucked substance from everything it reached. David didn't mind this; he even felt it as a kind of lightness.

"Where've you left the car?" he asked as he wiped his feet on the back-door mat.

Suzie was putting something in the microwave; she didn't turn.

"Smashed up," Hannah said, relishing the words. She was standing at the table to eat her pizza, and had a piece of tomato on her chin. She liked crisis. Joel, who didn't, sat absorbed in some game with his Beanie Babies.

"You're joking."

"I was involved in an accident," Suzie said calmly. "On the motorway, on my way home from the teachers' center. But I'm all right. It was raining, and the car in front of me hit a lorry pulling out. No one was hurt, amazingly enough. But the car's a write-off."

"Good God," David said. "Why didn't you call me?"

Suzie shrugged. "I was O.K. There was no need."

But he knew as she turned around that she wasn't O.K. Usually Suzie was sturdy and steady; she had a wholesome, closed muzzle of a face that made him think of a fox, with her sandy coloring and the fine fair down that showed in a certain light. She was tall and lean and big-boned, her broad shoulders set defiantly; only now something had been jangled loose in her, as if she'd touched a live wire. Her hair had dried in a dark mat that clung to her head, and it frightened him to see her blue eyes startled open.

"I wish you'd called me."

She tried to smile at him. When she put Joel's plate down on the table, he saw that her hands were shaking. "Never mind," she said. "It doesn't matter now."

David made her describe to him exactly where the accident had taken place; he wanted to understand why this lorry had pulled out into traffic so carelessly. Suzie couldn't remember things precisely. It had all happened very fast, she said. He imagined the chaos, the rain, the scorch of horror that had brushed close.

"Where's Jamie?" he said angrily. "Why isn't he helping?"

Jamie was David's seventeen-year-old son from his first marriage.

"Upstairs. Why don't you call him? Ask him if he wants pizza."

"You shouldn't be standing here doing all this. Go and lie down. I'll take over. I'll bring you a cup of tea, or a drink."

"I'd rather be busy, really."

Jamie was in his bedroom, in the attic. He lay on his back on the bed, smoking, and he didn't even turn his head as David lifted the trapdoor and climbed through; the room was thick with the rank smell of weed. A familiar sensation of impotence seized David; he didn't know how to talk to this boy, how to guess his thoughts, or how to forbid what ought to be forbidden to him. Jamie didn't rage or fight. He simply ignored whatever they told him: don't pull the ladder up into the attic behind you; don't smoke in the house; don't stay out at night without letting us know where you are. When they tried to be outraged, he just smiled as though he were embarrassed for them. David opened the skylight to let out the smell.

"Suzie wants to know if you want pizza."

"Is she O.K. now?" Jamie said. "I'm sorry about the swan."

"What swan?"

"Hasn't she told you? The one that came down on her car."

"On her car? What are you talking about?"

He thought the boy might be befuddled with marijuana.

Jamie propped himself up on his elbow. He was wearing some sort of torn sleeveless vest; he shook back the thick hair that he chopped off with scissors at shoulder length. Something in his wide face—a faint adolescent rash over the thickening cheekbones, distinctive creases under the eyes, and black brows like quick pencil strokes—stirred and pained David; the boy resembled his mother, Francesca, which was not reassuring. His big brown feet at the end of the bed were bare, with dirty soles and coarse knobbled toes; they had transformed from soft child feet in some instant when David wasn't looking.

"A swan came down and hit her car, made her swerve into the fast lane. It must have hit the power lines. Then it bounced against the side of a lorry and onto her bonnet."

The picture was vivid to David for a moment: melodramatic, not Suzie's kind of thing at all.

"Why didn't she tell me it was a swan? Perhaps she didn't want to talk about it in front of the children?"

"That's probably why," Jamie said. "You know what Hannah's like. She'd be more upset about the swan than if people had been hurt."

The children reacted in the aftermath of the accident. Hannah thumped through her keyboard practice with hot cheeks and wept extravagantly when Suzie told her off for tickling Joel. Joel lay mute and still in his bath, then shivered in his Spider-Man pajamas and refused to get into bed because he had caught sight of the moon through his bedroom window. He had been afraid of the moon when he was a baby. When David came downstairs after reading to them, he found Suzie standing in the kitchen over a sink full of winter branches that she'd cut to take to school for her nature table: bedraggled yellow jasmine, gnarled apple, and silver birch thickening and reddening with buds. Her hair was wet again, and in the centrally heated air he could smell the cold breath of the rain-soaked garden. She pretended to be busy, tying up the branches with twine. Her hands were big and unbeautiful: skilled at cutting out pictures with children's scissors, tying laces, rubbing cream into grazed knees.

"You shouldn't be going in to school tomorrow."

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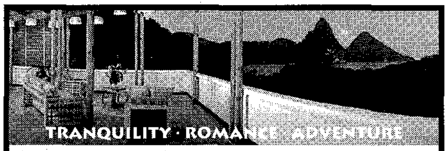

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"I'm all right," she said heavily, without looking at him.

He expected her to tell him then what had really happened on the motorway, but she didn't speak. After David had watched "Newsnight," they went upstairs. He lay in bed going over a paper he had to deliver at a Health Protection conference the next day while Suzie sorted piles of clean laundry and put them away. The children had fresh clothes every day; the airing cupboard was piled high with ironed sheets and towels. Even though the house had been newly decorated when they bought it, four years earlier, Suzie had redone every room. Her little touches were everywhere: curtain tiebacks, friezes pasted onto the wallpaper, bowls of potpourri, carved acorn light pulls, dishes of glass pebbles, thriving houseplants. The children's toys were tidied away into labelled storage boxes every night. The only place that Suzie hadn't reached was Jamie's attic; Jamie had once calmly said that he would leave home if she ever touched anything in there, and Suzie had agreed that if he wanted to live in a pit then who was she to interfere. All the transactions between these two used to flare with violence, even though Suzie had looked after Jamie since he was small, but things had been better lately.

Suzie finished putting the clothes away and began to undress for her shower; she fumbled out of her clothes with her shoulder blades hunched, as if she were uncomfortably aware of being watched. Usually she was blithely indifferent; the readiness with which she stripped had shocked him when they first slept together.

"Why didn't you tell me about the swan?" he asked, looking at her over the top of his reading glasses while she was smothered inside her T-shirt. When she pulled off the shirt, her hair, still stiff with rain, stuck up in ruff around her face, as if she were roused against him.

"How did you know?"

"You told Jamie."

"Did I? I suppose I did."

She sat down in her underwear on the padded chest at the foot of the bed, hugging her arms around herself, her long back bent.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I don't mean to make you talk about it. All that matters is that you're not hurt."

"You wouldn't like it," Suzie said.

"What wouldn't I like?"

"What I felt I saw."

"How could I mind?"

She lifted her eyes; her face was cloudy with the effort of thought.

"When this thing came hurtling down out of the sky at me, I thought it was Francesca."

Suzie had never known David's first wife, who had killed herself by jumping off a balcony.

"Oh, for God's sake."

"I hadn't been thinking about her. I never think about her. Then: thump, on my bonnet. It was her—intuitively I just knew."

"That's ridiculous."

"You see? I knew you'd hate it."

David took off his glasses and folded them. "I don't feel anything about it except that it doesn't mean anything. The mind throws up all kinds of rubbish when you're in shock."

"She wasn't rubbish."

He was patient, looking away from her. "I didn't mean her, needless to say. I just meant your making any kind of association between that and what happened to you today."

"We never talk about her."

He shrugged. "Why would we? What could there be to say, after all this time?"

"You can't imagine the force of the blow when it hit me, how heavily it fell. The whole car leaped—it leaped. Surely too heavy for a swan. And then everything went dark. I didn't have time to think of any rational explanation."

"But now you know what the rational explanation was."

"Yes, I suppose so."

Suzie stood to go and take her shower. When she climbed into bed, he had already turned off the light on his side, and he closed his eyes as if he were asleep. Pressing up close against his back, she made him too hot.

"Tell me about Francesca," she pleaded into his pajama top, her voice muffled, so that at first he wasn't sure what he'd heard.

"Whatever for? I'm asleep."

"Tell me. It's important." He turned over to face her in the dark.

"You know all there is to know."

"No, I don't. We hardly ever talk about her."

"When someone's dead, after a while there's nothing new to say. That's natural."

"If I died, would you be this calm about it?"

"You used not to want to discuss all this."

"I know. But now I can't stop thinking about her. How did you go to sleep together, when you were lying in bed like this? Which side did she like to lie on? What did she wear to bed?"

David dutifully thought about it. "I can't remember," he said. "It's been fifteen years."

"Fourteen."

"I don't know what she wore."

"You must be able to remember."

"We kept such different hours. I'd be getting up to go to work sometimes as she was coming to bed."

He did remember that when Francesca was very pregnant she had been able to sleep only sitting up in an armchair. But that was also the time when she began to imagine that it wasn't a baby growing inside her but a demon that would split her open and kill her when it was born. He didn't want to tell Suzie about that. Instead, he kissed her, and she fell asleep easily, despite everything, breathing lightly through her nose, radiating clean heat scented with whatever shampoo she'd used.

David lay aridly awake. Long afterward, he heard Jamie dropping down from his trapdoor like a cat, prowling the house, helping himself to food in the kitchen, letting himself out the front door with his bike; he cycled for hours at night and then slept half the day, probably missing classes at school. David tried to imagine how it would feel to sleep and wake when you wanted to, to choose your life without thinking of anybody else, not to be broken into the hard frame of adult necessity.

David and Suzie had met in Regent's Park. Neither of them had ever been there before that day, and neither ever went back, so it remained a bright free space in their imaginations: sunlit stately walks, aisles of tall flowers, fountains splashing. Suzie was in the second year of her teacher training, skipping lectures. David, who was working for his Part One medical exams then, had a morning off; he was wheeling Jamie in his pushchair. Jamie was really too old for the pushchair, but he refused to walk anywhere; he'd sit with his knees almost up to his chin, weaving his old rag of yellow blanket into its ritual knot between his fingers and sucking the corner that was wrapped around his thumb, frowning out at the world from behind its shelter. That morning in the park, he had hurt himself. Probably he'd trailed his foot and David had run over it; that was always happening. Suzie was a tall fair girl in a sleeveless flowered dress, passing; at first, David had only resented the fact that she was a witness to his shame, his helplessness, the screaming child. That year after Francesca's death was the hardest year of his life.

Suzie was eating an ice cream. She hesitated and looked at Jamie.

"Would he like some?"

David had lifted him out of the pushchair and put him on a park bench; Suzie sat down and tentatively held out her ice-cream cone.

"If you want it," she said, "you have to stop crying and come and sit on my knee."

Jamie had looked at her suspiciously, but then, to David's surprise, climbed into her lap; he wasn't a child who cuddled easily, but he allowed himself to be hugged against her chest in return for licks of ice cream; his sobs subsided. Suzie's freckled arms around him were awkward, as if she weren't used to little children.

"I'm afraid he'll make you sticky."

"I don't care. This is only an old thing."

When David said then that her dress was pretty, he was just being polite—he didn't take much notice of women's clothes—but Suzie misinterpreted. She'd only stopped in the first place, she told him later, because she thought he was attractive.

"Where's his mum?" she asked, appraising David frankly.

That scene—the child calm and surrendered on her lap—hadn't been at all representative of what was to follow. Suzie had found mothering Jamie fraught and difficult; Jamie had not often allowed her close. But in that decisive hour Suzie had seemed to David uncomplicatedly open, like a door out of the dark maze of his troubles.

In the days after the accident with the swan, Suzie began to talk about a new friend at school, a teacher who was filling in for a woman on maternity leave. She said that this new teacher, Menna,

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had read her palm in the staff room one lunchtime; Suzie tried to laugh as if this were just funny, but David could tell that it excited her. She wouldn't look him in the eye—she'd mentioned it deliberately while she was filling the dishwasher, so that she didn't have to see his response.

"So what did she tell you?"

"It's not what you'd think, not strangers and crossing the water and all that. She told me about my mother—that was the amazing part. She said that my mother was careless with precious things. She said that a ring had been lost, which is exactly what happened to my grandmother's ring; my mother lost it when we were on a beach. I've never told anyone about that. I'd forgotten it until she said it."

"So what did she see in your future?"

She was vague then. "I don't know. The useful stuff. Change."

David was embarrassed for Suzie, because the trickery seemed so obvious; his own rationalism was complete, penetrating all his instincts. He imagined this fortune-telling woman at first as frumpy and middle-aged, but, when she came to give Suzie a lift to school one morning, Menna looked like a child, not much older than Jamie. She was tiny, with a white face and black pits of eyes and dyed-black hair braided with beads and ribbons; she stood in the doorway straight and unsmiling, and reminded him of one of those old-fashioned dolls with jointed wooden arms and legs. Suzie began to see Menna in the evenings, too, at her house. David suspected that they were having some kind of séances. It even came into his head once, when he found Suzie rummaging in the desk in his study, that she was looking for photographs of Francesca.

One warm weekend, Suzie took the children camping in west Wales with Menna and her boyfriend, Neil. On Sunday night, they came home late, hours later than she had told him to expect them, by which time David was frantic with worry. An old Dormobile van, painted with flowers and with a farting exhaust, dropped them off in the drive. By the time he opened the door, it was gone. Suzie was stoned, really stoned; when he looked for her in her eyes he couldn't find her. His children, too, seemed transformed by their short time away, tanned and dishevelled and staring with exhaustion. They even smelled alien: of some mixture of smoke and earth, pee and petrol. He was outraged at Suzie's irresponsibility, getting into that state while she was in charge of the children.

"We had a good time," Hannah and Joel insisted, but didn't smile.

He bathed them tenderly and put them in clean pajamas; they didn't even ask for stories—they melted into sleep almost as he was lifting the duvets over them. As he did all this, he heard Suzie throwing up noisily in the bathroom.

"What is this about?" he said. "What were you doing?"

She was propped against the sink in her bra and trousers, her hair dripping wet as if she'd been pouring water over her head to try to sober up.

"Having fun, that's all," she said idiotically, with the water running down her face and neck. "But you wouldn't know about that."

"It's a peculiar kind of fun. Look at you. The children are wiped out. They have to go to school tomorrow. So do you, but that's your business."

"What are you accusing me of?"

"You can go where you want," he said. "But you're not taking the children off with that crew again."

"They had a fantastic time. Just because they're tired now—"

"Who was driving?" David said. "What had he been smoking?"

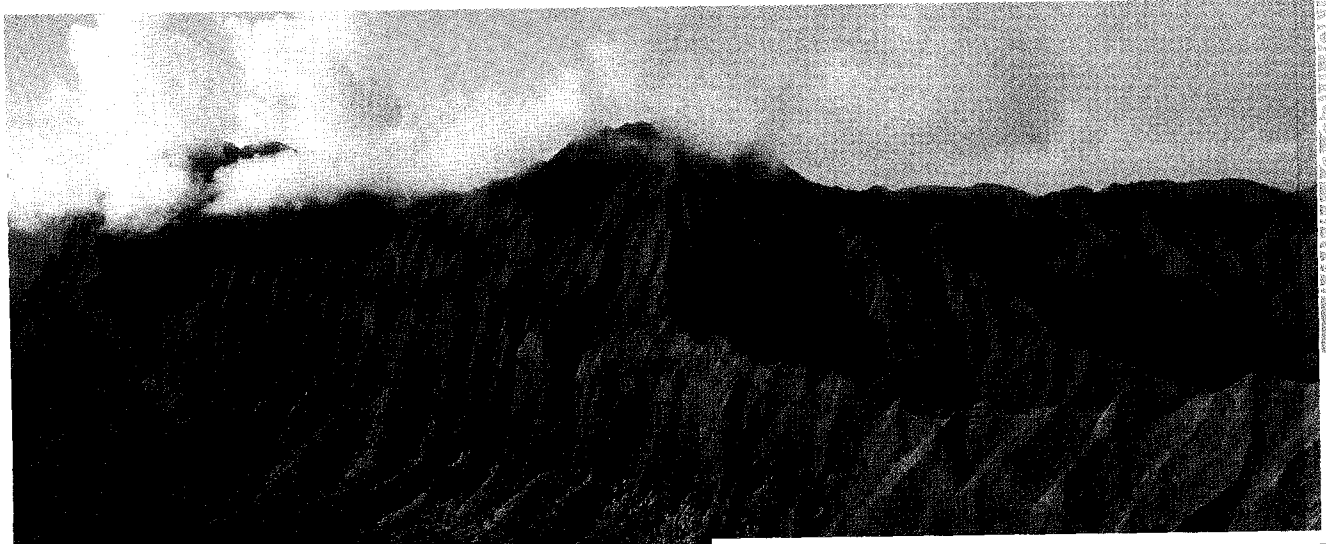
"Oh, I'm going to go and sleep in Joel's room," Suzie said, pushing past him, picking up her pillow from the bed, rummaging for pajamas in a drawer, slamming it shut with the clothes still hanging half out of it.

"I'll go and sleep in there," David said with a sigh, performing weary patience. "You stay here. You might need to be near the bathroom."

He moved to close the drawer.

"I don't want you to touch me!" she exclaimed, backing off, hugging the pillow to her chest. "Don't even touch me."

He hadn't thought of touching her, but when she shrieked at him he felt a vivid tingling in his hand, as if he'd slapped her face with all his strength; he stood away from her quickly, letting her go, then he slumped down onto the side of



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HOME TO HAWAI'I

By John Heckathorn

"Our lives are the ultimate backpacker's dream," says Paul Atkins. "We go to places even the most hardened tourist wouldn't go."

Paul and his wife, Grace Atkins, are natural-history filmmakers—a career that has brought them four Emmys and two British Academy Awards, plus a fistful of film festival prizes. Over the last twenty years, they've filmed killer whales off the coast of Alaska, great white sharks off South Africa, dolphins off Patagonia, penguins in Antarctica, and active volcanoes in Costa Rica. They've shot in China, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, the Galápagos, the Arctic, Africa, and all through the Pacific, including Tahiti and Rapa Nui (Easter Island).

"We've been everywhere. We choose to live in Hawai'i," says Grace.

Paul adds, "Because of our work, we spend seventy percent of our time away. But every time we fly in, we go, Wow! In fact, we've decided to take on more feature films and commercial work, so we can stay home a little more."

The two have made a number of memorable documentaries in Hawai'i, including "Hawai'i: Strangers in Paradise," which won them two of their four Emmys. "Where else could you find the tropical sea, the mountains, the rain forest, coral reefs, and an active volcano, all in the same place?" asks Paul.

Because Hawai'i is the most isolated population center on earth (it's some 2,390 miles from California, 3,850 miles from Japan), it is home to thousands of plants and animals that exist nowhere else. For the Atkinses, "Our underlying mission is to make people more respectful of the natural environment."

The couple lives near Maunalua Bay on the outskirts of Honolulu. We talked in a waterfront restaurant not far from their home. "I don't like getting mystical," says Paul. "But, even here, look out the window. There's a rainbow in back of the valley, the blue sky over the ocean, and that golden afternoon light pouring over the water. This is one of the most beautiful places on earth."

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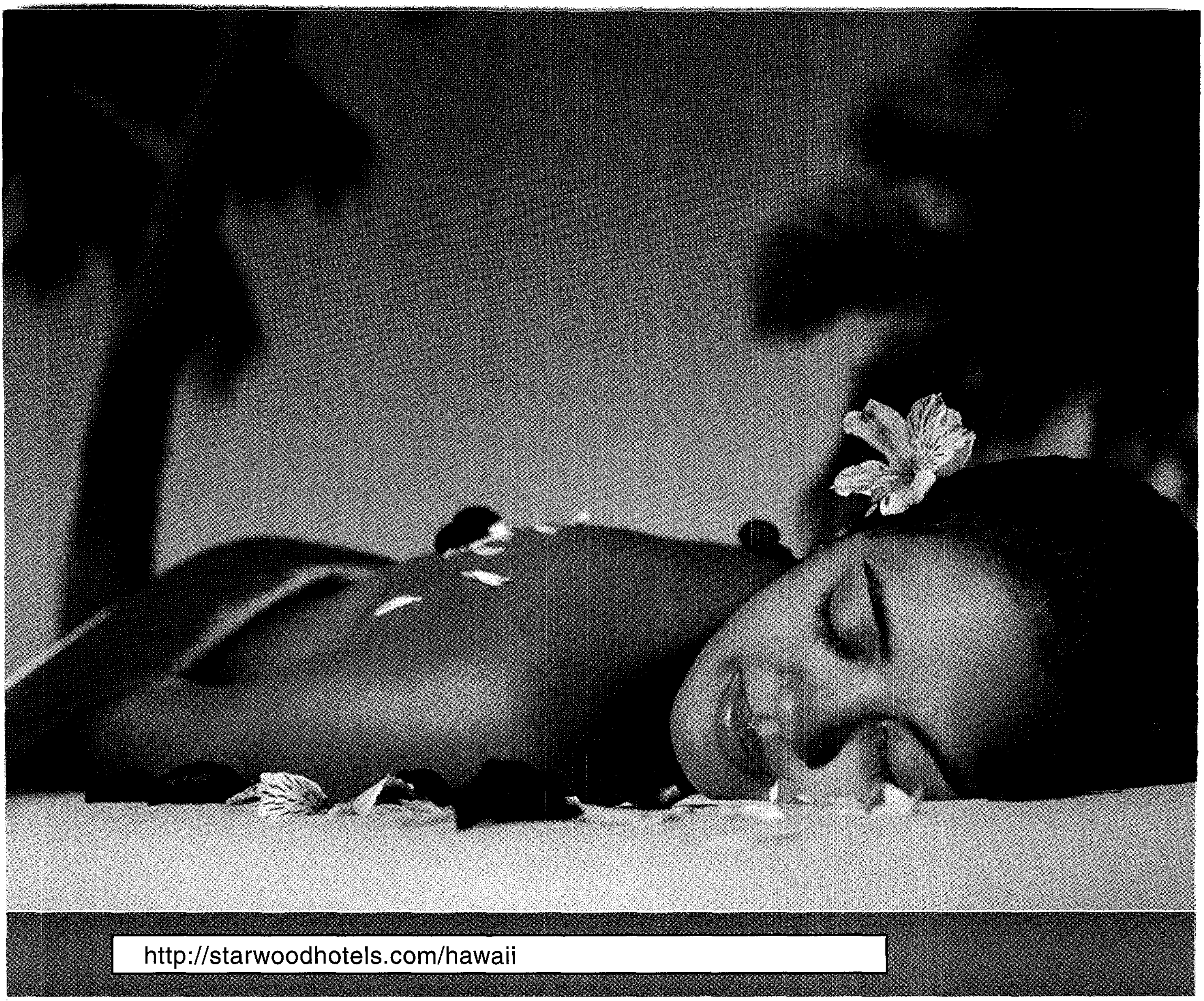

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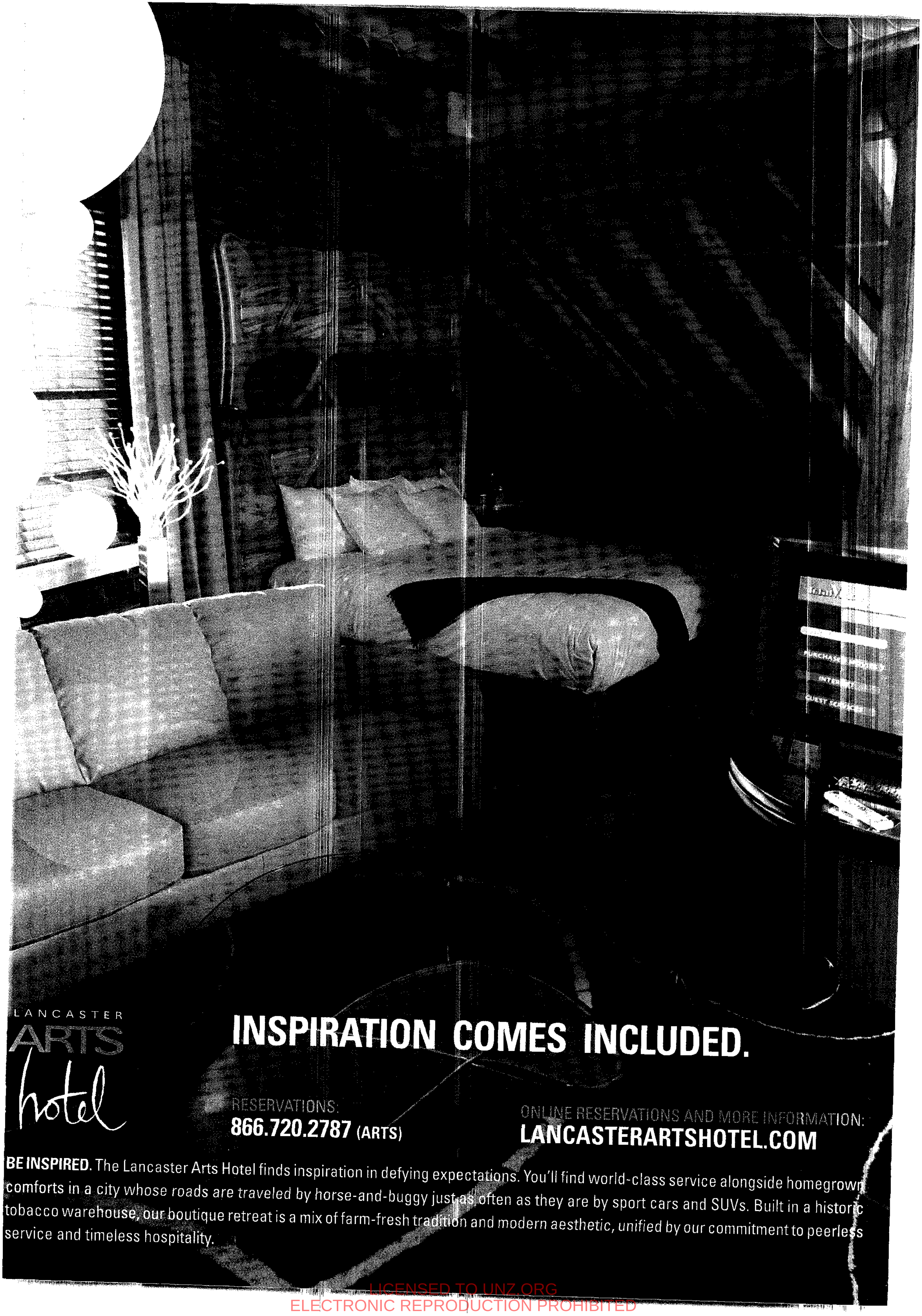

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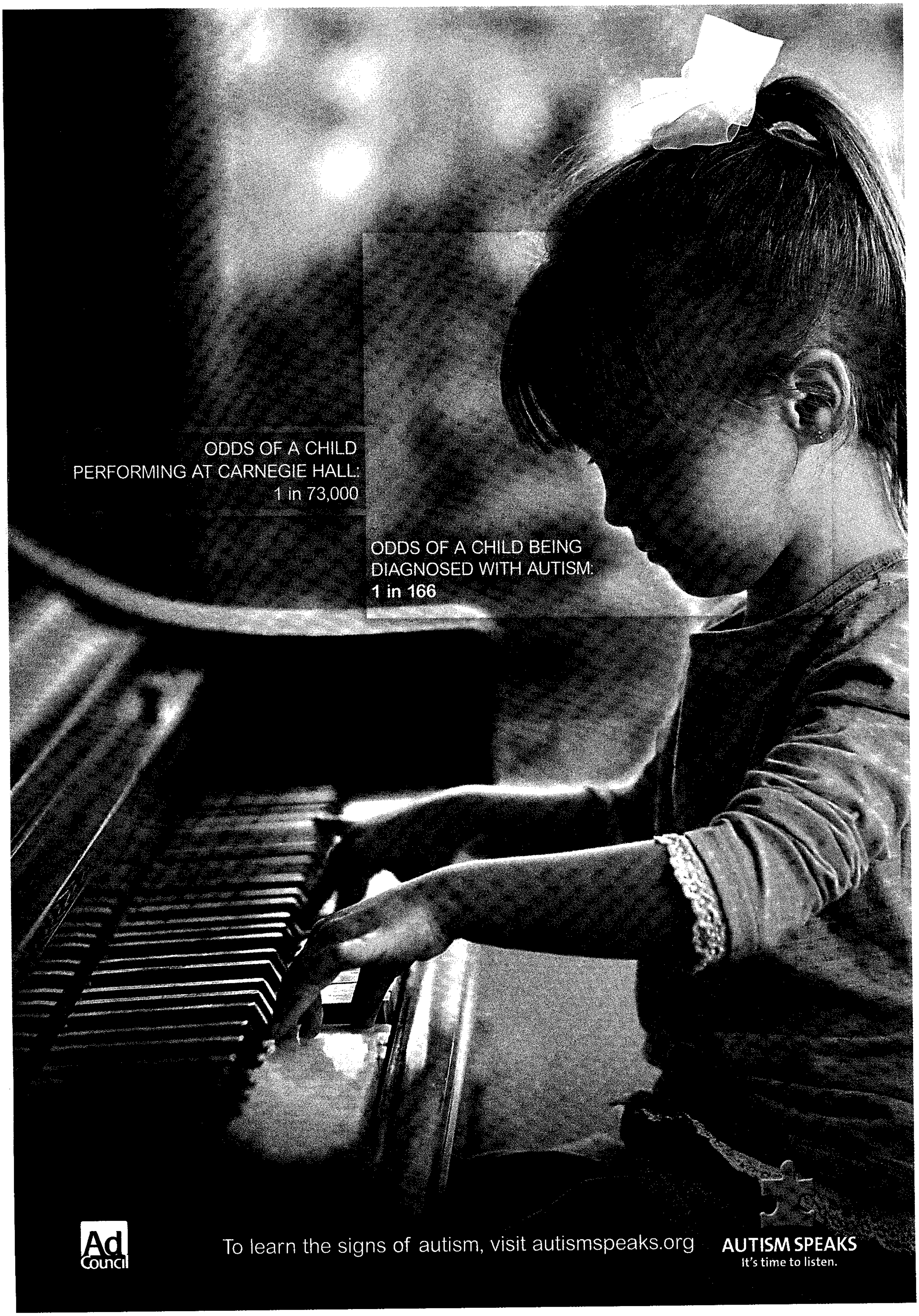
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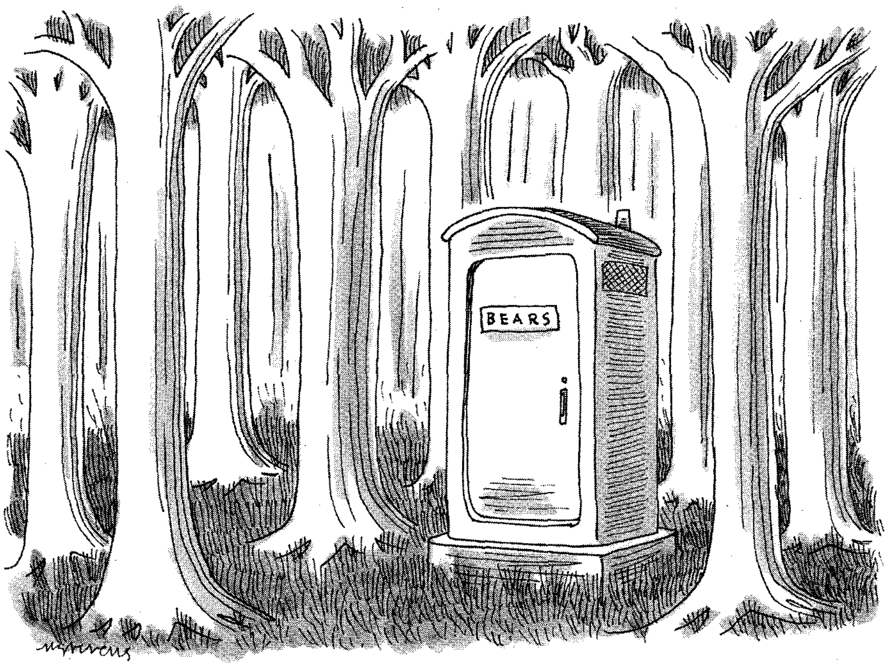

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the bed. He heard her vomiting again, in the other toilet.

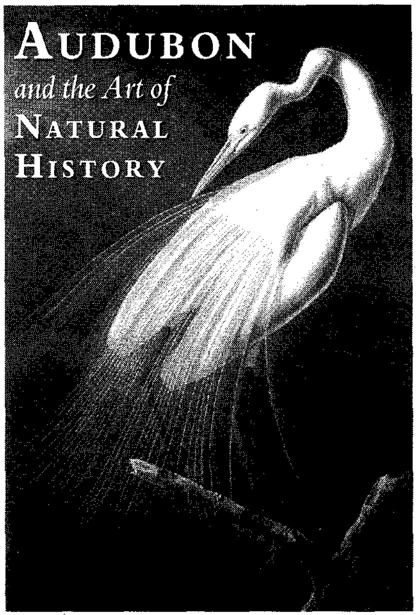
In the morning, Suzie was chastened. She reassured him that Neil had been perfectly safe to drive, Menna had been fine, she had been the only one who was poorly—she must have reacted badly to something, she was sorry. And the children, although they drooped and whined all week, slipped fragments of their adventures into their conversations with him in delighted voices that didn't expect him to understand: the nights so dark, the torch that failed, the barbecue built from stones, the thieving goats. Jamie remarked conversationally that the skunk that Suzie's friends had been smoking was probably hydroponically grown and much stronger than anything she was used to, which would be why it had made her ill. David heard him out in silence, then shrugged, as if it were a matter of indifference to him. Suzie went on sleeping in the top bunk in Joel's room.

She began to be out at Menna's all the time. David had no idea what she got up to there—she wouldn't talk about it. She neglected the house, which had always been immaculate. The children missed her; they grew sulky and unhappy. Jamie often had to look after them until David got home from work. Suzie brought home New Age books that David couldn't bring himself to look at. On a few occasions, he thought she was high on something again: short of breath, hectic, with dilated pupils, looking at the children as if they weren't there. He didn't know what her new friends were giving her—magic mushrooms or cactus or pills—and he wouldn't inquire. She seemed to get to school most days. Once, when he tried to ask her what the matter was, she put her hand over his mouth, shaking her head to warn him off, as if someone were watching them and she was under a vow of noncommunication, although they were alone.

One night, he and Suzie went out together to a party at the house of some friends, beside the lake in one of the old city parks. He tried to enjoy himself, but all the time he was aware of her moving back and forth between the rooms, not talking to anyone. They were his friends, really, people he knew through the hospital. Suzie was wearing a white trouser suit, with a blouse of some blue silky stuff that shifted over her breasts when she breathed; it looked good on her but was perhaps a bit brash for this party, where everyone else seemed to be wearing subtle, sombre colors. They left after only an hour or so.

"It wasn't too bad, was it?" he said hopefully once they were sitting in the car.

Instead of replying, she exhaled as if



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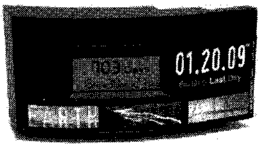

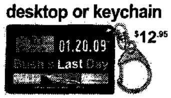

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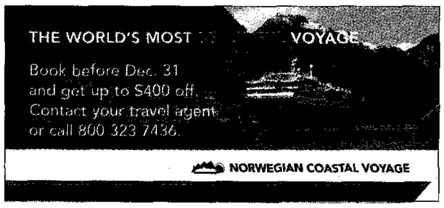

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she were getting rid of something, and threw her head back, staring up through the dark at the felt lining of the roof.

"Will you let me out?" she said then, as they drove along the lake, which sent its pale light flashing like a signal between the passing trees.

"Let you out?"

"Not here. I'll give you directions."

Baffled, he held his hands in the air above the steering wheel. "It wasn't that bad."

"You wouldn't know. Turn left here, and go back down the park. It isn't too far. I'll get a taxi later. I'm not ready to come home yet."

Dumbly, he drove where she told him to go. Eventually, beyond a railway bridge, they pulled up in front of a row of little mid-Victorian cottages he'd never noticed before. He couldn't make them out very well in the dark; behind the huddle of their overgrown front gardens, they seemed cozier and more secretive than the usual austere long terraces in this part of the city.

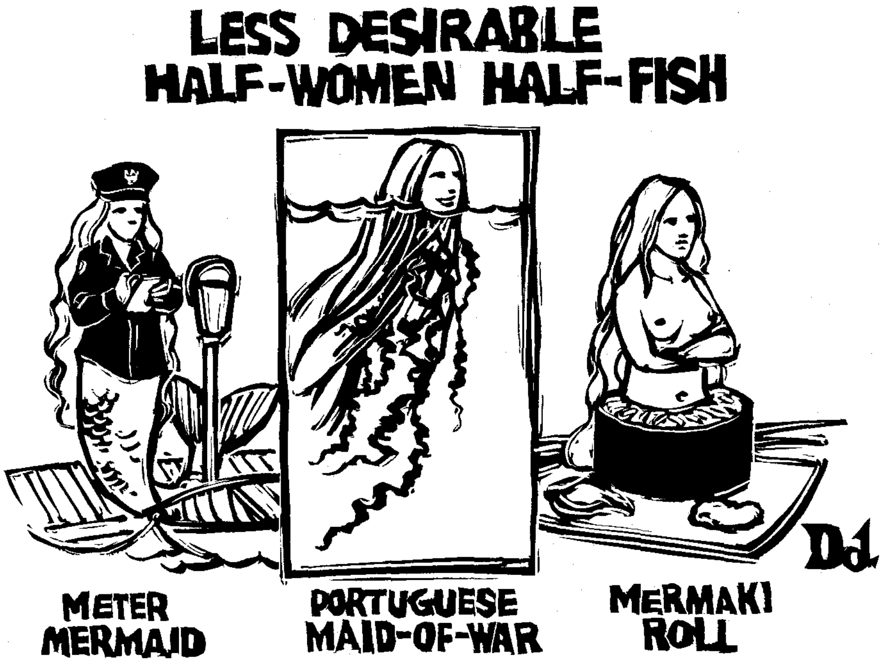
"This is it," Suzie said. "I'll see you later, but don't wait up."

"Can't I come in with you?"

"No," she said, and put a hand on his arm, as if postponing something, promising something for another time.

He watched her pick her way up a path whose faint paleness was blurred by overgrowing shrubs and then lost in the thick overhang of shadows from the house; he knew that she turned to look at him once, because he made out the weak blob of her face. Then another car, lights glaring, came up behind him and he had to move. He drove around the block to go past the house again, and paused with the engine running, peering into the garden. There was no sign of habitation, apart from a dim gleam in the glass fanlight above the front door. But Suzie in her white trouser suit had vanished, presumably inside.

David gathered himself in a great effort of concentration on the children, his younger children. He tried to reëstablish their routines: mealtimes, Hannah's piano lessons, Joel's pottery on Saturday mornings, bedtimes, baths, tooth-brushing. Joel didn't like his new teacher. Hannah feuded, crossed out and rewrote names on the list she actually kept, in a notebook, of her best friends. He took for granted that these difficulties were manifestations of their distress over the situation at home; he told them that their mother was overtired, that she had problems at work. He couldn't, on top of all this, begin to think properly about Jamie. If he did think about him, he felt sure that he wasn't doing enough work for his A levels. Whenever David had reason to go up to the attic, the boy was lying on his back on the bed, smoking, doing nothing; he had difficulty controlling how angry this made him, the empty space of his older son's life.



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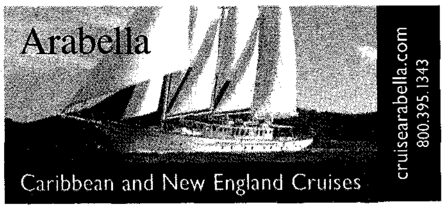
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Suzie came and went; she wouldn't talk to him beyond practicalities, and she wasn't very interested in those. She slept, when she slept at home, in the study, downstairs. What happened to her touched him only remotely now; it had begun to seem improbable that they had lived together for all these years. He judged her coldly. Their arrangement, living apart in the same house, ought to have felt eccentric; robustly, they adapted.

One evening when the weather was fine, they drove over to the nearby parkland together. David had said that they ought to discuss things. They sat side by side on the grass at the top of a long sloping field where, at the weekend, families picnicked and played cricket and flew kites; midweek, they had it to themselves. David kept an eye on his watch, afraid they would miss the locking of the park gates. Even as he worried about this, he was carried away by a rage that seemed to blow into him from nowhere. He began shouting at Suzie. What he resented most about what was happening, he told her, was that she was making a stupid person's mistake, falling for fakery and tricks. He wouldn't have minded if she had fallen in love or was going through any other sort of crisis, if she would only talk to him about it, like a grownup. This came out so clearly formulated that David realized he must have been working it all out to himself at home. His whole body shook as the words flooded out of him. Suzie lay back on the grass.

"It's you who's stupid," she said. "Something's happening to me—the first sign of it was the accident—but you're too busy seeing through everything."

"How dare you blame me? What is this thing, anyway, that's supposed to be happening to you?"

She rolled over so that her face was buried against the ground and her voice was muffled. "I don't know."

"Is it sex? Are you having sex with someone? With that girl? Or with both of them?"

"You don't understand," she said. "You don't know what I feel."

She was wearing some kind of thin print skirt. He could see through it to her curved buttocks and brief knickers. Without knowing he was going to do it, he lifted the skirt and smacked her hard with the full weight of his hand across the back of her thighs; astonished, she scrambled to her knees and pounded at his shoulders and chest with her fists. For a few strange minutes they scuffled together viciously: at one point she tangled her fingers in his hair as tightly as she could and tugged hard at it; he slapped her again, on the face this time; she scratched his neck. A dog-walker emerged from the trees at the bottom of the field and looked up toward them, then retreated; he must have thought that they were making love, but in fact their fighting instinct for those minutes was pure and unsexual. As soon as David realized that Suzie was crying, he stopped in dismay. They got to their feet and brushed themselves off shamefacedly; she found a tissue in her bag for both of them to wipe their tears. On the way back to the car, Suzie wrapped her arms around herself, clutching her shoulders tightly; once or twice he touched her on the elbow to steer her onto the right path. Afterward, because they never talked about it, he found it hard to believe that this scene had actually taken place. It didn't seem to make any difference to the way they lived together.

In the summer, they spent a week at the house in west Wales with David's parents. Suzie insisted that she wanted to swim, although the weather was cold and wet. David warned that if she was taking pills or any sort of hallucinogen this would be dangerous, and then he stood watching while she stripped, shivering, on the stony little beach in front of the house. It was late afternoon. The children were exploring among the rocks. A low, blurred, chilly sun was reflected in the rocking water, making a dim silver path from the horizon. Suzie had her black swimming costume on under her clothes; she stepped, long-legged, across the shingle, laughing and grimacing, balancing with her arms held out.

"You're making a mistake," David said. "I really think you're making a mistake."

Suzie stepped in, tottered at the shock of cold, forged on up to her knees, then with a shriek plunged and swam the crawl with strong strokes into the glittering path. She was a good

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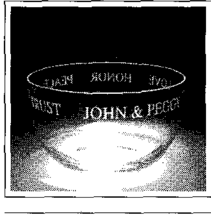

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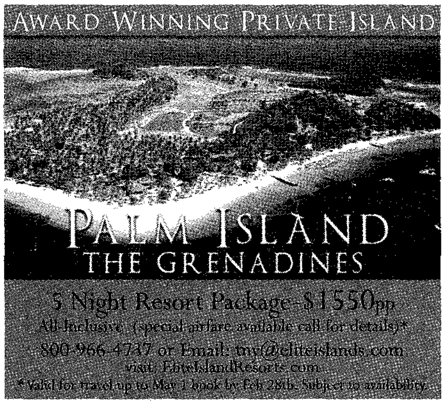

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swimmer, better than David. He and the children watched the shape of her head bobbing, disappearing and reappearing against the dazzle. He was wrapped in the sensation of her absence, the gulls crying and circling, the crash and drag of the waves, a cold wind slicing underneath his clothes. He worried that Suzie was going too far; the idea seized him that he would be left alone on the shore like this forever, holding the towels. Accidents really happened: it was idiotic to swim in this cold, in her state. He even took off his coat and went to the edge of the water, to go in after her. Then he caught sight of the bobbing dot of her head again: grateful, he saw it turn and head back toward the beach.

After Francesca died, David had cleared out her flat. They hadn't been living together when it happened; she'd moved out a few months before and got a place of her own from the council. The flat was on the sixth floor of a bleak tower block in Islington and he hadn't liked her having Jamie there; they'd quarrelled over it. As he sorted out Francesca's belongings, putting aside Jamie's clothes and toys, it occurred to him that this woman who was the mother of his child was hardly known to him at all. He felt as if he were folding the skirts and dresses of a stranger: he found it so difficult to recognize anything in her cupboards or her drawers that he even wondered if she had replaced all her possessions since they'd split up, in some spasm of disgust at him. It was all in such a mess, anyway. He went through her makeup bag and the rubbish in the dusty bottom of her handbag, thinking that there might be something left behind that he recognized—just a hairgrip or a bead or a receipt from somewhere they'd been together.

Francesca, in the days before she died, had seemed more stable than she had for months; she had been taking her medication. She was even supposed to go to a party that night—she had left Jamie with her mother. People reassured David that he mustn't feel responsible for what had happened, but he never really felt responsible—he only felt angry with her. In all the time he spent clearing out that flat—it took him two days—he never once stepped out onto the balcony from which she'd jumped. It had been swelteringly hot, and he had dripped with sweat as he stuffed Francesca's suitcases with things for the charity shops; he would have been more comfortable with a bit of air circulating inside, but he hadn't even wanted to open the sliding doors. Afterward, he sometimes regretted this. He thought it might have been good for him to look down and see only the ordinary scruffy paving below.

In September, Suzie's headmistress rang to ask why Suzie hadn't been in school for the first day of the new term. David didn't know where she was. In the sitting room, the children had drawn the curtains against the daylight. The television capered weakly, and they hardly looked up as he peered in. Jamie was on his back on the sofa, Hannah sitting under his raised knees, Joel at his head, with an arm thrown carelessly across his big brother's chest; like somnambulants, they gazed at the screen. David put some sausages to cook under the grill, opened tins of baked beans, cut his hand on the sharp edge of one of them, and leaked surprisingly thin wet blood onto the bread. He sat with the children in front of the telly to eat his heavy plateful, although he couldn't remember later what he'd watched; he imagined the fatty food dissolving sourly in his stomach, sending spurts of acid into his esophagus, squeezing his heart. Then he piled up the dirty dishes in the kitchen, left the children with Jamie, and drove out to where he had dropped Suzie off in the spring, after that party; miraculously he remembered the way, didn't make a single wrong turn, as if the little cottage in its close-nestled row behind overgrown gardens had lurked, waiting for him all that time, beneath his conscious thoughts.

Shapes were silhouetted in the twilight against a clear sky; he could see that the wildness of the gardens, which he had remembered as dense with foliage, in fact consisted only of broken sofas, concrete, buddleia, a fallen wall, a garage sunk under the weight of its ivy. The fanlight above the front door

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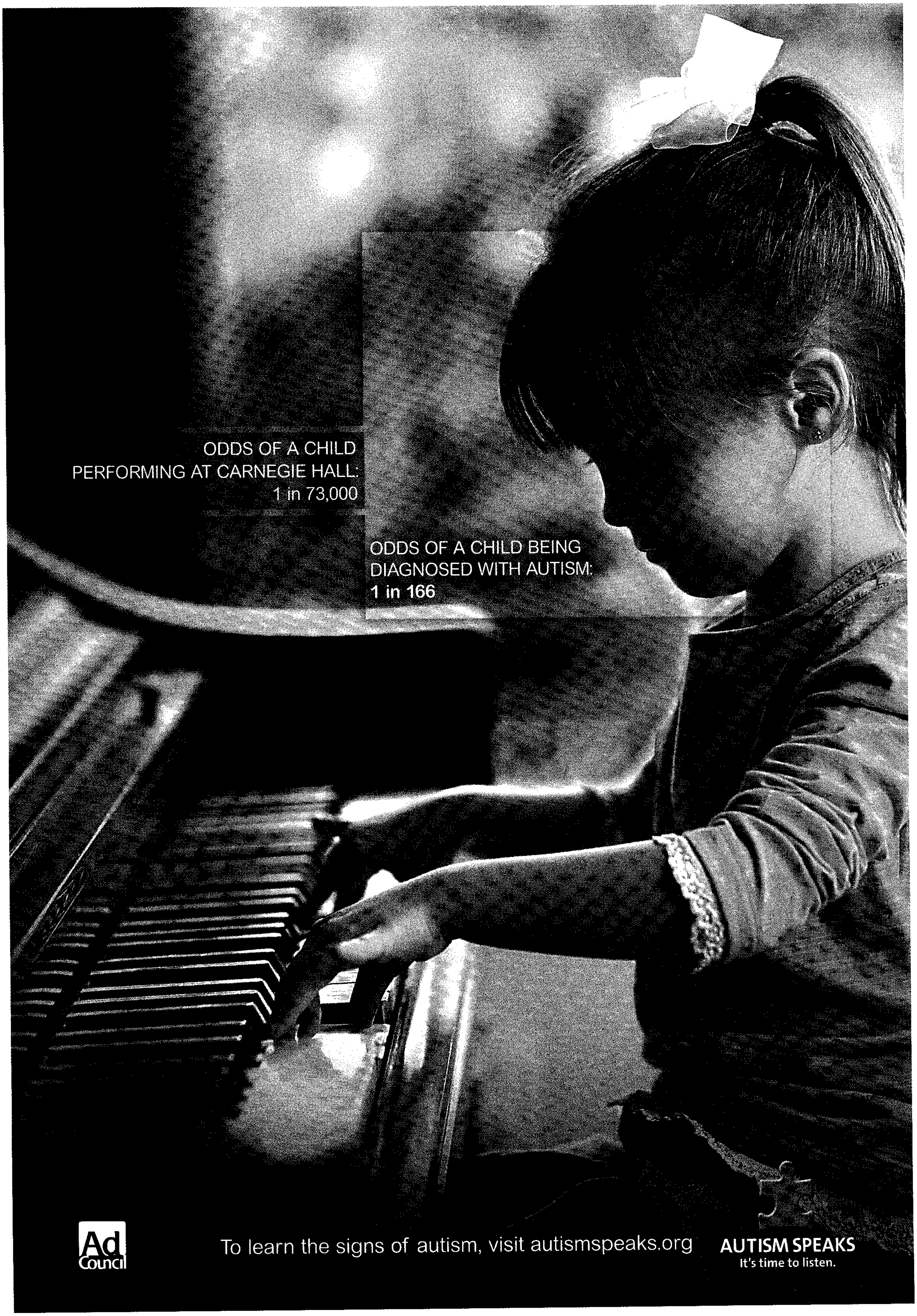

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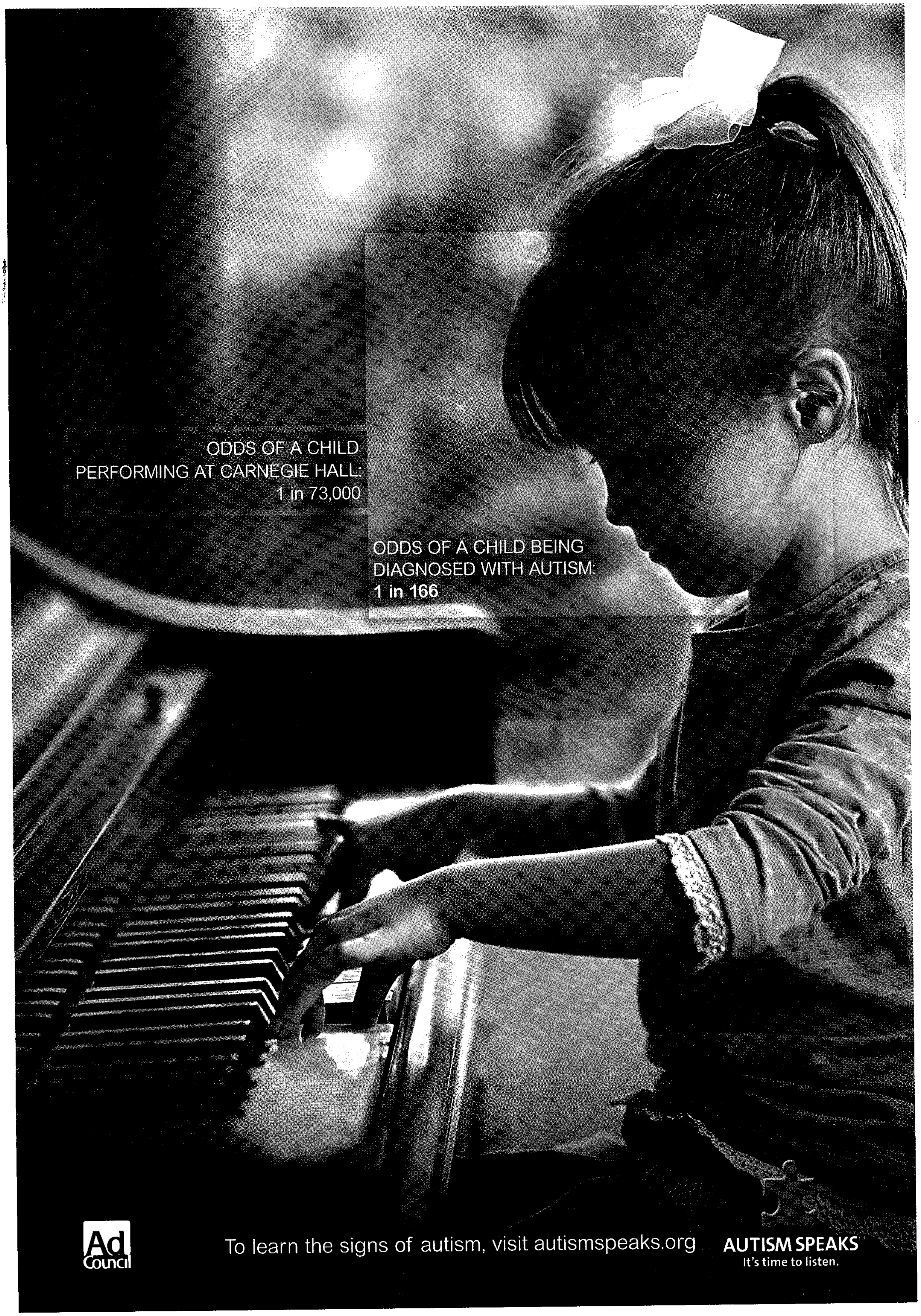
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through which Suzie had disappeared shone feebly yellow, as it had the last time. Children still played out in the streets around here: a gang circled on bikes, shouting to one another, two boys to a bike, the front one standing to pedal, the one behind with his legs splayed wide. David got out of the car and locked it behind him, scowling at the boys, then strode up the path, pushing through the bristling shrubs that blocked his way. There was no doorbell, only a taped-on note that said, absurdly, “Knock three times,” so he hammered with one fist, then both. When the door yielded and a man stood warily, holding it half open, David pushed forward across the threshold.

“I have to speak to my wife. Suzie. Suzanne.”

The man was slight and wiry, with tanned skin and a ponytail; he might have been a boy if it weren’t for the tight crinkles at the corners of his lips and eyes. He stood firmly in the doorway.

“She’s not here.”

“Suzie!” David bellowed past him. “Suzie!”

A female shape moved into the shadows at the end of the hall. Too slight for Suzie—he made out the pale oval of Menna’s face.

“You don’t have any right to come bursting in here,” she said.

David had never been in a fight in his life; he knew that even though he was bigger he wouldn’t have a chance against this man, if it came to that. Everything about Menna’s boyfriend suggested the capable male, his strength held decently in reserve. David pushed past him clumsily nonetheless; the dingy narrow hall was just as he would have imagined it, down to its smell of dirty carpet overlaid with incense.

“Neil,” Menna said. “Let him, if he wants to. We’ve got nothing to hide.”

“You can take our word for it, mate,” Neil said, not offensively. “She isn’t here. We haven’t seen her for a few days.”

David was immediately sure that they were telling the truth. Yet in a parade of angry expectation he had to storm about, searching, slamming open all the doors; he ran upstairs, blundered into the bathroom, switched on glaring central bulbs in two little bedrooms draped with patchwork, scarves, and beads. They didn’t even follow him: Menna made a sign to Neil. The house was surprisingly neat, in its junk-shop way. He looked for signs of whatever witchery it was that Suzie got up to in this house, but he couldn’t find anything sinister. There were piles of schoolbooks for marking, socks hanging on the radiators to dry, in the bathroom henna hair dye and a stained towel. Eventually, he came to rest in the kitchen, breathing heavily, propped with his knuckles resting on the little table where they had been eating when he came pounding at their door; their soup—lentil—was getting cold in green pottery bowls. He considered throwing the bowls wildly onto the floor, but didn’t do it.

“Then where is she?”

“If I did know I wouldn’t tell you,” Menna said. “But to simplify matters, as it happens I don’t. She must have been at school today—why don’t you ask them? We haven’t seen her for a week. She doesn’t live here, you know; she’s just a friend. We don’t insist on knowing her whereabouts.”

“Then is there someone else?”

“Someone else?” she mocked. “I don’t know what you mean.”

“She didn’t turn up at school today.”

Menna shrugged. “We’re not her keepers. Obviously, you think that’s what you are.”

“I’m the father of her children,” he said. “If she’s gone, I only want to know it.”

“If she’s gone,” Menna said, “I’m not surprised. Not after this.”

While David was inside the house, the evening light had blinked and gone; it was suddenly night. Blundering down the path, he ran right into someone turning in from the street; David let out an astonished, winded noise, although they hadn’t actually hurt each other. It was Jamie. David was so surprised at meeting him here that he almost didn’t recognize his own son; the closeness of Jamie’s face in the dim light confused him, those broad cheekbones, his eyes somehow masked in irony behind thick short eyelashes. He was supposed to be at home with Hannah and

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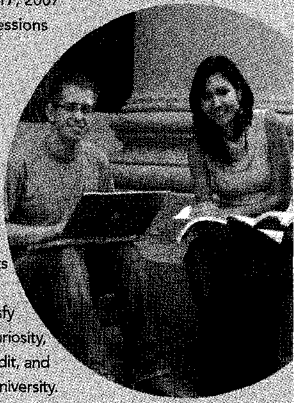

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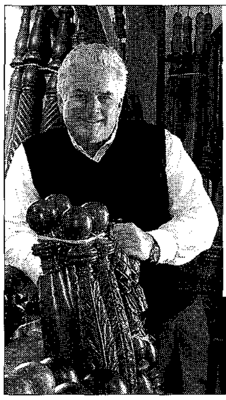

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Joel. And how could he possibly know about this place?

Jamie seemed just as surprised to see him.

"Dad? Fuck."

"For Christ's sake, can't I even trust you to do one thing for me?"

"What are you talking about?"

"What have you done with the kids? I can't believe you've left them at home on their own."

"Of course I haven't done that. Suzie's there."

"Oh. She is?"

"She came back just after you left."

"So what are you doing here?"

"Nothing."

"Do you know these people? Did you meet them through Suzie?"

"Sort of."

Jamie stood obstinately, not moving either way on the path.

"I've got the car. Do you want a lift anywhere?"

"No."

In the end, it was David who had to move first. The boys were still circling on their bikes in the street. When he looked back at the house, he couldn't see Jamie; he must have gone in through the front door, which David had left open behind him.

On his way home there was traffic, people driving into town for the evening. Lit-up shop fronts swam in a blur of the rain that had begun to spatter in angry fistfuls across the windscreen. For minutes, David peered stupidly, forgetting that he could turn on his wipers. It took him half an hour to get through the thick crawl of cars, woven with crossing pedestrians, on the main roads; released at last into residential streets, he pressed his foot too hard on the accelerator, leaping forward. At the same moment, in a sudden squall, a white shape broke out in front of him from nowhere, or from between two parked cars. He stamped on his brake and swerved, and the car slewed, screeching sideways, but surely too late. He must have struck something: the blow seemed to resonate in the bodywork; his heart thumped out of his chest as if he'd been hit himself. He threw himself out of the car door to see what he had done, ready for the worst.

He found nothing, only an empty street. Perhaps the sheet of sodden filthy newspaper under his wheels had been his phantom, inflated by the wind into a moment's lifelikeness. He had been imagining things. He felt so sick that he had to pull in at the side of the road and rest his head against his arms on the steering wheel. For some time he couldn't drive on.

When at last he got home, the smell of sausages lingered, but the mess of supper had been cleared away. The children were sitting painting at the kitchen table. Their tranquillity seemed uncanny after the weather outside: their absorbed breathing, the stroke of their marks on big sheets of blue paper, the chink of their brushes in jam jars of clouding water. The tip of Hannah's tongue stuck out in concentration; unnoticing, Joel sucked his brush, so that his lips were blue. Suzie must have put out the china dish piled with apples for them to paint; gazing at it, they seemed themselves as deliberate as a composition.

"Is Mummy here?"

They blinked at him, surfacing reluctantly.

"Having a shower," Joel said, frowning.

He took the stairs two at a time. Suzie had begun to tidy up here, too; some of the piles that had waited on the landing to be sorted into different bedrooms had been put away. She was not showering: she had run herself a bath, perfumed with something; she was floating in it by candlelight, her body showing vaguely pink through the foamy water, her knees islands. Little candles on saucers were burning at intervals around the edges of the tub and on the windowsill. David put down the lid of the toilet seat and sat; Suzie hardly stirred the water, only turning her head to look at him.

"Are you going to be cross about the candles?"

"Cross?"

"Aren't they dangerous?"

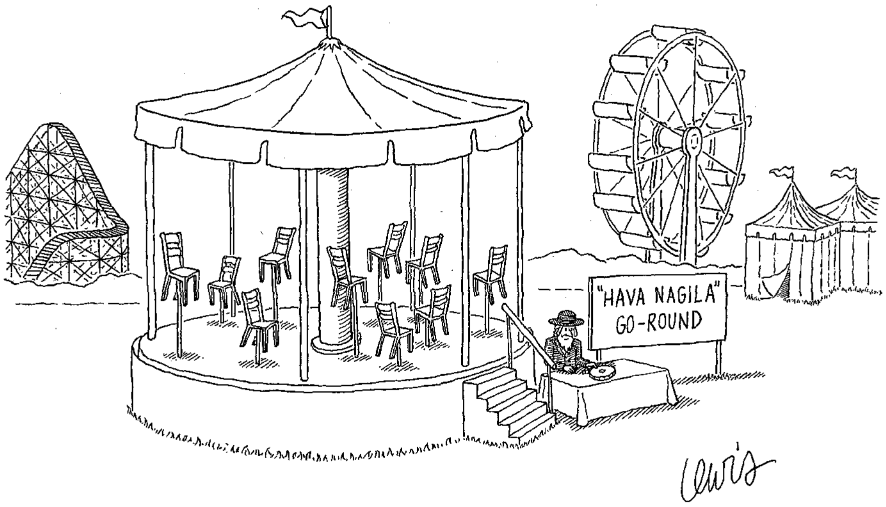
He sighed. "Am I really so dreary?"

"I'm sure they are dangerous, but I'm being very careful. I just wanted to relax. I want to have a nice weekend at home, with you and the kids. Did you see that they were painting downstairs? David? Are you all right?"

"I bumped into Jamie."

"He went out a while ago."

"I went to your friend's house—Men-



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na's. I was looking for you. Then, as I came out, Jamie was going in. What was he doing there?"

"You went to Menna's?" she said, as if she were amused and curious.

"What's going on?"

"It's not a big deal," she said. "Jamie was probably just buying weed. Neil sells to a few friends. What did you think he was doing?"

"I don't seem to be able to talk to him. I can't get any sense out of him."

Suzie waited a few moments. "You know, he's a nice boy," she said. "He's grown into a really nice boy. You're too hard on him sometimes."

"I'm a bit out of my depth," he said eventually. It was very difficult for him to make this confession.

"David, you're not all right, are you?"

"I nearly crashed the car on the way home."

"How do you mean, you nearly crashed it?"

"I thought someone ran out in front of the car. But there wasn't anyone. I was imagining things."

Suzie stood up in the bath then, water sluicing off her thighs and her breasts; they were still pointed plump girl breasts, even after two children. She pulled a towel off the heated rail and stepped out; rubbing at her hair to dry it, she stood carelessly naked in front of him.

"Don't worry about it," she said. "So long as nothing actually happened."

As she towelled her hair, with her arms lifted above her head, he could see the red-gold wiry fuzz in her armpits; he was distracted by the long oval swell of her abdomen and the knot of her navel, so close to his eyes.

"But what about you?" he said. "What is it that's been happening to us, these last few months?"

"Oh, that," she said lightly. "That's all over."

"What's all over?"

"Whatever it was. My crazy fit. Whatever got inside me when I killed that swan."

"Crazy fit?"

"Abducted-by-aliens kind of thing. I can't explain it."

"Is that all you're going to tell me?"

Suzie drew a smiley face in the condensation on the washbasin mirror. "I know you always think I'm stupid."

"I don't, Suzie. That's not—"

"But I had this dream last night, about ice cream. I was trying to buy it or something, some special kind with fruit in it. I couldn't find it anywhere. D'you remember that I don't really like ice cream, and we always wondered afterward why I was eating it that first day we met? So when I woke up I thought I ought to come home. I thought the dream was a sign. A good sign."

The hot steam in the bathroom was making David feel sick and weak. "And where were you sleeping, when you woke up out of this dream?"

She bent down over him where he sat, wrapping the towel around both of them for a moment, printing her heated body wetly against his clothes. He closed his eyes.

"You don't need to know," she said to him in the warm dark. "It doesn't matter. It'll be O.K. now, honestly." ♦

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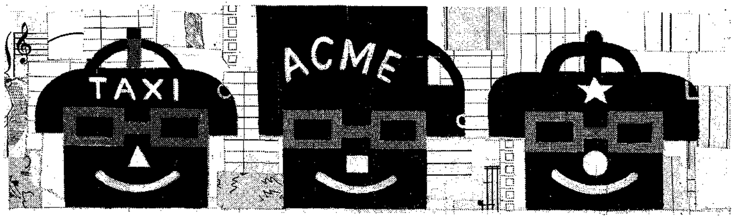


POP MUSIC

BIG TIME

The outsized appeal of Arcade Fire.

BY SASHA FRERE-JONES

There is little about the Montreal band Arcade Fire that is not big. The group has seven core members, including its founders, a married couple named Win Butler (who is six feet three) and Régine Chassagne. Onstage, Arcade Fire expands to nine musicians, or more. The band's unusually polished début, "Funeral," which was recorded for less than ten thousand dollars and released in 2004, has sold more than three hundred thousand copies, according to Nielsen SoundScan. This is a robust number for an independent band, especially one whose fans append free MP3s of the songs to their gushing Web posts. (An entry on a blog called "Burning Light of Reason" commands, "If you are a human being, you owe it to your eternal soul to love the Arcade Fire and see them play live." David Bowie has performed live with the band, and, on a recent tour, U2 chose "Wake Up," Arcade Fire's apocalyptic sing-along about lightning bolts, to play over the sound system before its performances. ("Wake Up" is also played during pregame ceremonies at Rangers games at Madison Square Garden.)

Arcade Fire speaks to several generations at once. The fervid tenor of the band's music, always pitching toward some kind of revelation, is a quality of youth. That the songs also sound like U2's battle calls, or the expansive rumbles of Bruce Springsteen's E Street Band, may account for its following among older listeners, who might otherwise be wary of musicians singing in French as well as in English, drumming on each other's heads (prudently helmeted), and citing Haitian history. Arcade Fire earns the right to borrow or steal what it needs; the band is a torrent of energy and ideas, and its edits of the past are sometimes improvements. (Butler's Springsteen moments involve about half as many words as Bruce would use.) Arcade Fire songs aim, without apology or irony, for grandeur, and, more often than not, they achieve it. But the voices at the heart of the band sound as though they were coming from the congregation, not the pulpit.

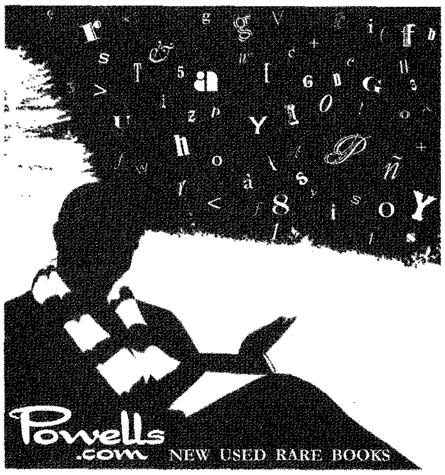
Arcade Fire's preference for imperfect, analog recordings and, in live shows, imperfect, analog clothing—like suspenders—will please both those who find MTV glitz outdated and those who never warmed to the idea of bling in the first place. The pen-and-ink illustrations that accompany "Funeral," including an image of a hand manipulating a quill, signal the band's commitment to painstaking effort—whether it's adding complicated horn and string arrangements to a rock song or making a promotional video for the Web in the style of a nineteen-seventies late-night-television commercial.

Arcade Fire's success is probably heartening to the older musicians who inspired it but had to funnel their work through the major-label system, responding to the demands of studio executives. The band's members own a studio outside Montreal—a deconsecrated church, appropriately—and hold the rights to their master recordings; they release their music by making licensing deals with labels. In March, Arcade Fire will release a new album, "Neon Bible," on the independent label Merge, and tickets for the five shows the band is playing this week at New York's Judson Church sold out within minutes in January. (On Craigslist, several fans offered tickets in exchange for sex.)

The band's music is built around simple motifs, but the arrangements are symphonic, even if the portable orchestra of strings, horns, accordions, hurdy-gurdies, and various keyboards sounds a bit ramshackle, like a local repertory production of "The Threepenny Opera" that has gone on the road. Butler frequently establishes a song with a bass line—the guitar is secondary in Arcade Fire's generous arsenal—and a wobbly, keening voice that recalls Ian McCulloch, of Echo & the Bunnymen, especially when it leaps up in pitch and begins to break. A typical track starts small, with Butler singing over a one-chord drone, which grows into a rosy thrum that could be the product of twenty people. Those who can hear traces of U2's triumphalism—insistent pedal-point bass lines balanced by piercing motifs octaves above—may also recognize beats and yelps lifted from the Ronettes and Talking Heads, representatives of different eras of big.

"Funeral" contains a series of songs entitled "Neighborhood," each with a different subtitle ("Tunnels," "7 Kettles," "Laika"), that deal with images of a family in peril: parents' hands are covered in ice; a brother named Alex is bitten by a vampire; babies can't be named, because the singer has forgotten all names; and tunnels are being dug—to shelter the family, the band, or maybe an entire society. One of the album's most rousing tracks—which should have been a hit but wasn't—is "Rebellion (Lies)." Over a pounding bass-and-piano ostinato, Butler rails against sleep—"giving in," in his words—and calls out, "People say that your dreams are the only things that save you. Come on, baby, in our dreams we can live our misbehavior." When Butler punctuates the verse with the words "Every time you close your eyes," the band cheerily chants back, "Lies, lies!" (In Arcade Fire, more is always better: if

The songs aim, without apology or irony, for grandeur. More often than not, they achieve it. Photograph by Anton Corbijn.



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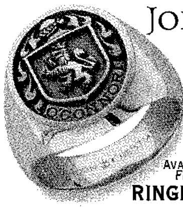

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five band members are available to sing, five will sing.) It's unclear whether the chorus means to call the singer a liar, or whether lies are what surround us as we sleep; the ambiguity saves the song from pomposity.

"Neon Bible," which takes its name from a dystopic novel that John Kennedy Toole wrote when he was sixteen, is no less majestic than "Funeral," but full-throated exhortations to forge ahead have been replaced with visions of dropping bombs and being chased. Escape is the recurring theme of "Neon Bible"; oddly, none of this makes the band sound any less optimistic. The single "Keep the Car Running" begins with a charging, rackety D chord, as electric bass, mandolin, and hurdy-gurdy alternate between the root and the fifth. The lyrics suggest that Butler is having even more trouble with sleep than usual: "Every night my dream's the same. Same old city with a different name. Men are coming to take me away. I don't know why, but I know I can't stay." When he sings, "There's a fear I keep so deep, knew its name since before I could speak," the band joins in with a barrel-chested wordless melody—"Aaah, aaaaah"—as if setting up a campfire in the middle of a nightmare. The musicians hammer on, only to stop suddenly, just as the noise begins to grow—an atypical move for a band that loves to push songs to cathartic peaks and let them topple.

"Windowsill" is more straightforward. The song is largely acoustic, with lyrics arranged in a traditional ballad form, each verse ending with the line "I don't want to live in my father's house no more." Butler rejects pop culture and welcomes oblivion—"MTV, what have you done to me? Save my soul, set me free. . . . World War Three, when are you coming for me?"—and states flatly, "I don't want to live in America no more." (Butler grew up in Texas and moved to Montreal in 2001.)

At the end of January, Arcade Fire played three shows in London, at St. John's Church, a building that typically presents classical music. The church is unadorned, with a single chandelier hanging in the nave. The capacity crowd sat, noisily happy but restrained, on metal and vinyl chairs. The band began the show by marching single file up the right aisle, past the crowd, and onto the stage. Butler wore suspenders, Vietnam-era combat boots, and a blue-and-gray shirt whose sleeves and body came from thrift-store finds stitched together by the girlfriend of the guitarist, Richard Reed Parry. (Butler later described the shirt as "Frankensteined.") After a shaky opening spent negotiating the murk of ten amplified instruments reverberating in a room built before electricity, the band cohered. Chassagne, a cherubic woman with a pile of dark hair, wore a black dress decorated with silver spangles and red fishnet fingerless gloves. Butler, who was stern and blank-faced during the opening song, a thrilling fever dream called "Black Mirror," relaxed during the breaks, joking with the crowd and cursing to dispel any lingering piety. ("It's not like we're in a church or something," he cracked.) Chassagne was playful when she took up the role of lead singer during the first half of "Black Wave/Bad Vibrations"—which begins as a lighthearted Beach Boys tribute and gradually sinks into stormier territory—but during the breaks she switched efficiently from the accordion to the hurdy-gurdy and then the drums.

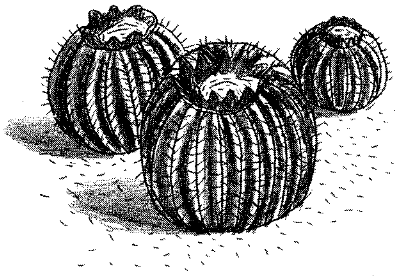
Arcade Fire values showmanship; attending more than one performance makes it clear exactly how much. At each concert in London, by the time the band reached "Rebellion (Lies)," in the middle of its roughly hour-long set, the sound was full, as deliberate as a well-rehearsed string quartet but as loose as a liquored-up marching band. "Rebellion" inspires whistles from even a docile crowd, and the band responded each time. The first night, Will Butler, Win's brother and the band's keyboard player, rolled up a sleeve and began to whack his left arm with his right. Then he picked up a large snare drum and began to whale away at it, his back to the crowd. Without warning, he threw the drum high in the air, catching it so that it narrowly missed his brother's head. After repeating the stunt three times, Will fell to his knees and settled for hitting the drum.

The next night, Win raised the stakes. Halfway through the second verse of "Rebellion," he walked into the crowd, climbing from chair to chair. The audience members coöperated by carefully passing the microphone cord over their heads as he made his way among them, singing and drenched in sweat. Cordless microphones are fairly common now. It is hard to imagine Arcade Fire ever using one. ◆

BRIEFLY NOTED

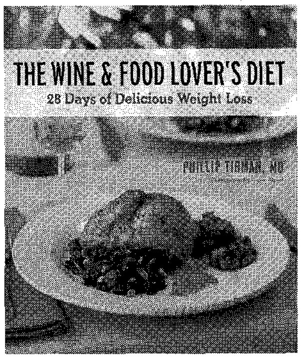
Call Me by Your Name, *by André Aciman (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $23).* Aciman's first novel shows him to be an acute grammarian of desire. When Oliver, a handsome young American philosopher, arrives in a seaside town in Italy to work on a book about Heraclitus, as the guest of an Italian professor, the son of the house, Elio—seventeen, studious, moody, and ravenous—falls for him. Elio's edgy rapture as he forms himself in relation to another plays out against the background of a scorching Mediterranean summer, and Aciman introduces a small universe of characters who are themselves altered by the charged air that surrounds the lovers: Elio's mother, who calls Oliver *il cauboi* (the cowboy); his generous, hazy father; and the household's cantankerous cook, who every morning carefully cracks open the American's soft-boiled eggs.

Fruit of the Lemon, *by Andrea Levy (Picador; $15).* Levy's previous novel, "Small Island," examined the lives of Jamaican immigrants in Britain in the nineteen-forties. Here she depicts the next generation: the London-born children, circa 1970, who grapple with the knowledge that they are often still considered outsiders. Faith, working as a dresser for children's television, is a somewhat heedless young woman whose assumption that she lives in a color-blind world is quickly demolished. At work, she finds that the only actors she's allowed to touch are dolls; soon afterward, she helps a black woman who has been attacked by three youths. Her concerned parents send her to Jamaica, where she slowly recovers a sense of balance and uncovers her family's past. Faith's initial obliviousness to prejudice makes the first half of the book feel implausible; but, once the narrative moves to Jamaica, Levy's remarkable ability to weave a complex, engrossing family history takes over.



John Osborne, *by John Heilpern (Knopf; $35).* This biography provides a nuanced portrait of a playwright whose unbridled life—five wives, countless feuds—is the stuff of easy caricature. Heilpern draws on Osborne's bleak private notebooks to generate acute readings of his often autobiographical plays. Sympathy for the man and admiration for the work don't blind Heilpern to his subject's outsized flaws. Osborne had a talent for invective and could be cruelly intolerant in matters large and small. He threatened theatre critics with physical violence by way of anonymous seaside postcards. Stung by his teen-age daughter's indifference to high culture, he damned her as "criminally commonplace" and never spoke to her again. Without excusing such "breathtaking abuse," Heilpern makes a compelling case for Osborne as a necessary "truth-teller" and "unyielding advocate of individualism in conformist times."

This Has Happened, *by Piera Sonnino, translated from the Italian by Ann Goldstein (Palgrave Macmillan; $21.95).* Sonnino's story of her Genoese Jewish family's deportation to Auschwitz was published by her daughters in 2002, in response to an Italian weekly's call for readers' memories. Born in 1922, Sonnino describes the family's slow decline from middle-class respectability to "dignified poverty" (a situation that the 1938 racial laws made irreparable) and the proud isolation that forged a tight family unit, thereby making individual escapes inconceivable. The uniquely devastating quality of this book comes from the Old World refinement embodied by Sonnino's parents and the systematic degradations their children see them endure. Sonnino also displays a propensity to dwell on human kindness. Although her family is betrayed by a fellow-Italian, she takes care to mention all who offer assistance along the way, even the elderly German woman who gives hot tea to her fainting sister.



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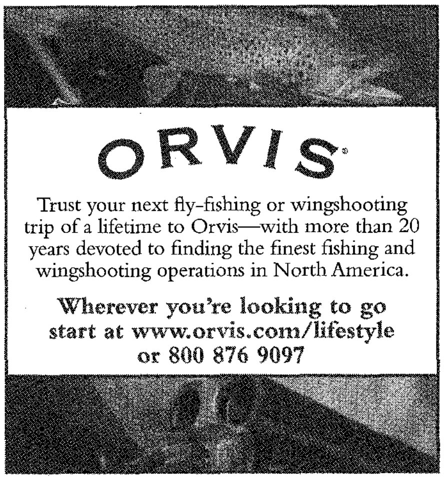

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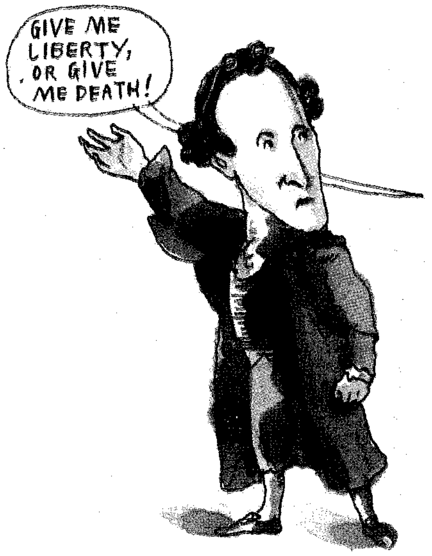
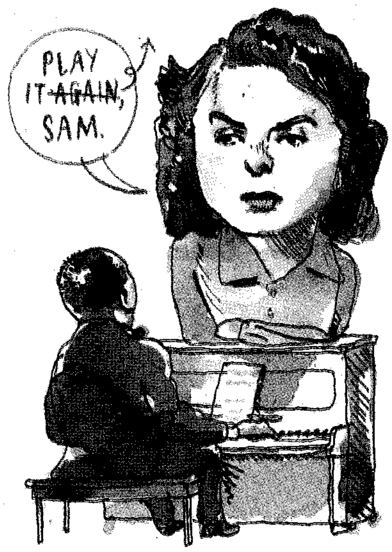
NOTABLE QUOTABLES

Is there anything that is not a quotation?

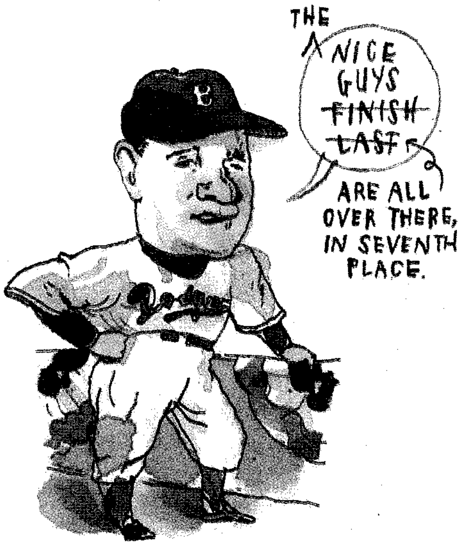
BY LOUIS MENAND


GIVE ME LIBERTY, OR GIVE ME DEATH!

Patrick Henry


PLAY IT ~~AGAIN~~, SAM.

Ingrid Bergman


THE NICE GUYS ~~FINISH LAST~~ ARE ALL OVER THERE, IN SEVENTH PLACE.

Leo Durocher

Sherlock Holmes never said “Elementary, my dear Watson.” Neither Ingrid Bergman nor anyone else in “Casablanca” says “Play it again, Sam”; Leo Durocher did not say “Nice guys finish last”; Vince Lombardi did say “Winning isn’t everything, it’s the only thing” quite often, but he got the line from someone else. Patrick Henry almost certainly did not say “Give me liberty, or give me death!”; William Tecumseh Sherman never wrote the words “War is hell”; and there is no evidence that Horace Greeley said “Go west, young man.” Marie Antoinette did not say “Let them eat cake”; Hermann Göring did not say “When I hear the word ‘culture,’ I reach for my gun”; and Muhammad Ali did not say “No Vietcong ever called me nigger.” Gordon Gekko, the character played by Michael Douglas in “Wall Street,” does not say “Greed is good”; James Cagney never says “You dirty rat” in any of his films; and no movie actor, including Charles Boyer, ever said “Come with me to the Casbah.” Many of the phrases for which Winston Churchill is famous he adapted from the phrases of other people, and when Yogi Berra said “I didn’t really say everything I said” he was correct.

So what? Should we care? Quotable quotes are coins rubbed smooth by circulation. What Michael Douglas did say in “Wall Street” was “Greed, for lack of a better word, is good.” That was not a quotable quote; it needed some editorial attention, the consequence of which is that everyone distinctly remembers Michael Douglas uttering the words “Greed is good” in “Wall Street,” just as everyone distinctly remembers Ingrid Bergman uttering the words “Play it again, Sam” in “Casablanca,” even though what she really utters is “Play it, Sam.” When you watch the movie and get to that line, you don’t think your memory is wrong. You think the movie is wrong.

“For lack of a better word” spoils a nice quotation—the speech is about calling a spade a spade, so there *is* no better word—and “Play it again, Sam” is somehow more affecting than “Play it, Sam.” But not all emendations are improvements. What Leo Durocher actually said (referring to the New York Giants baseball team) was “The nice guys are all over there, in seventh place.” The sportswriters who heard him telescoped (the technical term is “piped”) the quote because it made a neater headline. They could have done a better job of piping. “Nice guys finish seventh” is a lot cleverer (and also marginally more plausible) than the non-utterance that gave immortality to Leo Durocher. But Leo Durocher doesn’t own that quotation; the quotation owns Leo Durocher, the way a parasite sometimes takes over the host organism. Quotations are in a perpetual struggle for survival. They want people to keep saying them. They don’t want to die any more than the rest of us do. And so, whenever they can, they attach themselves to colorful or famous people. “Nice guys finish last” profits by its association with a man whose nickname was the Lip, even if the Lip never said it, just as “Winning isn’t everything” has a higher market valuation because of the mental image people have of Vince Lombardi. No one has a mental image of Henry (Red) Sanders, the coach who used the phrase first.

The adaptive mechanism benefits both parties. The survival of the quotation helps insure the survival of the person to whom it is misattributed. The Patrick Henry who lives in our heads and hearts is the man who said “Give me liberty, or give me death!” Apparently, the line was cooked up by his biographer William Wirt, a notorious

BARRY BLITT

embellisher, who also invented Henry's other familiar quotation, "If this be treason, make the most of it!" But a Patrick Henry who never said "Give me liberty, or give me death!" or "If this be treason, make the most of it!," a Patrick Henry without a death wish, is just not someone we know or care about. His having been said to have said what he never said is a condition of his being "Patrick Henry." Certain sayings, like "It's déjà vu all over again," are Berra-isms, whether Yogi Berra ever said them or not. "*Je ne suis pas marxiste*," Karl Marx once complained. Too late for that. Like Yogi, he was the author of a discourse, and he lives as long as it does.

Karl Marx has thirteen quotations (plus eight for which he shares credit with Friedrich Engels, who, interestingly, never felt it necessary to say "*Je ne suis pas engeliste*") in the compendious, enjoyable, and expensive "Yale Book of Quotations" (Yale; $50), edited by Fred Shapiro. Groucho Marx (no relation) has fifty-one quotations. The big winner is William Shakespeare, with four hundred and fifty-five, topping even the Yahwist and his co-authors, the wordsmiths who churned out the Bible but managed to come up with only four hundred quotable passages. Mark Twain has a hundred and fifty-three quotations, Oscar Wilde a hundred and twenty-three. Ambrose Bierce edges out Samuel Johnson in double overtime by a final score of a hundred and forty-four to a hundred and ten. And Woody Allen has forty, beating out William Wordsworth, Rudyard Kipling, and both Roosevelts.

Shapiro, a librarian at the Yale Law School, is an attribution hound, as is Ralph Keyes, a quotation specialist and the author of "The Quote Verifier" (St. Martin's; $15.95). "Misquotation is an occupational hazard of quotation," Keyes advises, and both he and Shapiro have gone to considerable trouble to track down the original utterances that became famous quotations and their original utterers. Keyes finds that quotations tend to mutate in the direction of greater pith. He offers the original words of Rodney King as an instance: "People, I just want to say, you know, can we all get along? Can we get along? Can we stop making it, making it horrible for the older people and the kids? . . . Please, we can get along here. We all can get along. I mean, we're all stuck here for a while. Let's try to work it out. Let's try to beat it. Let's try to beat it. Let's try to work it out." This is the rambling outburst that became the astringent and immortal "Can't we all get along?" Keyes calls the process "bumper-stickering." It worked well for Rodney King.

Shapiro gives us results of similar detective work, and he offers additional scholarly fruit in the form of citations for the first appearance of many well-known terms, slogans, and catchphrases. "This book takes a broad view of what constitutes a quotation," he explains. The Internet has helped him out, and a lot of the stuff he has come up with is pretty irresistible. It is extremely interesting to know, for instance, that the phrase "Shit happens" was introduced to print by one Connie Eble, in a publication identified as "UNC–CH Slang" (presumably the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill), in 1983. "Life's a bitch, and then you die," a closely related reflection, dates from 1982, the year it appeared in the Washington *Post*. "Been there, done that" entered the public discourse in 1983, via the *Union Recorder*, a publication out of the University of Sydney. "Get a life": the Washington *Post*, 1983. (What *is* it about the nineteen-eighties, anyway?) "Size doesn't matter," a phrase, or at least a hope, that would seem to have been around since the Pleistocene, did not see print until 1989, rather late in the history of the species, when it appeared in the Boston *Globe*.

There are some neat finds and a few surprises (to me, anyway) in the Yale book. I did not know that Billy Wilder was the person who said that hindsight is always 20/20. "There ain't no such thing as a free lunch" is attributable to a journalist named Walter Morrow, writing in the San Francisco *News* in 1949. We owe the useful phrase "Sue the bastards!" to Victor J. Yannacone, Jr., identified as a U.S. lawyer and environmentalist. It was Jack Weinberg, of the Berkeley Free Speech Movement, who first said "You can't trust anybody over thirty." Joey Adams gets the credit for "With friends like that, who needs enemies?" The phrase "You can't go home again" was given to Thomas Wolfe by the writer Ella Winter. It was the

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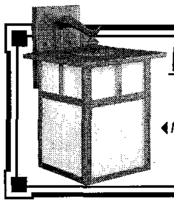

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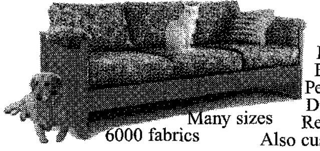

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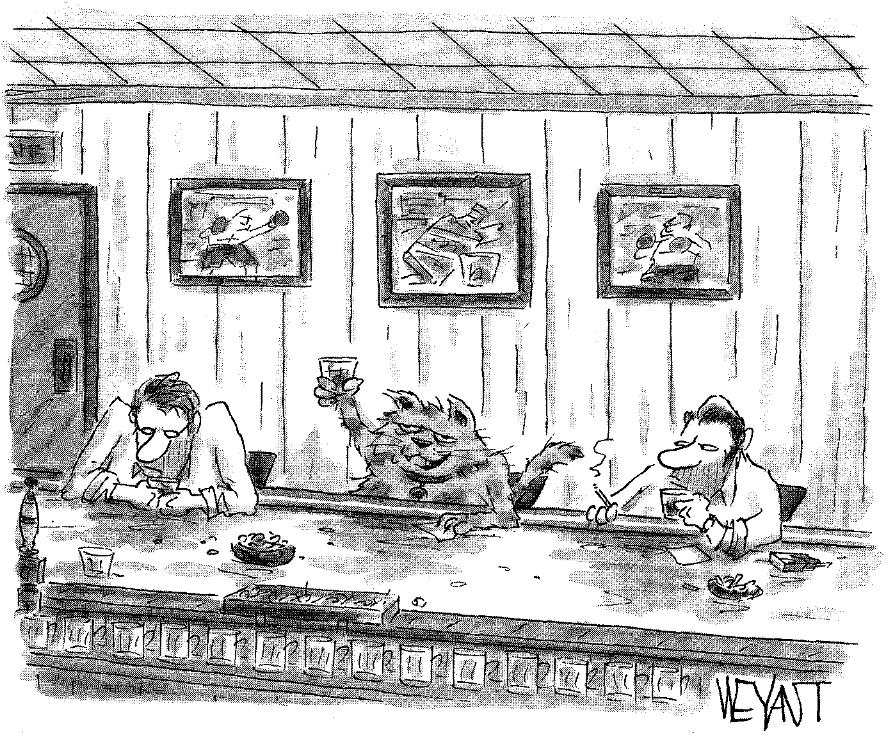
wonderful story writer John McNulty, and not Yogi Berra, who was responsible for "Nobody goes there anymore. It's too crowded." "I'm not really a Jew. Just Jew-ish": Jonathan Miller, in "Beyond the Fringe." And the first person to call a spade a spade? That's right, it was Erasmus.

Shapiro has a good ear for the quote bites of contemporary celebrity culture, and the courage to set out on this endless sea. Donald Trump appears twice, for "Deals are my art form" and (in a section headed "Television Catchphrases") "You're fired!" Cherilyn Sarkisian LaPierre, known to most of us as Cher, is included for the lines "Mother told me a couple of years ago, 'Sweetheart, settle down and marry a rich man.' I said, 'Mom, I am a rich man.' " (The great Sonny Bono, on the other hand, is sadly missing and deeply missed. What about "The beat goes on"? "I got you, babe"? Jingles that got us through some unhappy hours.) Zsa Zsa Gabor, asked how many husbands she has had, said, "You mean apart from my own?" Tug McGraw, asked what he would do with the salary he was making as a pitcher, said "Ninety percent I'll spend on good times, women, and Irish whiskey. The other ten percent I'll probably waste." "I ate a whole chocolate bar" was Claudia Schiffer's comment after her retirement from the catwalk. There are separate sections in the Yale book for "Star Trek" (ten items, including "Live long and prosper" and "He's dead, Jim"; Gene Roddenberry has a section of his own), for "Advertising Slogans" (immediately following the section for Theodor Adorno, who would have grimly appreciated the irony and probably composed an incomprehensible aphorism about it), for "Sayings" ("No more Mr. Nice Guy": New York *Times*, 1967), for "Political Slogans," and for "Film Lines." I'm not sure that the sentence spoken by L. Paul Bremer III upon the capture of Saddam Hussein, "Ladies and gentleman, we got him," is all that deathless, but I'm quite pleased with the single quotation attributed to Richard B. Cheney, identified as a U.S. government official, and dated May 30, 2005: "The insurgency is in its last throes."

It is tiresome to encounter, for the millionth time (J. Joyce), George Santayana's tiresome mot "Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it" (manifestly untrue any way you look at it). And it is annoying to reread Alfred North Whitehead's pompous *bouleversements:* "There are no whole truths; all truths are half-truths"; "Everything of importance has been said before by somebody who did not discover it." But if sententious paradoxes get endlessly circulated, that is not the editor's fault. Wilde was an epigrammatic genius, it's true, but too large a dose may cause stomach upset. Shapiro is interested in the sociology of knowledge (which is precisely where the study of quotation belongs), so there are quotations from Robert K. Merton, George Sarton, and Talcott Parsons, but relatively less attention is given to other academic figures. (Stanley Fish does not appear, though it can't be for lack of material. Edward Said does.) There is inevitably a problem in the case of people who are the quotation equivalent of vending machines. Charles Dickens, for example, or Bob Dylan, who is represented by a list of twenty-seven quotations that will seem, to anyone who is a Dylan listener, hopelessly arbitrary. It should all be here, every line!

In fact, though it is ungracious to say, a lot of the fun of this fun book is in second-guessing the editor. Virginia Woolf's quotations include the first sentence of "Mrs. Dalloway" ("Mrs. Dalloway said she would buy the flowers herself") but not the equally famous last sentence of "To the Lighthouse" ("She had had her vision"). Franz Kafka, a deep mine of quotability, has just eleven entries, and it is disappointing that one of them is not "It is enough that the arrows fit exactly in the wounds that they have made." There are two quotations from William James on the subject of truth, but not the most elegant of his formulations: "The true is the name for whatever proves itself to be good in the way of belief." Guy Debord, a brilliant aphorist who coined the phrase "society of the spectacle," is represented only by a late and dubious quotation about quotations. ("Quotations are useful in periods of ignorance or obscurantist beliefs.") The section for Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr.—like his father an inexhaustible fount of one-liners—lacks the always apt reminder that "certitude is not the test of certainty." The philosopher Sidney Morgenbesser, whose offhand remarks were celebrated enough to have been collected, is here only for his famous retort to a speaker who had said that although there are many cases in which two negatives make a positive, he knew of no case in which two positives made a negative ("Yeah yeah"). Samuel Beckett has only nine quotations, most of them from "Waiting for Godot." We miss his remark about what it will be like in the afterlife: "We'll sit around talking about the good old days, when we wished that we were dead." Goethe has twenty-six entries, including one that was new to me (the attribution, not the sentiment): "He can lick my ass" (1773). But a line from "Wilhelm Meister" that has given me resolve is not here: "Action is easy; thought is hard." We miss Henri Bergson's gnomic observation "The universe is a machine for the making of gods." There is a large woodpile of Robert Frost lines, but the couplet that ends "The Tuft of Flowers"—"Men work together, I told him from the heart, / Whether they work together or apart"—is not in it.



"To the better mousetrap."

• •

Poetry is, admittedly, an insuperable problem for quotation compilers. The feeling that the top of your head has been taken off, a definition of what makes a quote quotable that Shapiro takes from Emily Dickinson (who took it, basically, from Kant and Burke, who took it from Longinus—a nice example of the sociology of quotation), is a feeling that readers of poetry expect from every poem they read. They are in the game to look for the strong line. But—and now we are getting to the theoretical heart of the Problem of Quotation—the experience of sublimity is subjective and associational. For some reason, a string is plucked and it never stops vibrating. Who knows why, exactly? Everyone has a list. "My glass is full, and now my glass is run." "But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you." "In the gloom, the gold gathers the light against it." "Led by a blind and teachit by a bairn." "And softly said, *Dear heart, how like you this*?" "The waste remains, the waste remains and kills." "I bleed by the black stream/ For my torn bough." "There's a stake in your fat black heart." "This shaking keeps me steady. I should know." "Drive, he said." "You must change your life." None of these are in the Yale book, but why would I expect them to be? They're from my book.

"You can get a happy quotation anywhere if you have the eye," the younger Holmes once wrote. He thought that you could find wisdom and felicity even in advertisements if you knew how to tweak them properly. And when you start taking phrases out of context and recasting them as quotations, you begin to feel (Shapiro must have undergone this sensation) a little vertiginous. What is not, potentially, a quotation? The dullest instructional prose, with the right light thrown on it, can acquire the gleam of suggestiveness or insight. "Objects in the rear-view mirror may appear closer than they are": that one has been appropriated many times. Whenever I take a plane, I am struck by "Secure your own mask before assisting others" as advice with wide application. And I have often found myself imagining ways of fitting tab A into slot B.

Public circulation is what renders something a quotation. It's quotable because it's been quoted, and its having been quoted gives it authority. Quotations are prostheses. "As Emerson/Churchill/Donald Trump once observed" borrows another person's brain waves and puts them to your own use. (If you fail to credit Emerson et al., it's called plagiarism. But isn't plagiarism just the purest form of quotation?) Then, there is a subset of quotations that are personal. We pick them up off the public street, but we put them to private uses. We hoard quotations like amulets. They are charms against chaos, secret mantras for dark times, strings that vibrate forever in defiance of the laws of time and space. That they may be opaque or banal to everyone else is what makes them precious: they aren't supposed to work for everybody. They're there to work for us. Some are little generational badges of identity. Some just seem to pop up on a million occasions. Some are razors. "I see a red door and I want it painted black." "*Devenir immortelle, et puis, mourir.*" "Much smaller piece." "You're two tents." The quotation I have found most potent in warding off evil spirits is the motto of the Flemish philosopher Arnold Geulincx (1624-69): "*Ubi nihil vales, ibi nihil velis.*" "Where you are worth nothing, you should want nothing." That's mine. You can't use it. ♦

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

From the Washington Post.

After he was exposed, Lambton told an intelligence officer that he had thrown himself into a "frenzied" round of "gardening and debauchery" to get over the fact that he had lost a three-year battle over the use of his father's title.

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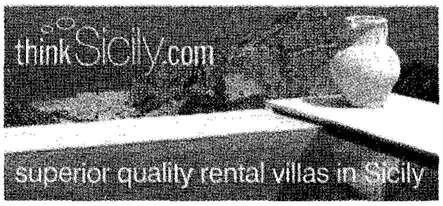

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THE THEATRE

SIGHT UNSEEN

Alan Ball and Wallace Shawn on denial.

BY JOHN LAHR

A good playwright always signals his theme, if only obliquely, in the first exchanges of a play. In the opening scene of Shakespeare's "Hamlet," for instance, a sentinel on the parapets in the dark cries out, "Who's there?" The question lies behind all of Hamlet's subsequent antic behavior: is anyone who he seems? Likewise, at the beginning of Joe Orton's "Loot," a credulous widower, whose son will soon bury stolen money in his mother's coffin, is approached by a nurse. "Wake up. Stop dreaming," she says, signalling the ferocious attack on received opinion that follows.

"Just looking" are the first words directed at Omar, the savvy phone salesman and bisexual hustler in Alan Ball's fascinating "All That I Will Ever Be" (deftly directed by Jo Bonney, at the New York Theatre Workshop). Looking, of course, is not the same as seeing; here, Omar (the subtle, edgy Peter Macdissi), a foreigner of Middle Eastern origin in the era of post-September 11th suspicion, is as objectified as the phones he sells. He is invited into the homes of others for sexual encounters, but he is never seen as a human being. "That's it, fuck me, Osama! Sandnigger!" one of Omar's tricks, the disenchanted, lost Dwight (Austin Lysy), says. Later, as the two begin to form an emotional attachment, Dwight asks, "Can you imagine what it must be like, to live without people you don't even know hating you because of what you are?" "No," Omar replies. At once defended and desolate, Omar struggles under the weight of others' preconceptions. "Maybe . . . I'm plotting along with all the other crazy sandniggers to bring America to its knees, while the rest of the world cheers," he jokes to Dwight. Dwight is not amused; if Omar were a terrorist, Dwight tells him, he'd turn him in.

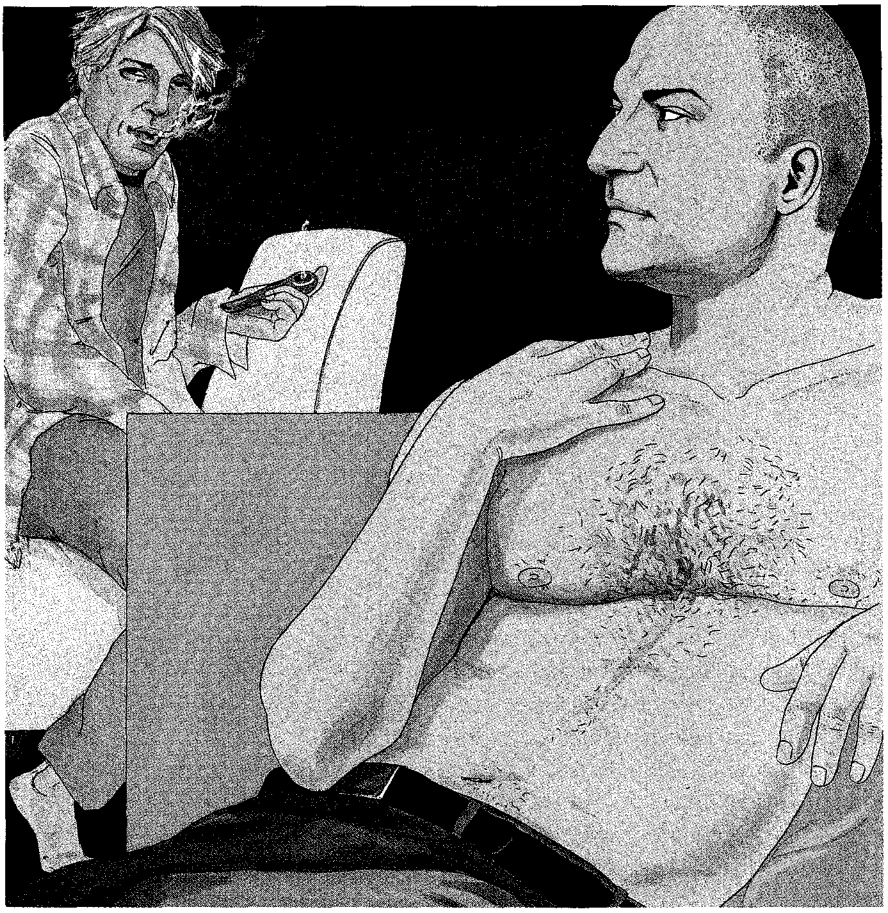
In a series of mostly taut and well-written encounters, Omar finds himself variously ignored, abandoned, and paid to leave. His particularly robust sexual expertise is a testament to his desire to find a place for himself in the alien American landscape, to root himself somehow in the imagination of another person—in "that secret place in him," he says, "that's just like that secret place in me." A genuine note of excitement seeps into Omar's guarded badinage when he describes giving oral sex as "feeling the power of all creation fill you up until you *are* all creation" and "just losing yourself in the fact that you are right up there in the gate of fucking life, and you get to drink it up all you want." This last evocation of erotic intimacy is addressed to a female African-American studio executive whom Omar picks up. "Are you for real?" she says. Omar, a protean figure, eager to be mirrored back, answers, "You tell me."

Ball, who won an Academy Award for his screenplay for "American Beauty" (1999) and who conceived and produced the Emmy Award-winning TV series "Six Feet Under," knows how to build a scene and how to make his sentences pop; his narrative authority gives the audience confidence that Omar's perplexing and prickly contradictions—his fear of being looked at, his longing to be looked after—will eventually lead to a satisfying psychological revelation. And they do. Omar's defense against the humiliation of his invisibility in American society is to lie about his identity. "I'm from wherever you want me to be from," he tells one trick. In the course of the play, he claims to be French, Egyptian, Greek, Saudi, Iranian, Puerto Rican, and Algerian. The truth is finally coaxed out of him in a pivotal, postcoital scene with Raymond (the compelling David Margulies), an avuncular, well-travelled widower and father of three, who guesses that Omar is not the "Arabian stallion" he's advertised to be on the Internet. Under Raymond's sympathetic gaze—"We deserve to be loved, purely and unconditionally, just for who we are," he tells Omar in passing—Omar admits his origins and even his reasons for leaving his past behind. "I am ashamed of it," he says, adding, "I miss *having* a family, but . . . I don't miss *my* family." Raymond, who has come to terms with the loss of his beloved wife, with his homosexuality, and with his physical unattractiveness, exhibits a clear-sightedness that Omar reads as fearlessness. "I feel so peaceful with you," Omar says. Raymond, too, has some experience with not being seen. "During the actual lovemaking, they keep their eyes shut," he says, without rancor, of the rent boys he hires, adding, "You weren't afraid of looking at me, seeing me. . . . I thank you for that." To which Omar replies, "Most of the guys I meet don't really want to see *me* either. They may keep their eyes open but they don't see me, they don't see me one bit."

Omar eventually battles his way through the resistance of one of his male pickups until he is finally acknowledged. At the end of the play, he rocks the man like a baby; it's a maternal image, an echo of that first gaze of love, when the spectacle of self begins, which is, in Tennessee Williams's words, as "undeliberate as the act of breathing."

The unseen—or, more precisely, the poor, to whose plight we repeatedly blind ourselves—is also the subject of Wallace Shawn's ninety-minute political meditation "The Fever" (in revival at the Acorn, under the direction of Scott Elliott). I first heard Shawn deliver this monologue in a hotel room in London, in the eighties, when he was in the habit of presenting the piece in drawing rooms—and hotel rooms—as a way, he argued, "of taking it off the cultural menu of entertainment." The current production simulates that intimate ambience by throwing a congenial pre-show cocktail party onstage, where Shawn plays the host before settling into a leather chair beneath a reading lamp and lowering the boom on the people he has just been mixing with.

Unlike the narrator of Shawn's subsequent, masterly play "The Designated Mourner," the narrator here—the Traveller, as he calls himself—is not unreliable, just profoundly distressed at the torture and poverty he has recently witnessed in an unnamed Latin-American country. He recounts how he found himself in the dark, bent over a toilet bowl and vomiting at the thought of what he'd seen. He begins to call into question his own life, and his culture's indifference to the suffering of others. "What is it that determines the price of a coat?" he asks himself, deconstructing Marx's notion of commodity fetishism. "The coat's price comes from its history, the history of all the people who were involved in making it and selling it and all the particular relationships they had," he says. He goes on, "Yet we hide those relationships from our own awareness by pretending we live in a world where coats have no history but just fall down from heaven with prices marked inside." In a cunning, faux-naïve celebration of life's blessings, Shawn dissects the strategies of upper-middle-class denial, the inertia caused by abundance. "One of the things that *I* always loved . . . was the wonderful way that valuable small objects—the Christmas presents and birthday presents that adults always gave to each other—were wrapped, were packed," he says, adding, "My friends and I were the delicate, precious, breakable children, and we always knew it. We knew it because of the way we were wrapped—because of the soft underwear laid out on our beds, soft socks to protect our feet."



Austin Lysy and Peter Macdissi as lovers in "All That I Will Ever Be."

LARA TOMLIN

Shawn's strategy is to disenchant himself about himself; he is hilarious about our ability to overlook the hornswoggling behind a life of privilege. "A decent person cannot be a person who's gotten away with something," he says. "A decent person cannot have what it's not appropriate for them to have." For Shawn, the price of socioeconomic domination is terror. "The poor . . . live on their rage," he says. "They eat rage. They want to rise up and finish us, wipe us off the earth as soon as they can."

In 1990, when "The Fever" was first performed on a New York stage, the *Times* blew off the show as a "radical-chic stunt." On the contrary, the monologue is still as bold and as fresh as it seemed to many back then: a prophetic foreshadowing of America's current parlous political situation and an eloquent piece of dramatic prose. ♦

THE CURRENT CINEMA

DOUBLE LIVES

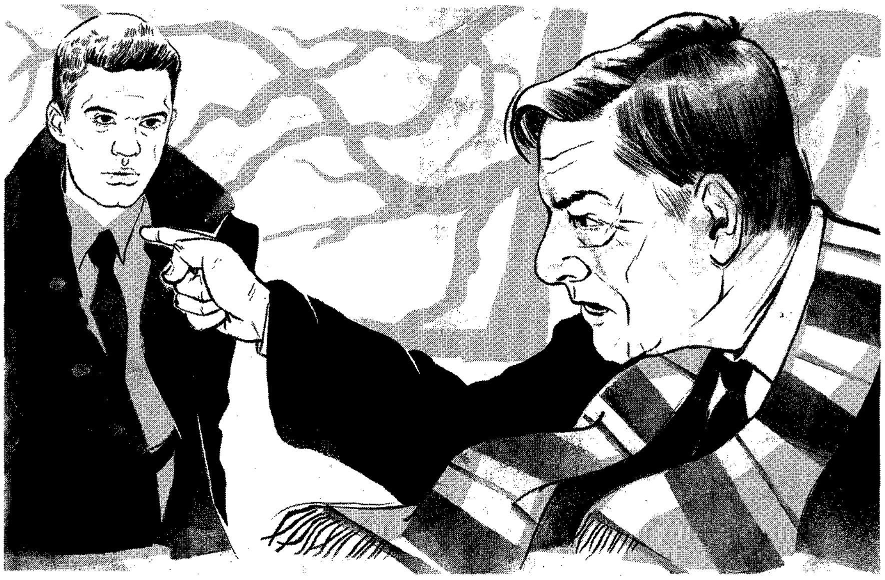
"Breach" and "Factory Girl."

BY DAVID DENBY

Some kinds of perversity are so bizarre that one despairs of ever understanding them. The mental state of Robert Hanssen, who for more than twenty years spied for the Soviet Union and then for Russia while productively employed as a counterintelligence analyst for the F.B.I., may be one such case. Hanssen, who was arrested in February, 2001, and was sentenced to life imprisonment in May, 2002, was not a rebel with a romantic attachment to Communism, like the British double agents Kim Philby, Guy Burgess, and Donald Maclean. On the contrary, Hanssen appears to have despised Communism and to have loved this country, though the information he gave the Russians sent Soviet agents who were working for the United States to their death. He took money—perhaps as much as one million four hundred thousand dollars in cash and diamonds—but piling up treasure seems not to have been his primary motivation, either. At one point, Hanssen implored the K.G.B. not to give him large sums of cash, since such deposits might have attracted the notice of federal drug-enforcement agents. Much of the money, as it turns out, was put into a Russian account, and he wasn't able to spend it. Hanssen lived in suburban Virginia, was married, and had six children; he was a devout Catholic who went to Mass every week, sometimes every day. At the same time, he posted his sexual fantasies on the Internet and took his favorite stripper to Hong Kong; he also installed a hidden camera in his bedroom so that a male friend could watch him and his wife making love. "I contain multitudes," Whitman said, but this is ridiculous.

At the beginning of "Breach," a sombre thriller about the downfall of this strange man, a young and ambitious F.B.I. employee, Eric O'Neill (Ryan Phillippe), is assigned to be an assistant to Hanssen (Chris Cooper). O'Neill's superior, Special Agent Burroughs (a buttoned-up Laura Linney), informs him of Hanssen's sexual obsessions but of nothing else. His instructions are to watch his new boss and report back everything he says and does. O'Neill, somewhat puzzled by the assignment, becomes Hanssen's clerk, secretary, and driver, and Hanssen tests and bullies him, complaining of his tepid religious beliefs. Ryan Phillippe, looking serious in dark hair, purses his lips and frowns, and does a decent enough job with O'Neill, an intelligent and strong-willed young man who is almost as tightly controlled as Hanssen. But, initially, Chris Cooper's performance is the center of interest in the movie. As Hanssen, he is formidable, saturnine, humorless—a pious sadist who likes to put people on the spot. Cooper has a leathery and menacing voice, and he's almost too forbidding here. This Hanssen is such a beetle-browed naysayer, dispensing religious bromides in his black suits, that he comes off as ludicrous—something out of a horror movie. Cooper does give Hanssen a streak of intellectual vanity, which may be the key to the double agent's character, but one wants him to open up the man a bit more—to give him a touch of glee, perhaps. If Hanssen didn't betray people for kicks, what did he do it for?

O'Neill finds out from his superiors that Hanssen is a mole, and, at the same time, Hanssen begins to suspect his eager assistant of spying on him. "Breach," written by Adam Mazer, William Rotko, and Billy Ray, and directed by Ray, was made in consultation with the real O'Neill, and one imagines that the movie sticks fairly close to what actually happened. Only poor dumb life could be as undramatic as this. A large part of the film consists of the two men stealthily moving in and out of locked offices—they wear out a ring of keys just opening doors. They drive around a lot, too, and have cheerless meals with their wives. Most of our thrillers are hyped up; this one is grayed out. Tak Fujimoto shot it in subdued light, mostly in dour institutional corridors. Yet the unexciting look and feel of the movie wouldn't have bothered me if the filmmakers had penetrated Hanssen's skull a little. We can see that he believes he wasn't taken seriously enough by the F.B.I., and we can guess that he wanted to show his colleagues that he was better at spying than any of them. Partly for his own safety, and partly, perhaps, because he loved managing everything in his life, he kept his identity secret from his Russian handlers. Hanssen must have relished the sheer pleasure of violation and control. But how does this temperamental quirk link up with his re-



Ryan Phillippe and Chris Cooper in a movie about the F.B.I. agent Robert Hanssen.

EDEL RODRIGUEZ

ligious obsessions? In the movie, we see him confessing to his priest again and again. But what, exactly, did he confess?

Edie Sedgwick, the leggy sixties heiress who became a *Vogue* "youthquaker" and Warhol superstar, and died of an overdose at twenty-eight, has inspired a kind of whirling, pocket bio-pic, "Factory Girl," in which the heroine (Sienna Miller) burns brightly and then snuffs herself out. It's a peculiar movie, frantic and useless, with a hyperactive camera that gives us no more than fleeting impressions of Edie ecstatic at parties, Edie strung out on drugs, Edie lying mostly naked on a bed, with her skin splotchy from injections. Whatever shrewdness or charm Sedgwick possessed that caused people to believe that she was a revolutionary figure in New York night life, it doesn't come through in this movie, though Sienna Miller, who laughs, fidgets, and acts up a storm of desperate anxiety, tries hard to bring the girl to life. The busy but inexpressive screenplay by Captain Mauzner—George Hickenlooper directed—starts off with Edie as an excitable, shallow ingénue at art school and launches her into Manhattan, where, in 1965, she has an epochal meeting with Andy Warhol (Guy Pearce) at a party. She's awed by the Pop artist-manufacturer, and Warhol, in need of a new superstar for his movies, is impressed by her beauty and classy provenance (the Sedgwicks of New England went way back, whereas the Warhol crew had arrived the day before from Pittsburgh and the Bronx). The actual Edie was a stick, not much more substantial than Twiggy (though sexier), with haunted, kohl-shadowed peepers and a hanging lower lip that made her look like a frightened animal. Miller is more beautiful than Sedgwick but less memorable—a pretty girl who is expertly made up to look seedy and exhausted.

Big, crazy parties were the quintessential New York event in the sixties, just as real-estate closings are now, and, at times, life in the Factory was an endless, desultory bash. Hickenlooper gets the atmosphere of apocalyptic listlessness right—the silver-foil walls, the overstuffed thrift-shop furniture, the people sitting around, some naked, some shooting up, with Warhol making himself available for an instant to anyone outrageous enough to grab his attention. David Bowie played Warhol in "Basquiat," and Jared Harris did it in "I Shot Andy Warhol," but, for whatever it's worth, Guy Pearce is the best Andy yet. He's taller and stronger than Warhol, but he has the appropriate interior slump, the ineffable malign vagueness, the oddly mesmerizing voice that turns every statement into a question. What's hard to understand is how this torpid fellow could possibly have produced the numerous paintings, silk screens, and other art that got made in the Factory (the actual Warhol was ambitious and calculating and, in this period, hugely industrious). "Factory Girl" does, however, re-create the insolent slovenliness of the group's moviemaking operation—Warhol idly turning on the camera as Edie squirms uncomfortably on a bed with some handsome boy, or as members of the Warhol gang have lewd encounters with a horse. The Warhol movies never attempted to represent anything; they recorded whatever a camera in the Factory could take in—for the most part, limp burlesques of Hollywood genres and star poses. When the actors became famous, the joke was complete.

The movies made at the Factory erased the distinction between artist and voyeur, creator and hanger-on. Parasitism that would have seemed sad anywhere else blossomed into flamboyant celebrity. Where did Edie fit in? This movie records what she got from Warhol—star status in the art world and appearances in *Vogue* and the gossip columns—but not what he got from her. According to the oral testimony gathered by Jean Stein (and edited with George Plimpton) in "Edie: American Girl," first published in 1982 and still the best book on the scene, she introduced him to wealthy and socially prominent people he wouldn't have approached on his own. The actual Edie, who knew how to draw on the prerogatives of the rich—i.e., how to shop with overdrawn credit—was a more sophisticated and dominating presence than the lost girl in the movie, who seems almost entirely a victim of Warhol's flickering interests (when he no longer needs her, he discards her). At the beginning of the movie, she announces that she's going to die young, and Mauzner and Hickenlooper never allow us, even for a second, to imagine that anything else could have happened to her. "Factory Girl" comes off as a piece of sensationalist fatalism: the spectacle of dying is meant to be its appeal. We're left with the impression that the movie got made because Edie Sedgwick is still just barely notorious enough to be exploited one more time. ♦

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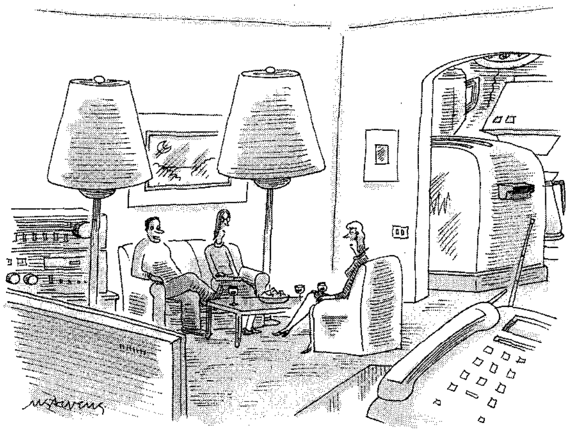
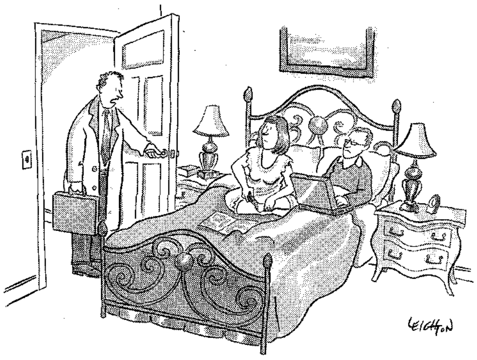
CARTOON CAPTION CONTEST

Each week, we provide a cartoon in need of a caption. You, the reader, submit a caption, we choose three finalists, and you vote for your favorite. Caption submissions for this week's cartoon, by P. C. Vey, must be received by Sunday, February 25th. Finalists in the February 5th contest appear below; go online to vote. We will announce the winner, along with the finalists in this week's contest, in the March 12th issue. The winner will be given a signed print of the cartoon. Any U.S. resident age eighteen or over can enter or vote. To do so, and to read the complete rules, visit www.newyorker.com/captioncontest.

THE WINNING CAPTION



"You know how it is—first you buy the giant-screen television, then nothing else seems to match."
Janice Sniker, Fremont, Ohio



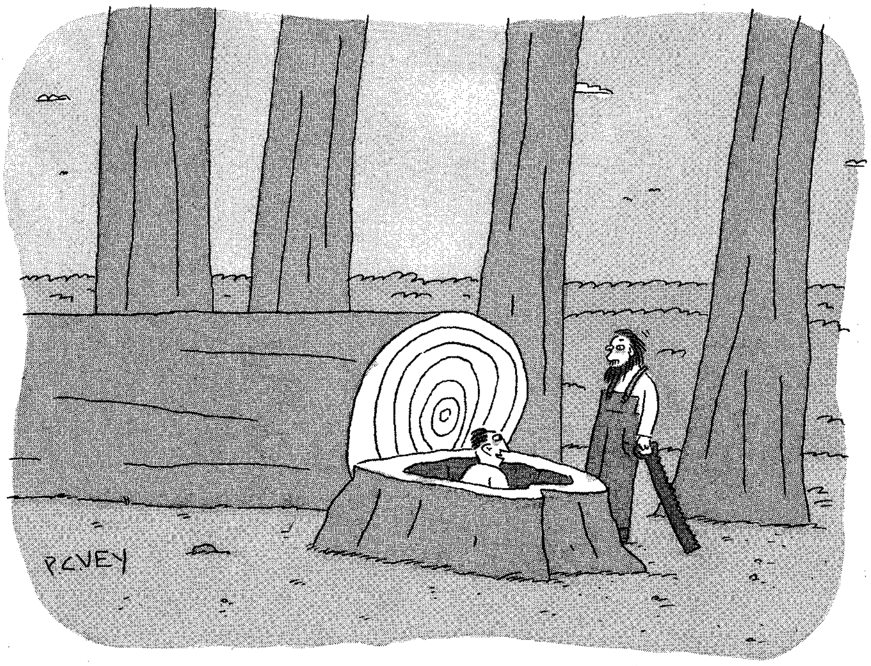
THE FINALISTS

"How long has this been going on?"
Jeff Green, Brooklyn, N.Y.

"Oh, no! My best friend and my best friend's wife!"
Mark Campos, Seattle, Wash.

"Interested in a threesome? I'll just sit on the floor and sort tax receipts."
Kathy Kinsner, New York City

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST



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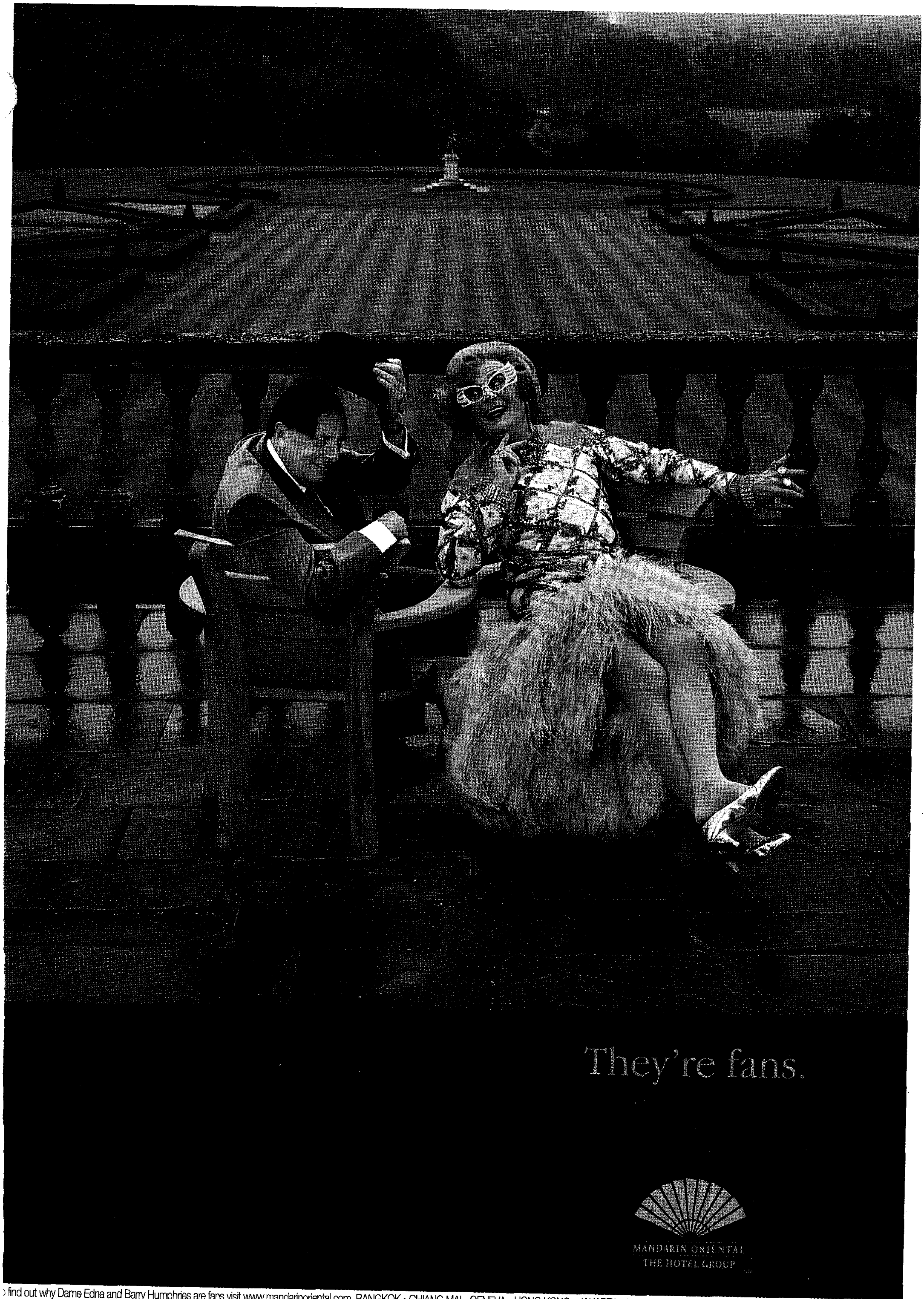
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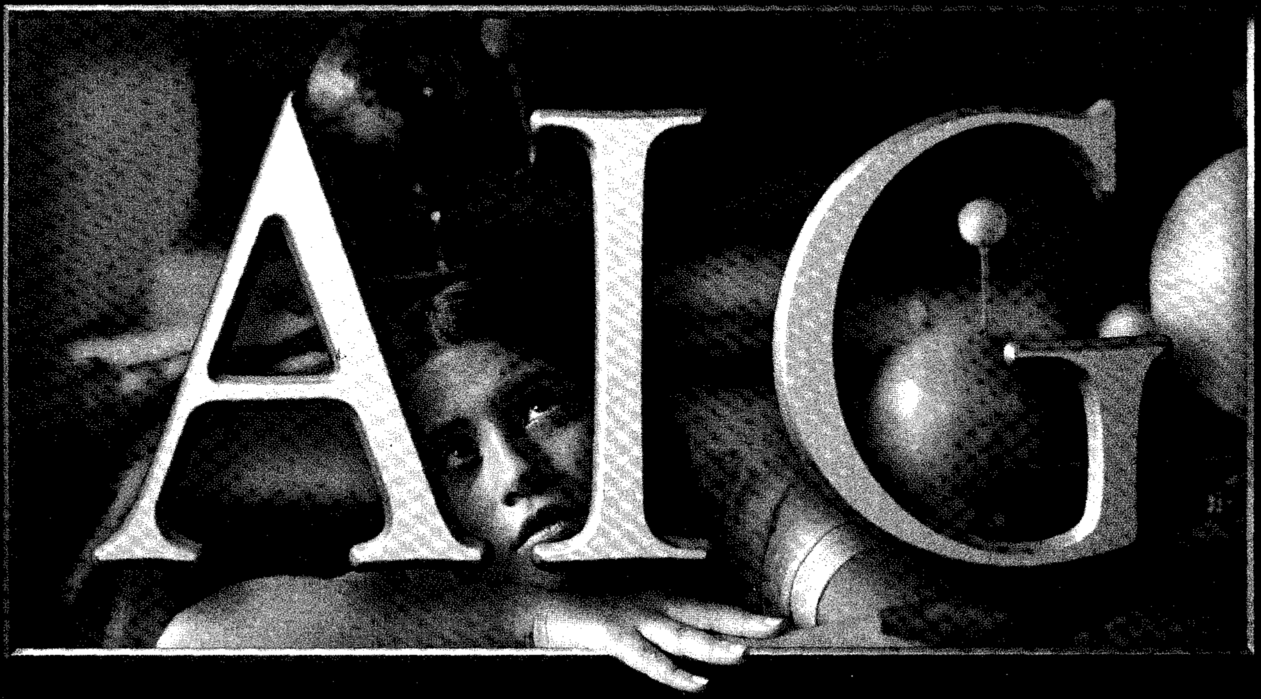

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